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NO. 1.

THE DYING EAGLE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Bird of the Storm!—why liest thou here—
With closing eye and drooping plume?
Is it the coward pang of fear
Which chains thee to this earthly tomb?
No: the red lightnings, in thy sphere
Of tempest—midnight—cloud and gloom,
Scorched these bold wings, that dared to soar
Where thunders burst before.

Lord of the Air!—thy mighty heart
No longer revels in that pride
Which made the dark-plumed monarch dart
Where whirlwinds rage and dash aside
The mountain-mist, that man's poor art
Ever in vain attempts to stride.
Our eyes no more shall mark thy form,
The rider of the storm.

So sinks the glorious bird!—and so
The high of spirit ever fall!—
They soar above—the envious blow
Like thee, poor Eagle, strikes them all!
Rest, warrior-bird! Autumn will throw
Her dead leaves o'er thee—and thy pall,
Like mine as I would wish, shall be
Of Nature's Ministry.

Louisville.

THE NEW YEAR.

When, nearly six years ago, the plan of this Magazine was formed, how few of its friends believed that it would live to this day! How surely did they presage not only a speedy death to the work, but ruin to its undertaker!

In truth, it seemed a rash and perilous enterprise. The editor's ALL, of fortune and of credit, was embarked. Nay more—he devoted himself, in the adventure, to toils and cares, which by their minuteness and complexity, their weight and unceasingness, threatened, as they have proved to be, worrying and exhausting beyond all proportion to his humble lot and lowly pretensions.—All *Southern* experience, too, warned him of the hazard he was running. No literary periodical on our side of Mason's and Dixon's line, had been able to survive a sickly infancy—sickly, in respect of pecuniary aliment, but not always so, intellectually. A Review had existed for two or three years in South-Carolina, teeming with articles of a power no where surpassed; or surpassed only by the best of the *Edinburg Review*. Notwithstanding its merits, the *Southern Review*; alike with the various host of kindred attempts, had sunk into a premature grave. With such evidences of an ungenial climate before his eyes, how could the Editor of the *Messenger* hope to escape the universal doom?

No one saw these discouraging circumstances

more clearly than he. But in the somewhat peculiar plan of his work, and in the measures he meant to adopt for its support, he discerned probabilities of success which had not belonged to his precursors. He made the venture—took his course—and has pursued it, until this commencement of a sixth year; so that the *MESSENGER* may now be considered as *established*. He has no expressions of triumph now to utter. The good, which his labors may have done—the varied talent, to which they may have given scope and exercise—the virtuous principles they may have cherished—the soothing they may have administered to political or to sectional animosity—the scourgings they have caused to folly and vice—together with the praises they have won—shall not now form any part of his theme. There are other topics, to which he anxiously invokes public attention.

By failures of subscribers to pay what they owe him, he has lost not less than *three thousand dollars*.

By the necessity to which mainly their tardiness has subjected him, of employing collectors at a ruinous commission of 12, 15, and 17 per cent., he has lost some thousands more.

By the difference of exchange, alone, he has lost at least two thousand more. And, since much of this loss was upon arrears, which should have been paid before these disastrous times came on,—*so much*, of this also, is chargeable to the tardiness of subscribers.

He has not—he never had—any large property, or pecuniary resources except in his own skill as a printer; and he is of a delicate frame. Thus situated, he may perhaps justifiably *allude* to his own energy and good management in having accomplished what he has done—not for the purpose of self-glorification, but in order to ask, if he does not merit a better return, than the loss of so many thousands!

The *Messenger*, indeed, is *established*: and the new and costly dress of the present number evinces the editor's confidence, that he can sustain it. But if he can, it will be solely through the success of this appeal. It will be, because former subscribers will make their patronage *real and beneficial* to him—instead of a mockery and a detriment. It will be, because new ones, attracted by the improvements visible from time to time in both the garb and contents of his Magazine,—animated by a wish to aid the sole effort that has given tokens of permanent success, in the cause of Southern Literature,—and resolved to make their help solid and well-timed, not illusory and destructive,—will come forward to the rescue. But for his confidence that all this will be, he could not apply the word '*established*,' to his work.—He may be vainly and

rashly confident. That is for the Public to determine. But whether rashly or discreetly, his exertions, his solitudes, his expenditures, are going, and will go on: expenditures, of which he can convey no adequate idea, without a detail which would seem obtrusive and tiresome; and the amount of which, without such a detail, would startle the mind, and overtask credulity.

To the great number of his real patrons, the Editor cannot find language sufficiently expressive of his gratitude. And, fortunately, they, like all well-doers, care little for such expressions; finding always their best requital in the consciousness of rectitude.

For the like reason, he forbears to attempt the utterance of a yet deeper and stronger feeling of thankfulness, to those, whose talents and time have been taxed to fill his columns. Never did a publisher owe more, to the generosity of genius and industry. He has endeavored to repay his contributors in part, by his manner of presenting their works to the public eye,—by speeding, so well as he could, their progress up the Hill of Fame,—and by gratifying their desire, common to all who worship MIND, of diffusing good moral influences far, wide, and effectually, among their countrymen. Pointing now again to the attire of the present number, and to the numerous and enlightened readers, to whom it conveys whatever thoughts its pages embody,—he asks those generous contributors if they do not see strengthened inducements to renew, and continue, their offerings? Is not the vehicle—is not the auditory—are they not both, worthy of the best effusions of the best minds? Indeed the Messenger, and its past supporters, are now in a great degree identified. It is their nursling—it clings fondly to them, in remembrance of their kindness; and seems to claim its continuance, not only for self-preservation, but that the prolonged connexion may afford a further opportunity to requite them, by presenting an arena more and more magnificent, and attractive, for the unfolding of their talents, and for their acquisition of civic wreaths.

And what adequate terms of invocation shall be found, wherewith to address those many gifted Southrons, who slumber in ignoble sloth, or who misdirect their powers to the injury of that country which they love, and ought with all those powers to serve? How many wrangle away in the vulgar uproar of party politics, faculties which, if properly trained, might impress important moral truths deeply on thousands; either by sober reasoning, or by more captivating forms of instruction! How many waste in sensuality, endowments which, rightly used, would rank each truant possessor with Franklin, with Rumford, with Brougham, with Everett! How many may justly be reproached with

..... 'talents made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines!"

All such, we challenge into this tourney-field of ours; here to prove their chivalry by tilting against the hordes of moral monsters, which infest society, and which are more direful than all the Saracens, giants, and enchanters that once called forth the prowess of knight-errantry.

CHRISTMAS ODE.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Hark! Hark! with harps of gold,
What Anthem do they sing?—
The radiant clouds have backward rolled,
And Angels smite the string.
"Glory to God!"—Bright wings
Spread glist'ning and afar,
And on the hallowed Rapture rings
From circling star to star.

"Glory to God!" repeat
The glad earth and the sea;
And every wind and billow fleet,
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew Bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew Seer hath trod,
Each holy spot has found a tongue:
"Let Glory be to God!"

Soft swells the music now
Along that shining Choir,
And ev'ry Seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre.
What words of heav'nly birth,
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dew-drops to the earth!
"Peace and Good Will to Men!"

Soft!—yet the soul is bound
With rapture, like a chain:
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
And heav'n repeats the strain.
Sound, Harps, and hail the Morn
With ev'ry golden string;—
For unto us this Day is born
A Saviour and a King!

DR. CHANNING AND LORD BROUGHAM.

[We have no doubt our readers will concur with us in the opinion, that the writer of the subjoined able and pungent article has most triumphantly vindicated the genius and scholarship of Dr. Channing from the illiberal and gratuitous assertions of a captious critic in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, who, we have been informed, is no less distinguished a personage than the celebrated "Actor-of-all-work," Lord Brougham. It was the Edinburgh Review, which, a few years ago, in the loftiness of its critical pride, and with perhaps an affected disdain of a country, which, though it had sprung from the loins of Shakspeare's and Bacon's mother-land, was regarded as yet of non-age in the great brotherhood of nations, sneeringly asked—"Who reads an American book?" That question, at least, can no longer be propounded by this arrogant Reviewer. He, it seems, has turned over the pages of at least one of our authors,—one of a congenial spirit with the illustrious Milton, whom he places in the same category with Dr. Channing,—thereby

ennobling the American more than he degrades the Briton;—but he has pored over the volume, not for the purpose of revelling in its beauties, and enjoying, with epicurean delight, the rich banquet so profusely spread out before him; but in a spirit akin to that with which the “Archangel ruined” beheld the flowers and fruits of Paradise, ere he had withered their glories by the pestilence of his death-distilling breath. To give point and venom to his caustic satire, the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* descended to the base subterfuge (we are sure our readers will not, after rising from the perusal of the following pages, deem the remark a whit too harsh,) of mutilating the language and wilfully perverting the meaning of Dr. Channing, and in one instance even of substituting a word for that used by the author whom he professed to review! This was surely paltry game for the towering genius of the Ex-Lord Chancellor of the British Empire! But we are aware that the proboscis of the elephant, which snaps asunder the limbs of the “gnarled and knotted oak,” may sometimes be employed to pick up pins for the amusement of the crowd.

The bald disingenuousness, not to say the wilful unfairness of the Reviewer, is lucidly exposed by our accomplished Maryland correspondent; who, in defending one of the brightest ornaments of American (may we not add, of English) Literature, against the fierce and vindictive, though impotent attack of a foreign critic, has rendered an essential service, not only to the vilified reputation of an individual, but to the no less insulted character of his country, with which the fame of that individual is inseparably associated.]

Ed. Messenger.

DR. CHANNING, AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Many of our readers have no doubt perused with some surprise, an article in the last April number of the *Edinburgh Review*, containing a virulent attack upon the style and matter of Dr. Channing's writings. So unfounded a piece of criticism, emanating from a respectable source, demands from us some notice. We entertain no fear for its influence on those who are conversant with the eloquent works so much disparaged; but, as friends of truth and justice, we desire to correct the false impressions, which this ingenious specimen of English detraction may produce on such as know the author by reputation merely. We have not been more surprised at the matter of the article in question, than puzzled to discover the real motives with which it was composed. The writer, it is true, professes to be engaged in a public service. Self-constituted guardian of the purity of English taste, he assumes that it has devolved upon him, to warn all men against the contagion of evil example. And Dr. Channing, ‘being a man of some note, whose name has risen to a fame beyond his real merit,’ who ‘belongs to a school which has of late years threatened the corruption of all correct taste, and even the subversion of our old and pure English language,’ it has become an especial duty, to depreciate, if possible, his fair fame, and to detract from the admiration with which he has hitherto been regarded. Every one however will observe, that the tone of the whole criticism is far from being candid. A few sentences from a work, published

by the author at least twelve years ago, form the only evidence adduced against him. That little is subjected to gross perversion, or more harmless, though as inexplicable, attempts at wit and satire; and we are left to account, as best we may, for the strong prejudice and hasty opinions apparent in every page of the review.

It is not our object to exhibit all the manifold errors and misrepresentations with which this article is filled. A few selected paragraphs, to which perhaps a sufficient reply will be immediately suggested in the mind of every informed reader, will serve as a fair sample of the remainder. The opening charge is made in the following terms; and seems to be directed not merely against the style, but the matter also of the tract under notice:

“The taste which he (Dr. Channing,) displays, is far from being correct; his diction is exceedingly affected; and the affectation is that of extreme vigor and refinement of thought, often when he is only unmeaning, contradictory, or obscure. His opinions on critical matters likewise indicate a very defective taste, and show that, in his own practice of writing, he goes wrong on a false theory; and in pursuit of the ‘striking’—the ‘grand’—the ‘uncommon.’ That his style should be perspicuous can, indeed, hardly be expected, when he avows the incredible opinion, that a composition can be too easily understood, and complains of the recent efforts to make science intelligible to the bulk of mankind; that their tendency is to degrade philosophy under the show of seeking after usefulness. The tract before us is, indeed, less obscurely written than the ventilation of this absurd notion by its author might have led us to expect; but if not so unintelligible, it is fully as shallow in most of its remarks, as could well have been imagined of any writing that proceeded from a very respectable quarter.”

This preparatory flourish gives no distinct notice of the quarter in which the proposed attack is to be expected; and, at first, therefore, we are at a loss to know, whether the style of the tract, or the opinions expressed in it, are to be the object of the critic's animadversion, and we tremble, lest both may perhaps be intended victims of his most unsparing pen. The author, it is first remarked, ‘having avowed the incredible opinion, that a composition can be too easily understood, it is hardly to be expected that his style should be perspicuous.’ Such a conclusion, we admit, would be most reasonable, if it were true, that Dr. Channing had anywhere expressed so absurd an opinion, or complained, as it is added, that writing intelligibly on scientific subjects has a tendency ‘to degrade philosophy under the show of seeking after usefulness.’ It need scarcely be observed by us, that any one will look in vain through the whole tract in question, for assertions of this import; and we shall hereafter show, what its author really has remarked upon the subject of perspicuity. Strange to say, however, after the unavoidable inference drawn by the critic, that a man who held such unusual opinions must surely act in obedience to them, he finds, to his surprise, that ‘the treatise is less obscurely written, than he had been led to expect.’ Of course then, the ground is shifted, and the attack made in another direction: for, he continues, ‘if not so unintelligible after all, it is fully as shallow as could well

have been imagined, of any writing that proceeded from a very respectable quarter.' Now it is somewhat curious, that after taking this last position, the reviewer should have thought proper to abandon it, waiving entirely any objections to the 'shallow matter' of the tract, and founding his criticism almost entirely upon its alleged faults of style. Or rather, to do ample justice to his industry, that he should have selected only one passage from the whole treatise to prove its shallowness, and have found it necessary to mis-state and distort the meaning of that one, in the effort to establish his point: and that the main object of the review should have been to prove upon Dr. Channing, not a meagerness of thought, but a want of perspicuity and sometimes of any meaning at all, and to class him among a very numerous set of modern writers, who, in pursuit of the striking, grand, and uncommon, fall into the obscure and unintelligible. The charge of obscurity is so serious a one, that we shall not hesitate to examine carefully all that is adduced to prove it.

The grounds upon which the whole attack is founded, are exposed at large in the following paragraph:

"Not content with describing Milton as 'a profound scholar, and a man of vast compass of thought, and imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning'—(which is an exaggeration of the truth, for Milton had little or no scientific knowledge; but still it is like the truth it exaggerates, and is at all events quite intelligible)—Dr. Channing must add, for effect, and in order to say something out of the ordinary way, that he was 'able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions.' Now, this is saying not only something quite out of the ordinary way, but something beyond ordinary comprehension. A man may master and he may mould by his intellectual power;—but what is he, to master? Dr. Channing says, 'his own acquisitions'—as if he had said, 'this man is so wealthy, that he is about to buy his own estate.' Nor is this the worst by a good deal. What meaning does the eloquent Doctor attach to the act of 'impregnating his acquisitions with his powers?' These are words—absolutely words only, and devoid of all, even the least meaning;—yet will we hold any one a wagger that the author deems them a piece of fine writing; forgetting the sound old definition of 'that which is natural without being obvious,' and falling into the too common error of fancying that every thing not obvious, is worth saying, however little natural or even intelligible. Next comes a contemptuous dismissal of the commonly received opinion, which he calls 'the superficial doctrine of the day,' that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil—a position somewhat less conclusively put down by Dr. Channing's bare dictum, than supported by the admitted fact, that the poem of an age so rude as to be now unknown even in point of date, stands at the head of all poetry. We next have some writing, which though its meaning may be traced through the words, is yet neither natural, nor graceful, nor at all distinct, when comprehended; but then it looks showy, and is, as it were, covered with finery until we examine it closely. 'Milton was conscious of that within him which could quicken all knowledge, and mould it with ease and might; give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; bind together by binding ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.' Though we have admitted the meaning here to be discernible, we believe we have admitted too much: for were the author asked to specify what he really intended to convey by the member of this sentence, here printed in Italics, we are quite certain that he would be completely puzzled. He afterwards tells us, that 'mind is in its own nature diffusive'—and that it will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of

knowledge.' In any writer who deemed the purposes of language to be the conveyance of distinct ideas, and making the reader know the author's meaning, we should not hesitate to set down 'hidden' here as an error of the press; but we cannot profess to be sure of this at all in the present instance; nor, indeed, to have anything like a distinct conception of what the writer would be at."

We cannot sufficiently illustrate the flimsy reasoning and plain injustice of this piece of criticism, without citing the whole passage, from which the objectionable sentences have been selected.

"In speaking of the *intellectual* qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing, that the very splendor of his poetic fame has tended to conceal or obscure the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet, when in truth he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials, which other minds had collected. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed almost from infancy to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness, which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil, or in whatever age, it burst forth and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the rights, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of 'Araby the Blest,' and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries, where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind, and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember, that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connexions and correspondences; and accordingly its natural progress is from one to another field of thought; and wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendor, to whatever topic it would unfold."

To any one who has attentively read the preceding paragraph, its design and meaning cannot fail to be apparent. It will be borne in mind, that one object of the author is to correct, by an argument drawn from Milton's poetical greatness, the opinion that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated age. The notion thus controverted, is very

common among critics of the present day; and has been supported, at different times, with much eloquence and ingenuity of reasoning. One of the ablest English writers, and a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, in a notice of Milton furnished some years ago for that periodical, and since acknowledged to be unsurpassed in ingenious criticism, correctness of thought and magnificent diction, has taken great pains to exhibit the philosophical principles on which this dogma depends. 'He,' says this writer, 'who in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind.' Assuming this conclusion as evident from his premises, the writer proceeds to speak of the learning and scholarship of Milton; and infers of course, that all the poet's attainments in history, science, philosophy and letters, were so many obstacles to surmount, and difficulties over which he finally triumphed. It is very clear, from the passage above quoted from Dr. Channing, that he is not disposed to take this view of the subject. Milton's almost universal learning, he argues, rather aided, than restrained him in his lofty flight into the realms of fancy. Instead of being obliged to unlearn his great and various knowledge, or even to forego its use, the poet, he asserts, may render it subservient to his imagination. Rude ages have indeed given birth to immortal bards; and one such, perhaps yet unsurpassed, is supposed to have lived not only at an early, but semi-barbarous period: but this fact, readily accounted for by the nature of poetry and the laws of the human mind, does not prove that a deep poetic feeling and great creative powers of imagination, are incompatible with much knowledge and the other refinements of civilized society. Milton, in himself, furnishes an illustration of the folly of adopting any such narrow dogma. Though living at a time when knowledge, just aroused from a slumber of centuries, was sought with avidity by all, and yet advanced far beyond his contemporaries in learning of every kind,—he was also the author of a wonderful poem, which will always stand beside, if not above the productions of any age or nation. And the labored and specious attempt to prove this poet's acquisitions to have been obstacles and difficulties, with which it was his merit to contend, is perhaps a more striking proof of the inapplicability of any such universal rule; for it certainly would have been better in this case, to have abandoned the opinion as untenable, than to have labored so long

and unsuccessfully to prove that Milton was merely an exception to its general truth. Such, at large, are the views which Dr. Channing has aimed in a few words to present: whether correct or false, it is not our province to determine; our present object being, not to defend the author's opinions, but merely to illustrate his meaning. The reviewer, it will be remarked, was not unaware that the sentences quoted by him were written with a reference to the above-mentioned theory of poetical composition; and his ignorance therefore, whether real or pretended, of their meaning and object, is the more inexcusable. For he observes, that the author did not conform to the 'commonly received opinion,' that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil,—but entertained it only with a 'contemptuous dismissal.' At which, with an air of triumph, the sapient critic, not more overwhelming in argument than severe in his satire, adds, that 'this opinion is somewhat less conclusively put down by Dr. Channing's bare dictum, than supported by the admitted fact, that the poem of an age so rude as to be now unknown even in point of date, stands at the head of all poetry.' Such is the full and most satisfactory reasoning in favor of this 'commonly received opinion:' to which it is easy to set off an equally 'admitted fact,' before alluded to, that the poem of an age of great refinement and cultivation, the production of a capacious mind, stored with all the wonders of nature, the secrets of art, the learning of history, philosophy and letters, stands by the side of the other; for certainly,

Not second he who rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy.

The latter example is plainly just as strong an argument against the rule, as the former is in its favor. So that something more than his 'admitted fact,' must be opposed to Dr. Channing's bare dictum, in order to render the reasoning of the reviewer quite full and conclusive.

But having briefly shown the views with which they were written, let us proceed to examine the verbal criticism of those sentences, which are said to be 'words,—absolutely words only,—and devoid of all, even the least meaning.' It is first remarked, that Milton was not merely a poet, but a profound scholar, thoroughly imbued with all ancient and modern learning. This statement is perfectly correct: but, though admitted to be quite intelligible, it is said to be 'an exaggeration of the truth.' We shall hereafter show, that it is corroborated by the evidence of all who have written with most authority upon the life and character of Milton; and that this skepticism is suggested by the same spirit, in which the reviewer afterwards denies the merit of Milton's prose writings, and seems not more capable of appreciating the vast reach of intellect and varied powers of the immortal bard, than of comprehending the meaning of his eulogist. After the remark that Milton was a profound scholar, it

is added, that he was 'able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and varied acquisitions.' This, it is alleged, is 'not only saying things out of the ordinary way, but something beyond ordinary comprehension.' Then follows an amiable attempt to distort the sentence,—to present its members in a new and ludicrous position,—to take the words from their connection with others that follow,—and presenting them in a naked and disconnected form, to charge them with utter want of meaning. The sentence indeed, standing by itself, conveys a full and clear idea; and taken in connection with what follows, it introduces a train of reasoning, at once perspicuous, eloquent and convincing. It is here plainly the author's design to controvert the theory before mentioned, and to produce the conviction that Milton's learning did not make him the less a poet; to show, that he had not learned the doctrine of a later day, that 'poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age,'—and that therefore, 'he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius.' On the contrary, he felt that the powers of an unusually active mind were strong enough to enable him to *master* his learning, and make it the handmaid of his imagination; that so far from being oppressed and restrained in his hours of poetical labor, by the variety and greatness of his acquisitions, he could use and *mould* them to his purpose. His learning proved more fruitful of analogies and illustrations, more productive of great and noble ideas, than that of other men; because it was *impregnated* with the powers of an extraordinary mind. And as the field of thought grew wider, his soul, instead of shrinking within itself, expanded to its full dimensions; and his fancy, not smothered and subdued by a mass of knowledge, was kindled anew, and burned with ever increasing brightness. Or, in Dr. Channing's more expressive language:

"He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected."

Or again,

"Wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration or splendor, to whatever topic it would unfold."

All this is not only clear, but true; and every book of *Paradise Lost* will furnish the proof, in the variety and beauty of its illustrations and enlargements of poetical ideas, drawn from almost every branch of learning and science.

It is worthy of remark, that Johnson, evidently entertaining on this point the same opinions with

Dr. Channing, has also expressed himself nearly in similar words. He says, speaking of Milton: 'Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius: of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to select from nature or from story, from ancient fable or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge *impregnated* his mind, fermented by study, and exalted by imagination.' Again, 'The heat of Milton's mind might be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.'

We do not make these selections, in order to prove a similarity of opinion merely, between Dr. Channing and Johnson. We cannot believe that a criticism of Milton by the former, would be exalted in any one's opinion, by being found to agree with the notions of the latter. For of Dr. Johnson it has been truly said, 'Though we may acquit him of intentional misrepresentation, he did not and could not appreciate Milton.' We are sorry not to be able to make a similar qualification of our reviewer's motives: for we can as little acquit him of the charge of wilful misrepresentation, as believe him capable of appreciating the beautiful and sometimes sublime writings, which he has undertaken to disparage. Knowing, however, that a charge of want of perspicuity or meaning will hardly be brought against the stately language and vigorous logic of the gigantic Johnson, we have cited from him these passages,—which, (without possessing either more profound thought, or greater clearness of expression,) every reader will allow bear a resemblance to those, which, from another's pen, have been censured for their absurdity. One sentence, however, from the obnoxious passage—'though its meaning may be traced, is neither natural nor graceful; but then it looks showy, and is, as it were, covered with finery, until we examine it closely.' Now, without the affectation of dulness, we may truly aver, that the foregoing sentence, in our opinion, is more loose and devoid of a precise meaning than any we have had occasion to defend. The only very distinct charge which it contains, is that of ungracefulness: and, as if doubtful whether that accusation would seem well-founded, if the sentence were allowed to remain as the author wrote it, the reviewer, in his version, makes Dr. Channing speak, (certainly in a very awkward manner,) of '*binding together by binding ties*,'—an expression which will not be found in the original. As for the remainder of the paragraph, it is treated with a 'contemptuous dismissal;' the critic not being able, owing to the confusion of ideas produced by the examination and attempt to understand the first part of it, 'to form anything like a distinct conception of what the writer would be at.' Conscious that we have already gone unnecessarily

into detail in the justification of the introductory sentences, we shall leave the rest to be judged of by the good sense of the reader; being well assured, that whoever will peruse the whole paragraph in question, with a sincere desire to comprehend it, will be sufficiently convinced, without any further commentary, that it is not liable, either to the charge of ludicrous absurdity, or unmeaning verbiage.

The faults of obscurity and want of meaning are, however, thought to be very accountable in Dr. Channing's writings, since he has avowed the incredible opinion, 'that a composition may be too easily understood,' and that clearness and simplicity are incompatible with energy and richness;—far nobler qualities of style than the former.

In order that his opinions on this subject may be exactly known, we quote, in full, the passage in which these sentiments are supposed to be expressed.

"From Milton's poetry, we turn to his prose. We rejoice that the dust is beginning to be wiped from his prose writings, and that the public are now learning, what the initiated have long known, that these contain passages hardly inferior to his best poetry, and that they are throughout marked with the same vigorous mind which gave us *Paradise Lost*. The attention to these works has been discouraged by some objections, on which we shall bestow a few remarks.

"And first, it is objected to his prose writings, that the style is difficult and obscure, abounding in involutions, transpositions and Latinisms; that his protracted sentences exhaust and weary the mind, and too often yield it no better recompense than confused and indistinct perceptions. We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds; but they seem to us much exaggerated; and when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones; such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries farthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes, that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences, and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love too to have our faculties tasked by master spirits. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows, like a full stream, with a majestic harmony, which fills at once the ear and the soul. Such sentences are worthy and noble manifestations of a great and far looking mind, which grasps at once vast fields of thought, just as the natural eye takes in at a moment wide prospects of grandeur and beauty. We would not indeed have all compositions of this character. Let abundant provision be made for the common intellect. Let such writers as Addison, an honored name, 'bring down philosophy from heaven to earth.' But let inspired genius fulfil its higher function of lifting

the prepared mind from earth to heaven. Impose upon it no strict laws, for it is its own best law. Let it speak in its own language, in tones which suit its own ear. Let it not lay aside its natural port, or dwarf itself that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude. If not understood and relished now, let it place a generous confidence in other ages, and utter oracles which futurity will expound. We are led to these remarks, not merely for Milton's justification, but because our times seem to demand them.

"Literature, we fear, is becoming too popular. The whole community is now turned into readers, and in this we heartily rejoice; and we rejoice too that so much talent is employed in making knowledge accessible to all. We hail the general diffusion of intelligence as the brightest feature of the present age. But good and evil are never disjoined; and one bad consequence of the multitude of readers, is, that men of genius are too anxious to please the multitude, and prefer a present shout of popularity to that less tumultuous, but deeper, more thrilling note of the trump of Fame, which resounds and grows clearer and louder through all future ages."

Now it is hardly requisite for us to assert, that no opinion is expressed in the foregoing paragraph that perspicuity is *incompatible* with energy and richness: and yet it will be found, that the very ingenious critic, in his somewhat lengthy criticism upon the passage, has throughout argued, as if it had been said that fulness and energy of expression and sublimity of thought were inconsistent with perspicuity, and that in order to attain the former merit, one must entirely sacrifice the latter. It must be clear to every one, that no such absurd position is assumed; and it would perhaps be presumptuous in us, to attempt to elucidate remarks which so well explain themselves. The reviewer may honestly differ with the author, in regard to his peculiar taste; and have little relish for the waters of that 'pure old well of English undefiled,' at whose bottom Truth often lies, but where she can only be found after a long and diligent search. He may be more pleased with the labor-saving means of acquiring knowledge in these latter days, than disposed to grope in its pursuit, in company with the quaint, the thoughtful, though sometimes obscure and visionary authors of a former age. He may be wearied, not refreshed, by that severe exercise of mind, and concentration of all its powers, needed in following the majestic stride or lofty flight of some of the old English writers. Or, though a zealous disciple of that 'philosophy which is brought from heaven to earth,' he may be little anxious to join the adventurous souls, who, in their fits of daring enthusiasm, would lift the prepared mind from earth to heaven. In all such matters of taste, he may fairly, and without any objection from us, differ with Dr. Channing. But we protest against a flagrant attempt to distort an author's meaning,—and then most unjustly to attack the incorrect version with all the weapons of criticism.

The opinions really expressed in the passage last quoted, are neither novel nor absurd. It is not a new or strange position, that energy and richness of thought and expression are nobler qualities in writing than mere perspicuity; or that to be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. For whilst the former materials make up the body and

soul of a good style, the latter is only their superficial, outward adornment. Writing may be intelligible, and yet have no other recommendation. It may be 'clear through its shallowness:' and though when fulness of thought is combined with perspicuous language, (for they are not incompatible,) they make up the best of all styles; yet surely we may be pardoned, if not being able to have both good qualities together, we should prefer the former,—forgetting the confusion of language for the thought's sake. But rhetoricians in all ages, it will be said, have insisted that clearness is the chief and an essential quality of good writing—'Nobis prima sit virtus, perspicuitas,' Quintilian and all his worthy followers have urged. We do not deny, that without it, all writing is in some degree imperfect. But it must be remembered, that artificial rules for the formation of a good style are seldom, if ever, followed by great writers; who, pursuing the rapid current of their thoughts, and giving expression to them as they arise naturally in the mind, cannot of course write with a constant regard to perspicuity. Hence each author's mode of expression becomes as peculiar as the character of his thoughts. And not knowing or obeying critical rules, such writers will be guilty of some faults, as well as admired for many beauties: though it usually happens, that their style will possess enough of merit in many respects, as in richness, energy, fulness of illustration, the use of harmonious words or happy peculiarities of expression, to atone amply for an occasional want of perspicuity, or any similar defect. How ignorant and illiberal then, must be that criticism, which can see no merit unless through clear, pellucid language;—which would exalt the most common-place trifter above the loftiest genius, if perhaps he could be better understood, or was more 'universally intelligible.' We must take great authors as we find them; and for the sake of what is good in them, submit to the evil. And whilst we struggle with the difficulties of an obscure, involved style, or are startled by faults of expression in a favorite author, against which the merest tyro in composition has learned to guard, under the instruction of his Quintilian or Blair, let it be some consolation to think, that if he had labored to be more correct, our writer might have proved less vigorous, and in striving to be more intelligible, might have become common-place and dull.

We trust, we may not be so unfortunate as Dr. Channing, and be thought by any to be engaged either in the defence or eulogy of an obscure style. Though absurd as such an undertaking would prove, it would not be the first praise bestowed upon the 'unintelligible' in writing. For Quintilian alludes to a set of ancient critics, who thought nothing good unless it were unmeaning: and remarks, that the greatest panegyric that could be pronounced in their school, was, 'I understand nothing of this piece.' Ly-

cophon must have been one of their disciples: for he protested, that he would hang himself, if he found any one who could comprehend his poem, called 'The Prophecy of Cassandra:' and it is said, that a friend of the noted Sir Kenelm Digby, a certain Thomas Anglus, whose metaphysical writings were in their day attacked on all sides, on account of their strange subtilties and unintelligible language, defended them in the following dilemma. 'Either the learned understand me, or they do not: if they understand me and find me in an error, it is easy for them to refute me; if they do not understand me, it is unreasonable in them to exclaim against my doctrines.' Among such a set of critics and writers, has Dr. Channing been classed by his reviewer; and it is to be hoped, that, engaged in his defence, we may not meet with the same fate. For we are merely laboring to correct what we consider a great critical folly, which pre-supposes that all writers may become 'universally intelligible,' and condemns them if they are not so. We have already remarked, that it is sometimes necessary to pardon, for the sake of their great merit in other respects, the want of perspicuity in some authors. Their idiosyncrasies, their peculiar habits of thinking and expressing themselves, the use of an antiquated form of speech, or affectation of foreign idioms and constructions, may serve to render their works somewhat obscure,—and make it necessary (a hard task, to be sure, for the indolent reader,) to peruse some parts a second time, in order fully to comprehend the meaning of the whole. But it is also not an uncommon mistake, to charge an author with obscurity, and condemn him, because not easily understood, when in fact his style is perfectly perspicuous. Critics seem to forget, that due allowance should be made some writers for their lofty reach of thought, and the nature of the subjects they treat of; both of which may raise their works somewhat above ordinary comprehension, without making them a whit less *perspicuous*, using that word in the sense in which rhetoricians employ it. Thus it is not to be expected, that a strong and active, like a sluggish mind, will grope slowly along a chain of reasoning to its conclusion. On the contrary, it will leap vigorously from one point to another far distant, without relying on the intermediate links; and will soon puzzle or fatigue an ordinary reader, in his attempt to follow. Elliptical modes of speech and reasoning, and the suppression of some ideas necessary to enable a dull understanding to carry on the train of thought, will create an impression of obscurity, or perhaps of total want of meaning. Yet such a writer may be perfectly perspicuous to those who can think with him. Besides, there are certain subjects not capable of being lowered by great minds to the level of an ordinary comprehension. The higher branches of mathematics, the laws of the human mind, the subtilties of moral

and mental philosophy, and many other topics, are of this nature. In treating of them, it would be nearly impossible to regard the maxim of Quintilian: 'Quare non solum ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino non possit intelligere curandum.' Though expressing the lofty thoughts, and exhibiting the subtle course of reasoning suggested in their own minds, those who write upon such subjects, may be perspicuous, and yet far from 'universally intelligible.' Thus, no rhetorician would deny either to Tacitus, Locke or Laplace, the merit of perspicuity: and yet in spite of that, a dull or inattentive reader would certainly suppose, either that the ideas of these authors were obscure, entangled and half-formed shapes, or else doubt whether they were ideas at all. In considering faults of style, we should never fail to distinguish between obscurity of thought and language. The latter is only the medium through which the thought is exhibited. Now some subjects are of such a nature, that only dim and indistinct conceptions of them at best can be attained. A writer then may clearly and fully express in his language, the idea formed in his own mind; and yet, because that idea is not clear to the reader, the latter imputes to the style the fault of the subject, and calls that a want of perspicuity which is an inherent defect in the matter treated of. There are also subjects, we will not say, incapable of being treated with precision, but which really do not need it; and it is not too much to assert, that obscurity on some occasions becomes a merit. Thus, it is not as important that a poem should be as distinctly comprehended as a course of didactic reasoning. And in the attempt to give too much precision to his style, an imaginative writer is apt to make it both dry and feeble; while it is very certain, that if many thoughts of poetical works were presented to us with a due regard to perspicuity alone, in their unadorned and naked sterility, without that fulness of illustration and magnificent parade of language, which, throwing an indistinct haze around them, magnifies their size and grandeur, and gives play to the reader's fancy, they would lose the only merit they possess.

A better illustration of this remark cannot perhaps be found, than in the manner in which Milton always describes Satan when he has occasion to introduce him in *Paradise Lost*. It is a peculiar beauty of these descriptions, that the language never conveys a distinct idea of the subject of them; that no epithet which is applied to the Father of Evil enables us to embody the portrait; but that by presenting a succession of dim, misty images to the mind, the poet enables the imagination to supply whatever of sublime, horrible or awful, may be requisite to a full conception of the character. Once he is pictured like 'a black mist low creeping:' or again, 'his shape star-bright appearing:' or,

"Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extending long and large,
Lay floating many a rood."

Par. Lost. B. I. Lines 192—196.

And,

'Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.'

Lines 221—224,

The reviewer himself, with all his obtuseness, is not insensible to this great beauty; and in expatiating upon it, in reference to Milton's description of Death, unconsciously offers one of the strongest arguments that can be adduced against the indispensable necessity of perspicuity and clearness in all cases. "Milton," he says, "never delineates one trait by which a picture can be formed in the imagination, never realizes a lineament in any material form, but ever keeps up the fear and hatred which he had associated with the idea. He is the 'grisly horror,'—'the execrable thing,'—'the grim feature;' as when he paints or seems to paint him delighted at the Fall, after describing the joy of vultures over a distant battle which they scent from on high—

'So scented the grim feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.'

To these passages we might add those lines from *Comus*, so often praised, in which the poet speaks of 'Raptures moving the vocal air, to testify his hidden resistance, and floating on the wings'

'Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of Darkness, till it smiled!'

It would be difficult to assemble together in a few lines, so many incongruous thoughts and really obscure expressions; but the simple perspicuous idea of the whole passage, robbed of the charm with which the music of words,—'absolutely words only,'—has invested it, would fall like the most commonplace description upon the ear.

It would be easy, if there were occasion, to enlarge upon this subject, and show that the remark of Dr. Channing, that energy and richness are nobler qualities of style than mere simplicity and perspicuity, is a very different position from that controverted with such Quixotic chivalry by the reviewer. No one would believe, who had not read this rare specimen of Trans-Atlantic criticism, that any writer would so openly fabricate the most absurd opinions, stigmatize them as those of his opponent, and then seriously set about belaboring the fanciful creations of his own brain. If there were no better examples of this facility for misrepresentation, the following would suffice. "Says the Quintilian of Boston, the language is everything, the sense nothing." Which extraordinary assertion

is followed by what is no doubt considered a most ingenious and successful annihilation of a dogma, that almost proves itself to be absurd, and which no man, in his senses, would have ventured to suggest. One more instance of mis-statement, and we have done with this portion of the subject. In one place, the critic speaks of 'the senseless, despicable trash about literature becoming too popular;' and in another charges, that Dr. Channing 'complains of the recent efforts to make science intelligible to the bulk of mankind, that their tendency is to degrade philosophy under the show of seeking after usefulness.' We have examined with much care the whole tract reviewed, with some anxiety to discover what foundation there could be for so strange an accusation. We have been accustomed to look upon Dr. Channing as an able and consistent friend of the people. His name is identified with a noble self sacrifice and a commanding eloquence, in the cause of humanity; and we might safely have inferred, that to one of such a character, no object could seem more deserving of encouragement and praise, than the modern effort for the general diffusion of science and useful knowledge among all classes. If the author had been guilty of so illiberal and specious a remark as that charged against him, he would have belied his previous character and labors. With much satisfaction, therefore, we find that the only allusions to this subject are contained in the paragraphs already before the reader; and we have only to ask him to compare what is there said with the version given by the critic, and to judge between them.

But we are heartily tired, as no doubt our readers must be, of so much misrepresentation, disingenuousness and prejudice. It is very evident, that the reviewer has set himself to his task, with the inglorious desire of obtaining a triumph over Dr. Channing, who already acknowledged by competent judges, to be one of the best writers of the day. The design is covered with some ingenuity, and the general tone of the article purposely made such as will no doubt prove acceptable to many. We ourselves are willing to confess, that if some parts of it stood alone, we should not consider them objectionable. There is some not unwholesome criticism ventured, upon a class of compositions, now becoming common, and created and supported by the worst species of false taste. None can look with greater fear and trembling than we do, upon the encroachments which some fashionable modern authors are making upon the good old English style. The disposition to say what is grand and striking, rather than what is just;—the habit of catching at dim and half-conceived ideas, and running madly through a maze of words in an effort to give them body and coloring;—the indulgence in false sentiment, and an attempt to smother the first principles of morality beneath a mass of flimsy, specious and hollow philosophy, so mis-

called;—the grandiloquent exaltation of a commonplace idea, by clothing it with a weight of tinsel ornament, and honoring it with a great show and parade of language;—a mawkish sentimentalism, and ambitious exaggeration of the author's 'self;'—all these, and various other similar follies, are too much encouraged in our modern literature, and we shall not be disposed to check him who will chastise the real offenders, and prune their productions of such false, unnatural luxuriance. But when a disingenuous attempt is made, to class among these disciples of the 'Narcissus' and other absurd schools, one who is probably more free than any author of the day from all their faults; who has hitherto been thought, both in this country and elsewhere, to exhibit in his writings a disinterested philanthropy, lucid reasoning, sound and elevated thought; whose style is at the same time perspicuous and rich, clear and vigorous; whose works are adapted to the commonest capacity, and yet show a compass of reflection and high reach of thought not surpassed by any living writer; we look upon the design with a feeling of surprise, that the pages of a respectable work should be prostituted to so malignant a purpose, mingled with the satisfaction of knowing, that in this country at least, wherever the poison is introduced, the antidote is at hand, in the very works censured, and will be readily applied by every reader.

It would not be difficult to show, that throughout this article, its author exhibits a similar want of sensibility, and equal narrowness of mind, when speaking of Milton as of Dr. Channing. It would be foreign, however, to our purpose, to do more than point out some errors and prejudices with which he is chargeable. When Dr. Channing describes Milton as a profound scholar, thoroughly imbued with all ancient and modern learning, the remark, though admitted to be quite intelligible, is declared to be 'an exaggeration of the truth.' We cannot account for 'the ventilation of this absurd notion' by the reviewer, (to employ one of his own expressions, obscure enough from the affected use of a word, now quite obsolete, and a fair illustration of the critic's liability to fall into the very errors he is censuring;)—for it has hitherto been believed, that Milton was truly a wonderful scholar; conversant with all the knowledge of his times, and surpassed by none of his contemporaries in variety and extent of learning. Indeed, it was chiefly as a scholar and controvertialist that he was known in his own day. For it was reserved to a later generation, to understand and admire him as a poet; and the greatest modern work of imagination, when first given to the world, was suffered to struggle slowly from obscurity, and be sold to a bookseller for the paltry sum of five pounds:—a hard fate for the author, though Dr. Johnson, with his accustomed ill-liberality, has labored to prove, that it was read and admired as much as ought to have been expected.

Hampton, the learned translator of Polybius, has said that Milton was the first Englishman, who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance; and it is certain, that at an early age he had read and mastered all the ancient classical authors then known. At a period of life, when most men have only commenced their learned labors, he had composed a grammar, written a logic for boys, compiled part of a Latin Dictionary, made himself master of the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian languages, and progressed as far in the study of Geography, Astronomy and the sciences, as most men of his time. It has been said, almost without hyperbole, 'that in reading *Paradise Lost*, we read a book of universal knowledge;' and without doubt, proof might easily be drawn from its pages, to convict the reviewer of his error, if he were not sufficiently contradicted by all who have written upon Milton's life and learning.

Not less surprising than this expression of doubt concerning the poet's learning, is the 'contemptuous dismissal' of his prose writings. Their superlative merit is entirely denied. For "he seems to have thought that a man must never write as he would speak. Whatever he had got to say, must be delivered in an out-of-the-way fashion. Not a sentence can be found in all the prose works which is easy or natural. Not an idea meets us which a person would have expressed in the same way, had he followed the simple course of telling us plainly what he thought and meant. It is an eternal labor of language, very sonorous doubtless, but very often out comes nothing, or but little, from the heavings of the mountain." We should naturally have inferred, that this dislike was founded upon the critic's exclusive partiality for clearness, his '*scotophobia*,' or horror of all writings that require a second reading before they can be fully understood. With his usual inconsistency however, he adds, that his denial is "not founded, as Dr. Channing would suppose, from his defence of obscurity, upon that or upon their difficulty; for indeed we do not see any obscurity or difficulty in them; but they are written in a style the reverse of natural; the matter is always, or almost always, inferior to the stilted diction; the author is ever laboring to look big; he is making a vast noise, and you cannot tell why; he is writing about it, and about it, without coming to the point."

Now, if there be any great defect in Milton's prose compositions, it is certainly their obscurity; and if little read, and their great beauties not generally known, there is no other reason for this neglect but the difficulty of always following and comprehending the author. Hence, eminent writers have shown themselves anxious to excuse this fault, and to trace its causes. Dr. Channing has even been led into an expression of liking for the labor of mind and struggle of its faculties, neces-

sary to understand these works. Addison has been their apologist; and not content with attributing their obscurity to the use of foreign idioms and constructions, has actually thrown some blame upon the weakness and insufficiency of the English language. He says, "his labored style, sometimes obscured by old words, foreign idioms and transpositions, is somewhat accounted for, because our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul, which furnished him with such glorious conceptions." But whatever may be the source of their prominent defect, these compositions possess merit enough to redeem still greater faults. We cannot pay them a more eloquent tribute, than in the language of a writer, before alluded to, contained in a previous number of this same *Edinburgh Review*, and differing widely from that of his successor. "They deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost*, has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works, in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a seven fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies!'" Indeed, no one can know and fully appreciate the beauty of Milton's mind and character, without being equally familiar with his prose and poetry. The one makes us acquainted with the poet; the other reveals to us the man. The one opens to our view, the boundless regions of an imagination almost without limits, the other unlocks the treasures of a pure and noble heart. It is not the only merit of Milton, that he should have produced the greatest work of imagination given to the world in modern times, but that in an age disgraced by civil discord, religious intolerance and the most ignorant fanaticism, he should have been the advocate of knowledge, an apostle of true liberty, a friend of all mankind. His prose works prove him to have been zealously attached to freedom, in its broadest sense,—domestic, ecclesiastical, civil and literary; the advocate of a free press, a conscience unfettered, and a form of government pure in its administration, and founded upon principles of the greatest equality and most perfect liberty. Their style also, is marked by richness and elevation of thought,—an exuberance of ornament,—a fertility of illustration,—and music of language so harmonious, that, in his own words, "The harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

But it is time that we should bring this rambling criticism to a close. We have not intended to present a full reply to the article under notice; but

merely to illustrate, by some examples, the unjust and illiberal spirit in which it has been conceived. We believe that nothing less than sectarian or national jealousy, could have produced so angry and unfounded an attack; and that Dr. Channing might have proved far less obnoxious, had he been a high-churchman, or a Briton-born. Religious prejudices were probably not without their influence in giving birth to this review, though not distinctly observable in any portion of it: but there is evidently much of the old spirit of English criticism infused into its pages,—the hostile feeling long entertained by British reviewers against American writers, and not yet stifled,—the firm persuasion, too strong to be removed, that ‘no good can come out of Nazareth.’ Either, then, it has been Dr. Channing’s error to have belonged to a sect of christians, (of whom Milton was also one,) not looked upon with much favor in Great Britain, by the friends of an established church; or it has been his misfortune to contest, not with an English rival, but an American fellow-countryman, Washington Irving, the reputation of being the best living writer of English prose. Such, though slight enough, could have been the only motives for an attempt to class him among a certain set of authors, very common at this day, but to whom he bears not the slightest mark or shadow of resemblance. Those who are well acquainted with the writings of this eminent divine, will regard with some surprise a charge of verbiage, obscurity or nonsense, brought against one whose style may be regarded as a model of natural energy, clearness and precision; and look in vain for faults of unsoundness or absurdity in his opinions, always remarkable for the lucid reasoning and good strong sense by which they are supported. Every page of his works will vindicate their author from such charges: and we need only refer to an Address on Self-Culture, lately delivered by him as introductory to the Franklin Lectures in Boston, to prove the truth of these remarks. An eloquent writer in speaking of this address, has alluded to the high position which Dr. Channing occupies in this country, and before the world; and we may add, that as Americans, we cannot be too proud of such a man, or jealous enough in guarding his fair fame. His whole life has been sacred to the cause of Religion and Truth; and that cause has found in him an advocate, bringing to the task a splendid genius and unsullied character, and who, even in sickness and infirmity, has still labored with a cheerful confidence and unremitting energy. His efforts of mind have all been directed, in some degree, to the improvement of his fellow-men; and there are few, who, under their influence, have not felt themselves purified and exalted. The most generous philanthropy, the severest virtue, the most lofty enthusiasm, and highest reverence for human nature, are embodied in his works: though sorry are we to say, that in the opinion of the reviewer, ‘It is non-

sense to talk of reverencing our natures as a duty or merit of any kind.’ These virtues and labors, we trust, will not be without their proper effect and recompense. The influence of such men as Dr. Channing upon the times in which they live, is none the less important, from their career being one of unobtrusive quiet, and seclusion from the busy world; and future ages, whilst they enjoy the fruits of their genius, will accord to them their full share of merit.

When the conqueror’s olive-wreath shall have faded, the splendor of the statesman’s fame grown dim, and the names of poets and orators have died away upon men’s tongues, then the memory of those, who have spent their lives ably in the cause of Religion and Truth, will still be cherished. The good which they have done will live after them, and they will be regarded as the noblest benefactors of mankind.

Baltimore, Md.

W. F. F.

IMRI:

OR, THE BRIDE OF A STAR.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO GEORGE D. PRENTICE, ESQ.

PART I.

The stars in council sate, among the throng—
The pearly-brow’d and richly-dower’d withal—
(For they were dower’d with peace that knew no wrong)
Stood one upon whose heart the darkling pall
Of discontent had lain, until the thrall
Became too great to bear; yet oft he mourn’d
That he could not his former peace recall,
At other times his Eden-home he scorn’d,
And to rebel, his brother-stars would have suborn’d!

Imri the mal-content, stood proudly there
To hear his star-companions speak his doom—
He stood unmoved with haughty brow and air—
No smile was cast to light his eye of gloom—
For pride within his heart had left no room
For peace, the gentle dove, to make her nest—
The olive-branch can find no place to bloom,
No genial warmth, in the repining breast
Whose springs are never stirred save by a cold unrest!

His doom was spoken—“Imri, thou shalt be
Henceforth an exile, and thy light shall fade
And wane in heaven—yon blue and sleeping sea
No more shall give thy image back—thou’st made
A choice within thy heart. When earth’s dark shade
Shall gather round thy path, and thou hast learn’d
The utter wretchedness of hopes decayed,
When grief within thy breast shall be inurned,
Then wilt thou sigh for home which thou hast proudly
spurned!

“This eve, when each belov’d blue-girdled star
Shall humbly take its place in yonder sky,—
Thou wilt have fallen, far, to earth, afar!
And while upon us gazes many an eye,
‘We miss a star in heaven,’ some voice will cry;
They will not deem that there was one so frail
As thou, for vain mortality to sigh.
Lo! earth is *there* with lustre wan and pale—
We shall look down upon thee, thro’ night’s azure veil.”

Thus fell the dark-brow'd Imri! Earthward now
He takes his flight, and pauses o'er the sea,
As the last home-beam falls upon his brow!
Each pulse is wild with joy, for he is free,
And in his heart he deems he holds the key
That will unlock the treasure-house of joy;
He feels as tho' he has begun to be,
As tho' this mortal life had no alloy;—
He did not know how slight a cause despoils the toy!

Still gifted with a mighty spirit's power,
E'en tho' his immortality was gone,
He paused at will at eve's bewitching hour,
Or mark'd the opening of the rosy dawn,
The tears of Isis that begemmed the lawn,
Besprent like diamonds o'er each flow'r and tree—
His star-companions, as their cars rolled on
And sank behind the blue azure of the sea,
Content with quiet peace and immortality.

The sun was waning—o'er 'Imperial Rome'
Imri the fallen paused, absorbed in thought;
Beneath him lay St. Peter's gorgeous dome,
Tow'ring toward heaven, as if it vainly sought
To pierce the skies—the giant cross had caught
The sun's last beam—bath'd in its crimson light,
It look'd as if with holy radiance fraught—
As tho' some spirit bending from its height,
Strove to keep back the darkness of the coming night.

Gone was the sun, down in the purple west—
The glory of his track unfaded still!
Hung out like banners o'er his place of rest,
Were gorgeous clouds, piled up like hill on hill,
Changing their shapes as if they changed at will!
Strange, airy shapes, that oft bring back the past,
Making our hearts like broken vases thrill!
And as each darkling mantle off was cast,
Some shape appear'd more strange than e'en the last.

The portals of the East were open flung,
And Dian forth in lovely beauty came;
Her gentle light seem'd saddened, as among
The ruin'd domes it fell—the gems of fame—
For which alone is left a splendid name.
There stood the Capitol, within whose walls
So oft asserted was the Roman's claim.
Oh! Rome, thy memory yet the soul enthalls,
And to each heart the spirits of the past recalls?

There the Coliseum in its splendid gloom!
In which so many noble hearts have bled—
Where Innocence and guilt have found a tomb,
Where men and beasts alike their blood have shed,
And saints unawed to sacrifice were led;—
There, while the gladiator vainly strove,
Some gentle one looked on, with fearful dread,
Lest death should triumph even o'er her love,
And she be left alone, a sad and mateless dove!

Rome! thou hast fallen: but thou hast been made
The 'City of the soul;' for who can gaze
Upon thy palaces in ruins laid,
And not remember 'twas desire for praise,
A vain aspiring for a 'wreath of bays',
That made thee thus. Some feeling is entwined
With ev'ry gilded column that decays,
Some aspiration of the human mind
To win the meed of praise from perishing mankind!

Thus mused the angel of the fallen star,
As o'er the broad blue sea he took his flight—
The sea, which human passions cannot mar,
In all its pure and unchang'd beauty bright—
Unchanged, save when the tempest's fearful might

Hath broken up its sleep, and cast its foam
Upon the waves that turn with fury white:
Wo! to the barks that then o'er ocean roam—
The gallant forms they bear have look'd their last on home!

Along the waters of the sacred Nile,
'Neath Egypt's sunny sky, he bent his way—
Where nature ever wears her sweetest smile,
And night is made more beautiful than day
By the rich moon-beams, as they softly lay
Among the mystic pyramids, which stand
With glory circled e'en amid decay,
As if e'en time repented, when his hand
Was raised to touch them with his magic wand!

There lay the mouldering 'City of the Sun'
In gorgeous ruins—she, once Egypt's pride!
There fallen Memphis, which had proudly won
The crown of greatness; now, on every side,
The desert sands are gath'ring like a tide!
Softly, beneath the sweet and shadowy beams
Of Egypt's moon, some boat is seen to glide
On to the 'City of the Dead', where gleams
The light o'er many a heart which has forgot its dreams.

And Imri wept, as he look'd sadly down
Upon that noiseless 'City of the Dead,'
Where heads reposed that each had worn a crown,
And forms of beauty the foul earth-worm fed!
Tho' o'er them flowers their richest fragrance shed,
Tho' starry marble o'er their pale forms shone,
They knew it not, they could not hear the tread
Of those who lov'd them—nor affection's tone—
Nor see the toy men vainly called their own.

Sad were his thoughts—he look'd up to the sky—
The far-off home he once had lov'd so well,
Whose glory in his sight must ever lie,
Yet be to him but mem'ry's mystic spell.
Thus musing on the things for which he fell,
There came a sound so sweet and music-fraught,
The voice seem'd rising from a far-off dell;
And Imri stood, as if his soul had caught
The voice's magic tone which he so long had sought

THE EGYPTIAN GIRL'S SONG.

Bend softly down ye gentle skies,
Bend softly down to me;
That I may see those spirit-eyes,
If spirit-eyes they be—
Bend gently down, for I have dream'd
That there were forms above
In ev'ry pearly star that beamed,
Made up of light and love—
Bend softly down ye gentle stars
And lift the azure veil,
That I may see your pearly brows
That ne'er with sorrow pale.
There must be hearts in that blue realm
That throb with fearful bliss,
They cannot be so dull and cold,
So pulseless as in this.
Oh! I have set my weary heart
On love this earth hath not,
And mine thro' life must ever be
A sad and lonely lot.
Bend softly down ye gentle skies,
Bend softly down to me;
That I may see those spirit-eyes,
If spirit-eyes they be!

Music! of human arts thou art the flower—
The one, round which our holiest feelings throng—

Thou should'st be called an element—for power,
And love, and beauty all to thee belong :
Ah ! what can still the human heart like song !
Tho' girdled round by sorrow's darkest shade—
Tho' scathed by passion, or decay'd by wrong !
Like Eden-notes that from the heart ne'er fade,
Swell'd the wild harp-like voice of that Egyptian maid.

The song was simple, yet it told that love
Had made a chosen home within her heart ;
Love, such as fills the hearts of those above
And makes of Paradise the sweetest part.
And she had chosen music's magic art
Thro' which to pour her soul.—Oh ! I have thought,
Perchance too wildly, that the tones, which start
The warm tears from their fountain, have been caught
In brighter spheres, and hither by fond memory brought.
Clark's Mills Ohio, Dec. 1839. EGERIA.

SPANISH ROMANCE.

When I was somewhat younger than now, I well remember how earnestly I pored over the pages of Romance. Indeed, from earliest boyhood, my very spirit has been mingled with the glorious achievements of "knights and barons bold," in the by-gone days of the shield and lance. That fondness grew up with my youth—has accompanied me through life ; and, even to this day, warms into a passion that absorbs and overwhelms almost every other.

OLD SPAIN, especially, appeared to my imagination as the very land of romance. In fact, that beautiful country is rich in her heroes, both of romance and chivalry. The Visigoths, who overthrew the dominion of the Romans in Spain, inhuman and barbarous though they undoubtedly were, still possessed many noble traits of character ; and by their influence and example gave an impetus to the chivalric character of the country. But with the Moslem conquest came its brightest days of chivalry—and, throughout their long domination of seven centuries, Spain remained the garden-spot of poetry and romance ; and to this day she occupies a proud station among the most refined and intelligent nations of Europe. Thither, from every portion of Christendom, resorted the pale student—the gay cavalier, the gifted sons of the Muse, and the steel-clad warriors of Britain and the distant north—to taste of the sparkling fountains of Arabian literature—to imbibe the brilliant dreamings of the East, and, in the military schools of Seville, Granada, Toledo, and Cordova, to train themselves in the refined courtesies, gentle usages, and graceful exercises of chivalry.

The knight of Spain was a splendid exemplar of chivalry in its palmy days. Proud-spirited, of daring courage, jealous of honor, courteous and humane : there was also in his character a fine blending of romantic heroism and religious enthusiasm. In the days of which I write, he had not only to contend with those of his own land, who were con-

tinually violating and trampling upon its laws, but bands of Moors, either through the love of adventure or gain, would now and then take captive some dark-eyed daughter of the land ; and for her immediate release from captivity was pledged many a gallant cavalier. His warm imagination too, linked religion with chivalry ; and when in the spirit of knight-errantry he left the baronial halls of his father, it was with the firm belief that the patron-saint of his country was an invisible companion, in the costume of a gentle knight, mounted upon a stately charger, and ever ready to aid him in the tourney or on the battle-field—gallantly attributing his escape from impending peril, and his triumph on the well-fought field, not to his own courage or experience, but to the presence and aid of his guardian-saint. A beautiful superstition, that led the spirit of the devoted cavalier, as does the "many-hued" rainbow the eye, from the clouds and vapors of earth to the pure, bright expanse of heaven, into which it fades, and disappears in undistinguishable loveliness.

The difference in their respective faiths having been reconciled, or in a great measure forgotten by long intercourse, the Spaniard and the Arabian adopted something of the usages, manners and habits of each other, and often met and exchanged chivalric courtesies in times of peace. Some deeming it indispensable to the glory of the country, have represented them as in continual warfare, and with a hostility as deeply-rooted as it was ferocious and blood-thirsty. So far are these assertions wrong, that it is a historical fact—undisputed by the impartial of all countries—that in the course of time the Spaniards ceased to regard their conquerors with enmity ; and, on the contrary, emulated them in the possession of qualities which it was their own great pride and ambition to possess. The poets of the time gloried alike in celebrating the Moriscos and the European. Thus, their deeds were wrought into the most glittering visions of romance—portrayed on the magic pages of poetry—and blazoned by minstrels in far distant courts. The peninsula presented the somewhat remarkable appearance of a number of petty states, knit together by all the ties of reciprocal friendship and good feeling. The two people often lived in the same towns—friendships were formed, and often-times warmer affections—social conviviality prevailed—each seemed determined not to be outdone by the other in courtesy, magnanimity and generosity. They often mingled in the graceful exercises of the tournament, at jousts, tilts of the reed, and other favorite exhibitions and public festivals. In some of the sanguinary struggles of the Moors,—and they were many ; for concord and unanimity were never known in their camp, until their last and noblest efforts to retain their power in the land : petty feuds and private grievances were then forgotten, and that brave and unfortunate people, united to a man in the gene-

ral cause, and sustained it with a courage and daring, that eclipsed even their former brilliant and splendid achievements;—in some of these sanguinary struggles many a Spanish cavalier—as true to the cross as was his heart to his lady-love—would enter their ranks, and wield his good sword as bravely, as though his war-cry was “Spain and Christianity!” And in a memorable instance, known to every reader of Spanish history, when the beautiful Sultana of Granada was accused of dishonor, she appealed to the Christian foe for succor, and the appeal was not in vain; for with the magnanimity of gallant and generous spirits, three valiant warriors of Spain hastened at her call, and victoriously championed the cause of innocence and beauty.

It is to these golden days that we look for the most pleasing and beautiful pictures of love and devotion. When were maidens more fair or more faithful?—when were men more brave or more true? BEAUTY was the rich reward of BRAVERY. With the scarf of his lady-bright gracing his polished cuirass, the gallant knight went forth to battle. And whether asserting her loveliness in the tournament—carocoling his plumed steed upon the plain—holding his sleepless vigils by the watch-fires of the camp, or dealing terror and death in distant countries—he knew that the prayer of his lady-love had ascended to heaven for his safety, and that her eye would sparkle, and her heart gladden, when on his return, he laid the trophy of his victory at her feet, and she welcomed him as the flower of knightly virtue, and the sovereign of her heart.

Now-a-days, when romance has ceased to wave its magic wand over the world—when, bereft of its graces, mankind are no longer charmed into courtesy by the sweet influence of woman—when the worship of wealth is fast stamping us as a people; and its low, sordid and degrading pursuit, is quickly gathering upon our national character, like the mantled pools of a stagnant morass: and when our tables are crowded with works, remarkable only for their sickening portraiture of vice and folly and licentiousness, the reader would find his mind cleansed, and his spirit invigorated, by drinking deeply from the enchanted fountains of old Spanish romance.

Following, as I do, in the path opened by the gifted and inimitable author of the *SKETCH-BOOK*—whose brilliant pen was never more pleasantly engaged, than in recording the achievements of a people, the fire of whose poetry is in our hearts, and the fragments of whose magnificence still breathe in the dust before our eyes—I may hope to arrive at some green retreat or shady bower, hitherto unnoticed even by him, who has laid under tribute almost every spot in that land, whose story could cheer, or animate, or inspire the world.

And now, Mr. White, with this hasty and imperfect preface to the following narrative—mayhap

the first of a series—I consign it to you, trusting that it may meet with that indulgence from yourself, and your readers, which has always been so liberally bestowed upon me and mine. E. P.

Louisville, Ky.

ISABELLE,
THE WHITE ROSE OF LEON:
A ROMANCE OF SPAIN.

BY EDWARD PARMELE, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

Full many a lady

I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues, hath unto bondage
Drawn my too diligent eyes.

But you, oh! you;

So perfect—so peerless—are created
Of every creature's best.

Shakspeare.

A gentle knight came pricking o'er the plain.

Spenser.

Once upon a time, there was an old Spanish warrior named Don Rodrigo de Castros, lord of a formidable castle; which, strengthened by art and fortified by nature, had withstood all the open force and stratagem of the Moors who then invested the land. He was a stark and undaunted warrior, unbounded in daring, and imbued with a love of country, which carried out with a forgetfulness of personal risk and chivalric enthusiasm, had distinguished his name in many a sanguinary war. He was an excellent huntsman—a sagacious cavalier; and when not engaged in the exercises of chivalry, or when not careering in the lists of war—which latter he considered as the noblest occupation of mankind—Don Rodrigo would throw open the gates of his castle; and with a romantic generosity and high-toned hospitality, known only to the feudal ages, would invite to his feasts and banquets not only his own followers and subjects, but many of those who in the field had strained every nerve for his destruction. Thus, while Don Rodrigo was terrible in battle, he had the satisfaction of hearing his most ruthless and formidable enemies, call him the most courteous and magnanimous of cavaliers.

The old warrior had but one heir to his unlimited fortunes, in the person of his daughter Isabelle, one of the most beautiful damsels of that land renowned for the loveliness of its women. According to the usages of the time she was seen but seldom, and principally at the feasts and tournaments given in her father's castle. Many a lance had been shivered in defence of her charms; and many a youthful warrior from distant courts, and not unfrequently from distant lands, made a pilgrimage to her shrine, and laid the trophies of his valor at her feet.

Beauty has in all ages received the admiration and homage of the proud, the gifted and noble—and

will never cease to awaken the noblest, touch the finest, and thrill the softest chords of the human heart! The fame of the young Isabelle was far and wide. Her name was breathed by the unknown adventurer, and the "squire of low degree;" was first upon the lips of the valiant knight, when in the wine-cup, he pledged to beauty the succor of his arm, and the fealty of his heart: and oftentimes, when the destinies of war were against him, he would breathe her name, and urge his dispirited followers to deeds of high emprise, as though the strength of Hercules nerved his arm, and the fire of Minerva burned in his bosom.

Many were the cavaliers who sought the hand of the young maiden in marriage, but hitherto her heart had remained untouched. Some months before the opening of this narrative, Don Rodrigo had received a letter from his old friend and former companion in arms, Don Louis de Mendoza, craving a union between his son Amador and the beautiful Isabelle; which union was most desirable, as—if common rumor spake truly—the youthful knight was no novice in arms, and was as brave and virtuous, as the maiden was gentle and fair. He was now daily expected at the castle, whither upon no direct promise or refusal, he had been invited; and, to say truth, the Don anticipated more happiness from the visit, than did his fair daughter.

Now, Don Rodrigo would sometimes ride out, with an attendant train of followers, to hunt in the neighboring forest. He deeply relished that excellent sport, and numbered among his household some of the keenest huntsmen that ever sounded horn—some of the fleetest steeds that ever struck turf; and some of the noblest hounds that ever roused game from lair. His game-room was covered with innumerable trophies of his skill in the chase; and he prided himself almost as much in them, as he did in the Moorish banners and armor, that hung in his castle halls—trophies of his prowess in battle.

One bright and sunny autumnal morning he went forth, accompanied by a choice number of his huntsmen, and the young Isabelle, who was mounted upon a beautiful white palfrey, the gift of a distant kinsman. The grace of her mien, and the surpassing beauty of her person, formed a striking contrast to the rude persons, and the no less rude dresses of her father's train: every one of whom as they passed her, "bowed lower than his proud steed's neck," and seemed to await a smile from her before they engaged in their towering sport. She was attired in costume befitting her beauty, her rank, and the occasion. She wore a long and flowing riding-dress of royal purple, fitted tightly around her exquisite bust, and secured to her slender waist by a girdle, embroidered with gold, from which could be seen a small dagger of delicate workmanship, worn by all maidens of the time of noble rank. Her riding-bonnet, well decked with

rich crimson plumes, dancing in the wind, scarcely covered, much less did it conceal her dark golden hair, which, despite the string of pearls that were intended to confine it, streamed over her polished forehead, and fell beautifully and low upon her bosom: her countenance at once majestic and gentle, lovely, and childlike, as that of a girl just bursting on the wing of seventeen, was well calculated, even in less chivalrous days, to fire the heart of the beholder, and confute the creed of the Musselman; and when beauty was the delight of every age, it is not at all wonderful that her's was the inspiring theme of a hundred minstrels, and the admiration of half the chivalry of Spain.

Our party had not proceeded far, before some of the huntsmen roused a fine deer from a neighboring thicket, and in an instant, between the shouts of men, the cry of dogs, and the winding of hunting-horns, the whole scene became one of uproar and confusion. Dispersing his huntsmen in different directions, Don Rodrigo directed his daughter to keep along the banks of the stream near by; and, putting his horse to full speed, was soon out of sight.

Isabelle rode on as requested for a considerable time—the voices of the huntsmen sounded less and less loud, and at length ceased entirely—when, finding herself in an open space of ground, a favorite resort in her younger days, around two sides of which the sparkling little stream swept; and, seeing before her, at no great distance, the towers of her father's castle, she resolved to alight and await his return from the chase. She had scarcely carried her resolution into effect, before her palfrey taking fright precipitately fled. On looking around for the cause of the animal's alarm, she beheld an enormous wild boar displaying its white sharp tusks furiously, as if preparing for instant encounter. As the maiden turned, in an endeavor to escape for refuge to the forest, she missed her footing and fell, and, before she could regain her feet, the ferocious animal rushed upon her. At that critical moment, she drew the small dagger from her girdle, made an ineffectual effort to strike the boar, and in all probability another moment would have been Isabelle's last upon earth, had there not been a sharp cry in the glade, and the not unmusical voice of a hound accompanying it. That instant had not passed, before a large noble hound sprung upon the boar—was thrown off—when a javelin, hurled by a strong and vigorous arm, plunged between shoulder and shoulder of the furious animal, and it lay weltering in its blood.

It was all the work of an instant, and before Isabelle had recovered presence of mind, a strange voice that she never remembered to have heard before, inquired whether she had sustained any injury. It was a strange voice, but a sweet and subdued one, like that of "a trumpet with a silver sound."

"No, brave knight," she said, looking up for the first time in the face of her deliverer, and the color rose slightly in her cheek as she did so; "and thanks to you who so generously perilled your own life to save mine."

As he bowed in return, Isabelle stole another glance at the stranger-knight, who had meanwhile sprang upon his steed. His form was muscular and graceful, and somewhat above the middle height. On removing his helmet, he disclosed an open, manly and gallant countenance, which had been darkened by exposure to the climate—a full large blue eye, which, from its mild and gentle expression, belied the air of sternness and decision about his mouth; and a profusion of locks, dark as the sable night without a star, played carelessly over his shoulders. He wore a suit of steel armor from throat to heel, made of a great number of rings, beneath which the well turned knee, the finely proportioned limb, and the delicate ankle, could plainly be seen. No youthful sculptor, even in his brightest dreams, ever imaged a form more perfect—a face more peerless.

Isabelle had scarcely finished her survey of the cavalier, before her father and several of his huntsmen came up with her palfrey. Right joyful was the old warrior at the sight of his daughter in safety; but when he was told of her danger and rescue from it, his thanks to her deliverer were many and warm.

"Now, by'r lady," said he—than whom none more admired courage and address—"Now, by'r lady, a gallant action and a brave!—come with us, sir stranger-knight. Why," he cried, as he glanced, well pleased, at the cavalier—"Why, here is a martial and a stately figure! What strength!—what grace!—what perfection in every thing! I'll wager we are blessed with the presence of some valorous knight, who has written his fame in the blood of a hundred gallant battles; or, perchance, some bright angel has wandered from heaven to protect our daughter, whom all good angels love!"

"Neither the one nor the other," said the stranger, blushing at the eulogy—"but an unknown adventurer, who is content to hear himself styled the protector of defenceless beauty, and the meanest champion of his country."

"What next!" cried Don Rodrigo, with sparkling eyes—"what next! *Thou unknown—thou a mean defender of our land—a protector of silks and fringes—of painted fooleries, and heartless fopperies—of conceit, affectation, and deceit—out upon thee, man! the speech befits not thy stern lip.*"

"An' thou wert not my elder," said the stranger-knight, in the same jocular tone, "I would splinter this good lance a thousand times in defence of this fair lady, and all bright angels would aid me."

"A brave speech," returned the old warrior, "and doubtless you can support it bravely. That hand can wield a lance right gallantly—that arm, on which

strength seems to sit enthroned, can cut down a host on the battle-field, as the reaper cuts down the tall grass of the field. No—no! sir stranger, you put not your strength in hose and doublet, nor your faith in satin and trinkets. Come along with us; an' there be honor in Rodrigo de Castros, you are welcome to our roof."

"Rodrigo de Castros!" echoed the knight.

"The same," returned the old warrior.

"And that young maiden?"—

"Is our daughter."

"The beautiful Isabelle de Castros!—the white Rose of Leon! A lovelier angel never stooped from Paradise to give us bright dreams of heaven! Forgive me, valiant De Castros, and you fair lady, that I did not before accept your invitation. Men call me Amador de Mendoza, and I was on my way to your castle, when, thank Heaven, a scream as from one in distress, drew me to this spot in time to save the life of your daughter."

"The son of my old friend, and the deliverer of my daughter," said the old warrior, "is thrice welcome to my castle. If there be knight on earth, to whom my gates should willingly be thrown open, that knight is Amador de Mendoza. How now, my sweet Isabelle—the glance of his eye will not harm thee. Were he the unknown and nameless adventurer that his speech averred—ay, were he fifty times the obscurest page that ever lay at thy feet, his gallant action should be rewarded by thy sunniest smiles!"

"Desist, my father," said Isabelle, dropping her veil over her fair face, as much to hide her blushes as to conceal it from the glowing eyes of the youthful knight; as the rose that heedlessly drinks spring's fresh shower, folds its rich leaves from the too-warm glance of the summer's sun.

They proceeded to the castle gate, which was hospitably thrown open, and Don Rodrigo again gave warm welcome to his guest, and the antiquated walls rung merrily with shouts and songs. Isabelle waved her scarf in token of welcome, and hastening to the chapel of the castle, she threw herself before the image of the Virgin. When she rose from her devotions and stole with a subdued step over the marble pavement of the chapel, there was a soft and pensive light in her eye, and a slight flush upon her delicate cheek, that might be seen on that of an angel, as it bends in holy prayer in the golden temples of Paradise.

CHAPTER II.

I tell thee,

The brave young knight that hath no lady-love,
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them. *Scott.*

In the days of chivalry, love was often the growth of a moment. That which in latter times is too often the result of selfish purposes and unholy

views, and which, with a feebler and a colder power, seems to people our common earth with the brightest visions of heaven, and throng it with the fairy forms of hope and joy and peace; was then the elysium of an hour, the birth of an instant—but fully matured; and oh! how bright, how pure, how rich, how steeped in the very aroma of hope and happiness!

The lady of his love was to the brave young knight, the treasury of his highest, holiest, noblest thoughts; and when she graced with her presence the banquet, the festival, or the tournament, he marked her approbation in the glance of her bright eye, or in the smile of her fair lip. Her influence was gentle but unbounded, and turned on him like the eye of a beautiful portrait, in whatever position he stood, and under whatever circumstances he might be placed. The heart-stirring hope of gaining her hand, induced him to the practice of those noble virtues which were the main principles of chivalry, and was a proud and worthy incentive to arduous enterprises and perilous adventures. His purest prayers, his bravest deeds, his most glorious achievements, were offered to her whom they were meant to distinguish, as the novice would render his devotions to an enshrined saint, with all the ardor and fervency of a devoted worshipper.

It was twilight, and Amadour de Mendoza sat alone in his chamber. One side of the apartment was screened from the night by a large broad curtain, heavily embroidered with gold, one end of which swept the floor, and the other was supported by a square pillar of the whitest alabaster, giving a distinct view of the outer world. It was one of those bright and glowing evenings, common to that once luxurious haunt of poetry and romance. Below, stretched spreading rice-fields, plantations of mulberry trees, shady palms, dark, stately cypresses and glowing laurels, over which the moon was pouring her flood of light and glory, lighting up as with the light of day, that unrivalled landscape of grove, bower, wood and hill, and throwing as it were, a glory around turret and dome and buttress of the ancient and venerable castle. Immediately under the casement, could be seen the garden—the delicious retreat, and under the peculiar care of the high-born beauty; from many an alabaster fountain gushed forth the silver spray, leaping up as if to kiss the stars that peeped into their broad bright mirrors; the nightingale too, from the cool foliage of many an orange-grove, sent forth its thrilling song, as if afraid to imprison one musical note in its soft radiant breast; while from many a bed of jessamines, and many a mound of geraniums and tamarisks, roses, myrtles, pomegranates and lilies, stole the night-breeze, shedding the rich perfume of all upon the air;—completing one of those delicious scenes of a land which the exiled Moor wept to leave, and which he still fondly hoped to regain ere the lapse of many years.

Amadour sat in his chamber; but he noted not the loveliness of the landscape, and he heard not the nightingale's song. The form of the fair Isabelle that in fancy gleamed brightly before him, was lovelier than the moon-beam that shone through the veil of night, and the eye of the loved one was brighter than the star that studded its dark blue vault.

"I have seen her," said the young knight, "I have seen her—but, alas! the wave that methought bore me to the portal of my brightest hopes, hath plunged me in the abyss of misery and misfortune. She loves me not! That love which would throw a halo on my path, is denied me—the sweet vision that has haunted my pillow so long, is the veriest delusion that morning's light ever chased away. I will to bed, to sleep, perchance to dream—to dream of her, and fashion hopes of joy."

As he spoke, he knelt before a relic erected upon a small altar in the chamber, and added:

"Sweet Saint!—strengthen me in that I am weak; and oh! let not evil passions overcome me. Let memory of thee, shield me from all bad thoughts and purposes. And oh!—Sweet Saint of my fathers, watch over and protect her whom I love with an unhappy passion, but who is still my star of hope on this stormy and troubled sea."

"Of whom dost thou pray?"—said a sweet voice near him. "Of her," replied the noble Spaniard, "whom I this day rescued from death; the pride of her father's heart, and the light of her devoted lover's eyes;—who art thou that askest?"—rising from the altar and looking in the direction of the sound. His eye rested on a figure that stood near the curtain of the room, so slender and delicate, that he imagined he could see the moon-beams through it.

And as he gazed, there was something so unearthly in the form and transparent withal, that he could scarce but deem it some visitant from another world, invoked by his prayers.

"Speak,"—said the knight—"why art thou here; and what seekest thou at this late hour?"

"I bear message to the noble Amadour, from the Donna Isabelle," answered the voice.

"From the lovely Isabelle—and to me?"—cried Amadour, thrilling in every vein.

"She thanks thee for thy gallant deed," continued the voice, without noticing, or seeming to notice the interruption. "She more than thanks thee; and in token of her gratitude, she offers whatever thou may'st demand and she can justly bestow."

"Go to thy lady, damsel, and tell her all the knight Amadour, her beauty's most devoted worshipper, asks from her, is one gentle smile, and her kind remembrance."

"You do not know her, or you would ask more;" said the voice, trembling with emotion. The words had scarce been breathed, before the veil which concealed her falling from her head, discovered Isabelle de Castros, pale, breathless and trembling.

Her eyes met those of her lover, with that fond and gentle expression to which the lip is a useless interpreter.

"Speak! speak again, gentle lady," said Amadour, passionately. "To speak to thee, to look upon thee, to hear the minutest accent of thy voice, I prize so highly, that to win the slightest of them all, I'd peril life and its sweetest blessings. Let me be thy knight—thy champion—anything to serve thee."

Without a word and with averted eyes and flushed cheeks, she took from her neck a white scarf—that beautiful token of lady-love—and placing it across his steel cuirass, disappeared.

Elated with hope, his warmest anticipations more than realized, the knight was again alone. It was late before he retired, and when he did so, his sleep was accompanied by some of the brightest dreams that ever visited lover's pillow. About that hour, the darkest and gloomiest of the night, and which precedes its close, he was awakened from his sleep by a loud noise at his chamber-door. Presently he heard the voice of Don Rodrigo, exclaiming:

"What, ho! Don Amadour up, up, as thou art a noble knight. Our daughter hath disappeared, her pillow remains untouched, and she is no where to be found."

"Now, by the faith of chivalry!" cried Amadour, leaping from his bed and throwing his armor hastily on; "I vow never more to return to this castle, without her person, or else tidings that her spirit wends with the angels of heaven!"

"By my sword!"—said the old warrior—"a gallant vow, and said like a valorous knight of Spain!"

CHAPTER III.

'Tis brave for Beauty, when the best blade wins her.

The Count Palatine.

A sun hath set—a star hath risen,
O, Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.

Coleridge.

Granada, queenly Granada!—the seat of science and learning, the home of the sword and of the lyre, the bright and beautiful city of battle and of song! Granada, queenly Granada!—the glowing mother of chivalry, of romance and of poetry: beautiful in her rise, proud in her decline, glorious in her fall! To gain her, Moorish chivalry laid low in the dust the steel-clad warriors of Spain; to retain her, the children resting under the broad branches of the sword-planted tree of their faith, unfurled on the bright blue seas their glorious pennon, and resolved to tower on the outstretched wings of victory, or perish as perish the brave, the generous and the valiant. And when at last her ruin was written in the bloody autograph of battle, the light of the sacred crescent faded from the earth forever, and a brave and heroic people, who had filled unnumbered ages with the glory of their re-

noun, were no longer to be seen. The courts that once glittered with the arms and echoed to the tread of her chivalry, are deserted and silent. Her kings and princes and heroes have gone down to the dust of the past, but will live in the remembrance of the world, until it ceases its admiration of the brave, the gallant and the chivalrous. Granada, queenly Granada!

Wend we now to Granada.

It was in a chamber of the palace of the renowned Muza Ali Hammed, situated within sight of the Vermilion Towers, and immediately on the shore of the golden Darro, that a young and beautiful female reclined. The room was a model of eastern luxury and oriental magnificence, exquisitely and gracefully decorated with all that the most brilliant imagination, or the most refined taste could depict. From its fretted ceiling was suspended a golden censer, illuminating every object beneath it and hung around with vases that filled the room with an almost intoxicating fragrance; while, from its centre a small fountain threw up its sparkling water, purifying and embalming the air. The walls were covered with favorite scenes from some of the most fascinating of genii tales; wrought into shape by some bright beauty of the land; with precious stones glowing with every hue and color, and so curiously and intricately embroidered as to baffle the closest research. A pile several inches deep, of rich carpeting, interwoven with costly stuffs, covered the tessellated floor, and a number of elegantly-wrought ottomans were strewn around the chamber. Such was the gorgeous retreat of a proud Moslem Lord.

The female who reclined on one of these ottomans, might well have been deemed an imprisoned Peri, weeping for the fragrant bowers of its far-distant Paradise. She was surpassingly beautiful, but the drooping head, the paled cheek, the tearful eye, and the touching posture of her form, with her small white hands clasped over her heaving bosom, and her dishevelled hair floating over her shoulders in careless but beautiful ringlets; betrayed some deep and passionate grief, and the melancholy tendency of her musings.

She had indulged in a sad reverie, when the door opened, and a figure in the long dark garb of a Moorish santon stood within the chamber.

"Noble lady," he said, bowing his head meekly—"I come to counsel with you. I am not what my garb might indicate, but am of your own faith and country. Within this bosom there beats a heart as true to thee, as does thine to virtue and innocence. Why weepest thou? Art thou reconciled to this splendor? Wilt thou desert thy noble father, for the wealth and love of the proud Moor within whose palace you now rest?"

"Reconciled!" said the captive—"no, no, not reconciled. I was walking unattended in my father's garden, when a band of Moors seized me

and bore me an unwilling prisoner to this place. None came to rescue me—all, all have deserted me; even he on whose valiant arm I relied, with deepest, fondest confidence. I am here a captive, and I fear will not long remain an honored one. Oh! sir, you say you are of my faith—will you see a freeborn Christian maiden held in bondage?—you have told me you are my countryman—will you, can you, thus see a daughter of Spain dishonored and debased?

"Despair not, noble maiden," replied the santón—"despair not!—there is one near you who will peril all—but hope of Heaven, to save thee."

"Kind stranger, I know not of whom you speak, but I thank you for the only cheering words I have heard in my captivity."

"He of whom I spoke," said the santón, with a tremulous voice, "wears thy scarf on his crest, and prefers death with thee, to life without thee."

"It is," said the beautiful captive—her voice assuming its sweetest tones and her form its loftiest majesty—"it must be, the noble knight Amadour, to whom your words allude. If thou knowest him, kind friend, bear my greeting to him and tell him, if indeed he loves me, as in his secret devotions I heard him vow, and as he is fondly and passionately beloved by me, that he now has good occasion to evince it."

"Now, by heaven, a thousand lives are all too poor to pay for the hearing of such blessed words!" cried the santón passionately, and in a voice that fell like sweetest music upon the ear of the captive. "He is true to thee! The minutest pulse in his frame rises and falls at thy will. He reads his brightest hopes in thy smile—he sees the blackness of his despair in thy frown. His hopes of happiness are mirrored in thine eyes, his heaven is imaged in thy pure and gentle breast. Isabelle! beloved Isabelle! behold him at thy feet!"

The santón threw aside his dark robes, and kneeling before her, displayed the face and the form of Don Amadour de Mendoza.

So intent had been the lovers, that they did not notice the intrusion of a stately Moor, who had entered the chamber, and whose gorgeous costume bespoke his wealth and noble rank.

"I have said thou should'st be mine, lady fair," said the intruder, fixing on her eyes under whose brilliant and dazzling light her own sunk. "And by this good right arm, thou shalt. But charms such as thine, which surpass in loveliness the rich bloomy groves of Yemen, and almost outvie the enchantments of our own promised Elysium, are well worthy a contention that future troubadours may sing of in their fascinating strains. I have before heard of you, brave Christian," he said, after a moments pause, turning to the knight of Spain. "I know thee for a knight as noble as ever fought for his faith and his land, and I bespeak thee as true and loyal a lover as ever knelt at lady's feet, or

pledged faith in lady's ear. Listen to my words, noble Spaniard. On to-morrow, when the sun rises over the snowy summits of the *Sierre Nevada*, I, Muza Ali Hammed, will meet thee at the gate of this our queenly city, which fronts your Christian camp, and run three courses—or more, an' thou wilt—in all love and affection, for the hand of this fair lady. There lies my gage!" Before the Moslem's glove had touched the carpet, the knight had seized it, and announced his glad acceptance of the challenge.

"And now farewell, bright saint, and a fair good rest be with you," said Amadour, kissing the delicate hand that was proffered him.

"Farewell, valiant knight," whispered the beautiful captive—"and may Heaven and our Lady aid thee in the combat. Farewell my champion, my hero, and my love!"

The day slowly dawned, and the Spanish camp (the most gorgeous that ever assembled under the banners of the Cross) was still and hushed. Not a sound was heard from the long rows of silken tents and pavilions wherein slept the flower of Spanish chivalry; not a sound was heard without, save the weary tread of the sleepless sentinels. The stars were still shining bright and clear in heaven, and the moon was slowly sinking in the west like a queen to her gorgeous bridal-bed. The bright city of Moorish kings and princes, queenly Granada, slept as quietly and calmly as if no threatening army had been arrayed beneath its walls. The morn that was slowly and beautifully rising in the east, and throwing the light of her clear eye from its threshold over the earth, was the bright harbinger of a fearful doom to the Moors! It was to witness their last great battle with the conquering Spaniard, and their final and eternal extinction as a people!

At length there was a murmur and a slight commotion in one of the tents near the royal pavilion, and before a great while, Don Rodrigo de Castros, and the knight Amadour in a splendid suit of mail, mounted upon his fleet and proud steed, accompanied by a gallant array of gentle knights, whose nodding plumes and silken pennons streamed in the azure air of morning; sought out the spot designated by the Moor. Scarcely had they arrived at it, before a large body of Moorish cavalry, splendidly arrayed, swept through the gates of the capital. In their midst rode Muza Ali Hammed, gaily dressed, and riding a mettlesome barb that must have "smelt the battle afar off," for it was only with his utmost strength that the gigantic rider could rein him in. But it was not upon that stately form that the knight Amadour gazed; for immediately in its rear came, borne upon a gorgeous pillion, the beautiful and radiant Isabelle de Castros. High-souled thoughts rolled one after another over the mind of the lover-knight, as he riveted his eyes upon that graceful form, that bright and glowing

face. Bowing low as his horse's mane to the lady of his love, and breathing a short and hurried prayer to his Guardian Saint, he struck the spurs into the noble animal, and the bold courser reared up like an eagle flapping its wing for flight, and the flash of its eye was like the gleam of a blood-red banner on the tide of battle.

The sun shot its first ray above the farthest snow-crested summit of the Sierre Nevada, the trumpets sounded, and in a twinkling each lance was in the rest. In another instant, up sprang, on moved, the gallant steeds;—in full career they met, with a terrible shock. Both lances were shivered into a thousand splinters. A loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the Spanish camp, and was re-echoed along the walls of the Moslem city. Ferdinand sat at the entrance of his royal pavilion, spectator of the combat, surrounded by his gallant army; and Boabdil el Chico, anxious for the honor of his bravest chieftain, leaned from the walls of Granada, with a noble host of Moors, to witness the encounter. It was a glorious sight to see, was that now beheld by the chivalry of those proud foemen! All were again silent. Many a prayer was breathed by the Christians for their youthful knight, who sat on his steed like the proud victor of a hundred battles; and although the valiant Moorish chieftain bore the hard-won title of "The Terrible," many a Moslem trembled for the result of the perilous combat. And the fair "Rose of Leon" sat on her pillion, in a trance of fear and terror, invoking every Saint in the calendar to aid her heroic lover. Again the trumpets sounded, and again the champions met with a shock like a thunderbolt. Both remained firm as statues in their saddles. The Moor then wheeled his steed thrice around that of his antagonist, when Amadour struck his spurs deep into the sides of his horse, which rearing suddenly into the face of the fiery barb, transfixed his lance into his foeman's bosom. Muza Ali Hammed was borne from his saddle, and in another instant rolled in the dust, amid the deafening shouts of the whole Spanish army.

Amadour approached the lady of his heart as these shouts were still ringing, and knelt gracefully down before her.

"Take her!" cried Don Rodrigo, "for you have nobly won her, and may you be as happy in her arms, as you are brave and valiant in the field!"

The author leaves to the reader's imagination, the rest. There is in a life of vivid and uninterrupted happiness, but little to depict that could prove interesting. It is only amid the roar and tumults—the contests and tempests of the world—that he could induce many to wander with him. Prudently has he stopped at the door of wedded love, and if ever a hope of recording its sweet and gentle dreams has crept into his heart, young-eyed Joy who sits

laughing at its threshold, has, with the mockish air of a sentinel, waved him away.

Suffice it, that after a short lapse of time, Don Amadour de Mendoza was espoused to Isabelle de Castros, and many gallant sons and lovely daughters sprang from the happy nuptials, and Amadour lived long, to prove the power of woman's faith, the constancy and the purity of woman's love.

THE NIGHT OF THE CORONATION.

WRITTEN IN 1838, ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE
CORONATION OF VICTORIA I.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE M. S. BARNES,

OF NEW-YORK.

"And all the people shouted, and said, God save the King!"
I. Samuel.

It is the dead of night; all London is at rest;
Save where from yonder wide, illuminated street,
The hum of crowds who seek with eager step their homes,
Breaks on the watcher's ear. Anon the broken laugh
Of one o'ercome with wine, jars on the silent air.
In that vast room the feast is spread; the sparkling cup
Is passed from hand to hand: and midst their glee, the shout—
"Long live the queen," startles the neighb'ring dreamers.

While

Low crouching cold in yon recess, the beggar clasps
Her tired child, and strives to wrap her in the rags
That with each effort tear afresh. That babe's the last
Of a once merry throng, whom want and foul disease
Have slain. The mother weeps in grief, but not despair;
She puts her trust in Him who answered Hagar's cry:
Her longing eyes peer through the open window where
The festive board speaks plenty, while she starves without.—
The laugh, the toast, the song, alternate pass.—A guest
Withdraws from that carouse, and stalking homeward, meets
The weeping outcast.

"What! In tears? That must not be.
No grief on such a night as this. Here, lone one, take
These coins. Get thee a home, warm clothing, food and fire.
To-night's a jubilee; go,—cry 'Long live the queen!'
The poor one sees the shining gold, and on the stones
Falls trembling on her knees, and shrieks thanksgiving forth.
Praise unto Heav'n and gratitude to him who thus
Hath saved two lives.

"God bless thee, and repay tenfold
Thy bounty! Soon this babe shall pray for thee—and though
As yet, poor child of sorrow, nameless she hath been,
I'll call her now, Victoria! While the onward course
Of years succeeding, marks this joyous day's return,
The name may nourish still in her young heart the thought
Of charity to all, and trust in Heav'n. I now
With happy heart indeed may cry, 'Long live the queen!'
The lonely sentinel who paces near yon gate,
Hearing the sound, unconsciously unites his shout
With hers,—"Long live the queen!" Then as his measur-
ed round

Brings him hard by that dark, majestic pile,* his voice
Low whisp'ring dies away, and slowly he stalks on.

In yon rich chamber sits a girl o'er whose pure brow
The suns of nineteen summers have not shed a care.
Upon that bed, whose silken fringes sweep the floor,
Is cast a crimson robe with gold and ermine decked;
The crown lies near it, thrown impatiently aside:

* Buckingham palace.

Clusters of gems, and brodered badges of her state
Are scattered at her feet. Attendance irksome felt.
But now, she bade all leave her—she's alone with Heav'n.
Her hair she hath unloosed to cool her fevered brain.
Her face is passionless—not calm. A solemn act
Hath left its impress; tender feelings, anxious thoughts,
Religious hopes, are struggling there. She is not now
The queen of ocean's pride, fair Britain's rocky isle,—
She is the young, pure, trusting, inexperienced girl,
Launched on a sea as yet by her unknown, untraversed.
The commune Christians hold in solitude with Heav'n
Bursts from her thoughtful soul.

"Yes, it is past! The deed
That binds me to a life of lofty destiny
Is now fulfilled. I am a queen! Have ta'en the oath!
And felt poured on me the anointing oil, that still
Since Saul arose hath been the chosen sign to mark
God's stewards on earth for good—but oh! too oft for evil.
What though each subject's heart was raised in love and
trust

Throughout the land this day towards me! What though
before

My footstool knelt the patriot, statesman, warrior, sage,
With white hairs bowed in homage to a timid girl!
What though this day first saw a heathen envoy come
In peace to hail the crowning of a Christian King!
What though two gen'ral,* who in strife, had oft, as chiefs
Of adverse armies, met, now both in friendship's bonds
United, cheered me there! Ah no! It was not these,
Though glad events they are, that filled me with deep
thoughts:

It was the awful charge which I this day have ta'en
Upon myself."

So mused the maid, when rising swift,
As by a sudden impulse urged, upon her knees
She sunk, and with clasped hands raised her adoring eyes
To Him who still is present, every where, unseen.
The faith in which she hath been reared doth fill her heart,
And in its creed she offers up a queen's first prayer.

"Almighty God! to Thee alone I look for aid.

"Most Blessed Spirit, pour the vials of Thy grace
On me! Oh, make me humble—grant me a new heart!

"Father! perfect the work the Spirit shall begin!
Let me for Thy *ten* talents, *twenty* talents gain;
And let me hear advice—accept the good—eschew
The evil. Make my Kingdom prosper, and the poor,
Neglected oft, my ceaseless care. Let flattery's incense
Have no power to cloud Truth's image shrined within
My soul. Grant me a mind, that like Ithuriel's spear,
Bids vice start forth in its real, hideous shape, that I
May openly denounce and shun it. Chief of all
My sex in rank, frame me its model bright—the shield
Protecting female innocence. When lives Thou gav'st
Are in my hand, let 'mercy season justice,' nor
Let misplaced clemency encourage vice. If I
Must wed, then guide my girlish fancy to select
One whose unspotted worth may prove the public weal.
Oh, aid me to remain Thy Faith's Defender still!
By me revered and practised, omnipresent make
Religion. Help me so to live that when within
Thy balance weighed, I may not be found wanting!—Lord!
On her who faithfully Thy will hath ever done—
Who, under Thee, hath made me what I am, bestow
Thy golden joys; let her in life and death be blest,
And feel her love for me hath not been unreturned.

"Blessed Redeemer, at Thy feet I cast my weight
Of sin! Clothe me in faith, and with Thy precious blood

* Wellington and Soul.

Shed for all sinners, wash me clean. Then, after death,
Lead me to taste salvation, where the hours will pass
In hymns of ceaseless praise unto the Triune God!"

Her prayer is o'er; she's happy: not upon herself
She trusts—a bruised reed; but on the Rock of Ages,
Which to her thirsty lips doth yield its living streams.
She rises. Her young heart throbs quicker,—and a smile
Of warm, expecting love, lights up her face. A step
Gentle, yet eager, echoes on the night. A door
Is softly opened. Lo! a matron comes: her mien
Majestic; beauty lingers o'er the ripened form
As loth to leave its once loved resting-place, where time
And care, and thought matured have cast a mellow shade.
"Mother!"—"My child!" They spring into each other's
arms.—

Their holy love awhile from depth is silent.—

"I
Knew not, my child, that thou wert waking yet."—

"Think'st thou
That I could sleep without thy wonted blessing breathed
Upon my head, that more to-night than ever, needs
A mother's blessing? 'Tis a spell to shut out pride.
Heav'n's love and thine should be the last sweet thoughts to
dwell

Upon my fevered brain before I sink to rest."

—"My child! my queen!"—

"—No, call me still *Victoria*! Yes,
Thy darling child still call me, as when round thy knees
I learned the first great truths that taught me to be good.
Oh, dearest mother, what I owe to thee! When left
Alone in a strange land, deprived of thy heart's hope,
My noble father,—thou did'st triumph o'er thy grief
For me, the widow's child. For years did'st thou contemn
The pomp and pleasures which thy rank and higher worth
Received, and was their due,—devoting ev'ry hour
To me alone:—and though the height on which I stand
Doth free me from thy rule in acts of state, at home
We still are child and mother e'en as peasants are!—
And now, thy blessing!"

Soft the parent laid her hand
Upon the young fair head that bowed before her feet;
And on her brow she pressed a mother's holy kiss:
The pledge of love which angels ratify on high.

"May God Omnipotent shed nought but bliss on thee!
Oh, may He make thee, sweet, a purely Christian queen!
Let me but see thee blest, and faithful to thy trust—
Let me but feel that *He* is with thee,—and in peace
I'll go to my last rest, and leave my memory still
Kept like a secret altar in thy heart.—My child,—
My loving child, good night!"

* * * * *

In far America

A simple girl, *Victoria*, pored upon the page
That told thy coronation's glory, and while tongues
With pride extolled the splendor of thy state, *she* thought
That thou, like her, art young—a woman! *She* beheld
Thy heart in her's reflected clear. Though placed so high,
Thou art not raised above the sympathies of earth:
Woman is woman ev'ry where; on England's throne,
Or tideless Mississippi's banks, she's still the same.
Two nations speak one language; and affection's ties,
Each day made stronger, surely will ere long erase
All memories of former bitterness.—While peace
Its blessings sheds on thy land as on ours, all lips,
E'en though republican, this wish unite to breathe:
May'st thou be all thy nation hope; thy life be such,
That after scores of years have flown, each British heart
May cry as joyfully as now, "Long live the queen!"

A NEW POEM ;
IN THE SCOTTISH TONGUE.

SHOWING HOW WINTER CALLED ON AN INHABITANT OF A
CERTAIN CITY, AND HOW THEY CONVERSED TOGETHER.

I.

Ae night as I sat in the gloaming,
Girning at wife and bairns gaen roaming,
About the town ;
The storm howled on wi' sic a din,
I thought the house and a' within,
Was coming down.

II.

The hail it rattled on the roof,
The blast came down the chimney mouth
Wi' hideous roar,
And, in its raving wild career,
Now here, now there, in front and rear,
Dang wide the door.

III.

" Oh ! grouslly Winter ! auld dour chiel,
At your dread coming naught I feel
But dool and fear ;
Fell mower o' the human race,
I wish I might na see your face
This hunder year !

IV.

" What brings you here, auld gousty carle,
Making our banes wi' aches to dirl,
Drawing our tears ?
In sooth your reign we canna thole,
Sae flee away to your North Pole
Amang your bears.

V.

" We hear there is an unco clatter,
Ye've frozen every pipe o' water,
A bonnie pliskie ;
And if we have na soon a thaw,
I would na wonder ane and a'
Would take to whiskey."

VI.

I daundered up to shut the door,
For louder still the storm did roar,
When back I staggered ;
As help'd in by a rushing blast,
The open door-way quickly passed,
In Winter swaggered !

VII.

Frae his auld shouthers down did fa'
A mantle o' the driven sna,
Like swandown tippet ;
For pergiwig he had a fog,
Set jauntily upon his nob,
And nicely clippet.

VIII.

Lang icicles hung frae his chin,
His een were bleared, his mouth fa'en in,
He look'd fu' wae ;
His nose was red, his cheeks were blue,
His mottled legs o' every hue
Were bare and blae.

IX.

" Gudeman," said he, " as I gaed past
Your door was opened by a blast
Ay gangs beside me,
And, oh ! it gives me muckle pain
To hear my subjects flout my reign,
And canna bide me.

X.

Ye're just ane o' the senseless pack
Misca's me sair behint my back,
Black be their fa' !
Sae I've, to vindicate my fame
And clear frae spot my blemished name,
Gi'en you a ca'."

XI.

Thinks I, I maun the carle fleech,
For weel, gude certie, can he preach,
The cunning body ;
Says I, " auld sir, just take a waff
O' that gude fire, we'll hae a laugh
Ower a drap o' toddy."

XII.

" Gudeman," said he, with tone sae snell,
" Think not with sic as you I'll mell,
Or drain a tumbler,
Until I've shown baith fair and wide,
That ye deserve a weel-paid hide ;
Ye senseless grumbler.

XIII.

" Wi' friendly hand and tender care,
I send my storms to clear the air,
And raging flood ;
To wisest purposes they tend,
And may you find that in the end,
They're for your good.

XIV.

" I mind, alas ! the days of old,
When men were hardy, brave, and bold,
Nor feared my rigour,
Who would o' snaw their pillow make,
Nor ever think to grane or quake—
Sae strang their vigor.

XV.

" But now, ye are a feckless race,
There's hardly ane can 'bide my face,
Though happ'd wi' claise ;
Ye are unlike those men of might
Whose arms were powerful in the fight ;
Ay ! those were days.

XVI.

" I mind me oft how, blythe and sweet,
The leddies fear'd nae me to meet
About the town ;
Wi' wee made cloaks, and elbows bare,
Silk mittens on their arms sae fair,
And scrimpit gown.

XVII.

" But now the misses look sae gaucy,
As they sail by wi' air sae saucy,
Smoor'd to the nose ;
Wi' boas, tippits, cloaks, and muffs,
Lang veils, and nicely crimpit ruffs,
And figured hose.

XVIII.

" Poets and lovers make a fraise
About the Summer's golden days
And sunny bowers ;
And haver about buzzing bees,
And meadows green, and waving trees,
And blushing flowers.

XIX.

" But certie they would look o'er queer,
Were Sol to rule through a' the year,
Their skins to roast ;
They'd glad exchange their bees and bowers,
Their shrubs, and plants, and fragrant flowers,
For clinking frost.

XX.

"Suppose, gudeman, I took the gee,
And now set foot ayont the sea,
Where a' your joys?
Ay, where would be your skaiting, whirling,
Your sliding, snawba's, and your hurling
And heartsome plays?

XXI.

"How oft from yonder noble hill
I lang hae stood, and laughed my fill,
Till shook my shanks,
To watch the school-boys at their plays;
And far ower scant my langest days
For a' their pranks."

XXII.

Auld Winter, brimming wi' vexation,
Was here cut short in his narration,
For sic a din
Got up—a perfect hobblesheew—
The wife and weans, a merry crew,
Came thronging in.

XXIII.

Cauld Winter would nae langer sit—
"Certie," said he, "it's time to flit;
My loudest blast
Is naething to a woman's tongue."
And, saying this, awa' he flung,
And out he past.

TO ———.

The desire of the moth for the star—
Of the night for the morrow—
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.—*Shelley.*

Ah! might I read to thee my prayers at night,
When the dull day has gone and brings the hour
For rest to others—but for me to feel
My sense of loneliness—to brood upon
Those dreams of love, which like the sun's bright rays,
Gild the first mornings of our summerhood,
But soon are darkened by a sombre cloud
Of anxious care, or fleet to shine no more.
Those dreams of love—all memories of thee
Break in upon me now, revealing thee
As erst I saw thee in thy Spring's gay hour,
When all was hope before thee—smiling hope—
And Beauty on thee had enthroned herself,
Th' embodiment of loveliness—those hours,
When on my ear thy silver accents fell,
Like the soft hum of some melodious bee
Wandering among the sweets of garden flowers,—
Or like the delightful murmur of a fount
Of crystal waters, rippling on its way
Through beds of violets, over pebbles white.
I've garnered every tone—for in my breast,
Were chords that thrill'd responsive to each word.
Those dreams of love! Years, years have passed since
then,—
Years fraught with lights and shades, but ne'er had power,
When o'er me joy career'd on purple wing,
Or sorrow hung its sables, once to banish
The fairy vision that entranced my youth.
Thou too hast felt at times, a sadness steal
Above thy path of light, o'er which no shade
Should e'er have rested, had I the power

To guard thy destiny, and weave thy fate
Of roses and of amaranthine wreaths.

I am alone!—though hovering around,
Are voices whispering, and the brightest eyes
That ever glanced are beaming—glossy hair,
Black as the raven's wing, is braided o'er
A brow of ivory, and a Sylphide's form
Is standing now before me—they are *thee*!
Though in the mart mid men, or in the halls
Where pleasure dances, and where numbers throng,
Or in my solitude, I see but thee.
Thou art my Laura, I thy Petrarch am,
And though not bless'd as he with poesy,
My heart can never yield the palm of love,
Or prove less constant in its worship; or
Less pure in all its wild idolatry.

Men say 'tis wrong to love thee—wrong to thee,
To others and myself. It may be so;
But still my heart has garnered up, so long,
Thine image, and the thousand memories
That I have treasured of thine artlessness—
Thy gentle trust and sweet confidingness—
Thy purity of thought—thy gratitude
For some small kindness, when care paled thy brow,
Or bitter anguish caused thee heavy sighs—
Thy radiant smiles to greet my frequent coming—
Thy tenderness whene'er the parting came—
Thy anxious sympathy when I was sad—
Thy soft beguilement of the weary hour—
Thy merry laugh, and thine enchanting song—
It can reflect no other, and it would not.
I know that thou hast ties thou can'st not break,
And I have those which I can never sunder;
But yet 'tis sweet to know thine eye oft turns
To some bright star which I am gazing on,
And brings remembrance of me back to thee.
'Tis sweet to know, that though thou art not mine,
And fate has doom'd thee to another's arms,
Still we may meet and interchange those vows
Of endless friendship softening into love,
Though all unmix'd with the fierce, burning fires,
Too oft consuming hearts they prey upon.

I love thee!—less I could not. Ah! to seal
The impress of a kiss on thy red lips,
And feel thy warm breath stealing o'er my cheek,
As pure and sweet as balmy Araby!
To press my head upon thy bosom, gazing
Into the shining depths of those bright eyes!
Heaven made thee for me, but alas denied
With law unchanging, that thou should'st be mine.

Farewell! we may not meet again—Alas!
The spirit-voice that whispers in mine ear
We shall not meet, wrings drops from out my heart
I fain would never have thy heart to give.
But yet, thou'lt think of me sometimes, though joy
Begirt thee round, and smiling faces beam
With gay delight to greet thee? Wilt thou not?
Farewell! my heart is with thee—thine—Farewell!

Louisville

THE OHIO.

There's beauty in the silver stream,
Where star-light echoes silent play
Around each soft and balmy dream,
Around each sweet and tender lay
That Naiad-fancy fitly weaves
For waters bright and fair as these.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Soft, genial Autumn, sheds his latest gleam,
And fast receding spreads his golden wings;
No longer Phœbus darts the burning beam,
But o'er the world a fainter radiance flings.

No gentle zephyrs whisper through the trees,
But blasts, un pitying, sweep the blighted plain;
And heav'n's expanse, now dark'ning by degrees,
With vapor frowns and clouds sur-charged with rain.

The harmless flocks that gambol'd o'er the green,
While Nature's verdant mantle yet was spread,
Now feel the breath of Winter piercing keen,
And, bleating oft, demand the wonted shed.

The tuneful tribe a shelt'ring covert seek,
Nor sweetly warble the melodious lay;
For, see, approaching Winter, harsh and bleak,
At length asserts his desolating sway.

O'er regions wide he waves his iron hand,
And clothes with ice the lately blooming fields,
While storms and tempests rise at his command,
And drooping nature to their fury yields.

The brook that murmured o'er the pebbled ground,
Or copious stream that laved the fertile plains,
Is now in Winter's icy fetters bound,
And at his gelid touch congealed remains.

Yet, hoary tyrant! soon the balmy Spring,
Led by the zephyrs and the fleeting hours,
Shall claim thy sceptre, and new fragrance bring,
While checkered Flora decks the mead with flowers.

O'er the soft green again the flocks shall rove,
Again the streamlet murmur o'er its bed,
The feathered songsters tune their hearts to love,
And blooming nature, smiling, lift her head.

Washington, Dec. 1839.

G. W. M.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

[We publish below, our correspondent's second letter upon this important subject. We sincerely commend it to the attention and consideration of our readers. Every friend to the cause of Education—every lover of the welfare and progress of his country—must be deeply interested as to the result which shall dispose of this bequest. We occupy a wide domain of country. It has been bought with blood, and is sacred to freedom—it is filling up with an energetic and industrious population, and it *must* be the theatre of mighty action. It is so already. The springs of enterprise are in wide-spread operation among us. Towns spring up as by magic in the wilderness, factories line almost every stream, and mills are toiling on every cataract. The bugle of the boatman startles the distant recesses of the west, and ponderous wains, laden with precious stores, glide past us by the hundred. The rail-car thunders from peopled mart to peopled mart, through ancient solitudes and the abodes of the panther, and the roar of the steam-barge is heard from the waters of the great Mississippi to the far banks of the Penobscot. Our white sails are sheeting over the foaming billows of every known sea, and fire-winged ships are speeding to and fro, between us and the Old World, continually. Our streets are blockaded with jars and boxes and bales, and our wharves are enforested by the masts of every nation of the civilized globe. From morn to night, ceaselessly,

from loom and forge and mill and warehouse, from street and stream, there is one great roar and clangor and tumult of business.

But, we ask, is this *all* that shall be said of us? Shall the monuments which we build up in this vast arena, and with all our elements of power, be nothing but magnificent fabrics—evidences only of our wealth and our *physical* strength? Shall we cleave archways through the solid granite, and link distant regions with bands of iron, and rear splendid dwellings, and build forges and wharves and bridges and mills—shall we do all this, and yet add nothing to the treasury of *mind*? Shall we make no discoveries in *science*—shall we open no new, broad fields of *knowledge*? We trust that we shall not so forget the nobler ends of man—that we shall not be so false to the great *IDEA* of the age. We trust that we shall pile up monuments more durable than fabrics of marble. We entirely agree with our correspondent, in the opinion that in disposing of this bequest, the design of the testator should be ascertained and strictly carried out. We agree with him also thus far—that if much that *is* taught under the present system of education is not useless, much is *not* taught, or is but slightly heeded, that is eminently essential to true knowledge and to progress. He thinks us “too literary” to coincide with his views. We are not so much so as to disagree with him in his idea of the objects of the Institution proposed below. Literature and Science, in our view, go hand in hand, and both have their mission to perform in developing all the faculties of “*THE MIND*.” Let the disposition of this legacy in the way proposed by Delta, be one step which our Legislators shall take towards accomplishing something, in this highly-favored portion of the globe, for the *mental* welfare not only of the country, but of the age—of the race. We beg pardon of our readers if we have detained them too long from the article of our correspondent. Once more we request them to peruse it attentively and reflectingly. Independent of the cause which it advocates with so much power, they will find it a choice specimen of strong and manly composition. Let them be prepared to act, and to act rightly, upon the question of the Smithsonian Bequest.]—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

LETTER II.

MR. TH: W. WHITE.

My Dear Sir,—I received yours of the 6th inst. duly, and though much pressed with business, hasten to comply with your request.

It would have given me pleasure to have seen this subject treated of by others, whose opinions on the course of education agree better with those current than mine. Such as they are, I do not shrink from avowing them. You will receive them, as the deliberate conviction of a man who has seen life not alone in the closet, but also in the world; who has passed through seasons of adversity as well as times of prosperity,—conditions which are incident to us all. Who, having been brought up in the very system he here condemns, has had the opportunity of observing its results—not only in the activity of cities where they say refinement prevails, but also in the solitudes of the forest. A man who is unskilful in the harmony of words, and speaks only of plain facts: whose lot has cast him where information on these matters might have been obtained—who has but few sympathies for the cause of public education as it now exists, and has learned to regard it as based upon an erro-

neous view of the character and wants of mankind—producing a forced state of society—and as an eminent obstacle to the progress of THE HUMAN INTELLECT.

It is not necessary to trace the history of the system of education adopted on this continent, and in many parts of Europe, to its remote origin. The dark ages we are accustomed to regard, as a kind of relapse of the *whole* human family from a state of enlightenment into one of deep obscurity; but there is such a thing as the MIND OF THE WORLD, which is not liable to these vicissitudes, and undergoes no change except that of development. No part of Europe, even in the Augustan age, was possessed of any store of knowledge which was likely to be durable—for poetry and letters generally, are not the property of the whole human race, but simply that of individual nations, and hence are liable to be affected by the rise and fall of empires. Those faint and uncertain indications of light which we trace in the history of Greece, were but the radiations of a brighter day which was shining in the East; for the sun of knowledge never rose on Europe until the beginning of the thirteenth century—the pale crescent of the Saracens was his harbinger. Europe could never lapse from a state to which she had never attained. I know that you will not participate with me in these views. You will tell me that the Latins and the Greeks were *the men*; but, sir, posterity will surely learn to estimate the value of races of men, only by their contributions to the common stock of human wisdom, and human greatness: the *Æneid* is the property of Italy—the printing press the property of the Universe.

When Peter the Hermit preached the Crusades, he little dreamed what would be the result of his ministrations. The savage tribes that went from the shores of Western Europe, brought back with them from Damascus and Ascalon, a leaven which speedily leavened the whole lump. A spirit of inquiry was generated,—the study of what was designated by the monks of those days, the ancient languages—a misnomer which has descended even to us—was commenced with avidity; and knights and noblemen, who but a few years before could neither read nor write, pored over the *Iliad* with raptures, and became subtle casuists in the philosophy of Aristotle. The monastic institution, then prevalent all over Europe, gave a tint to learning—for because the monks found it necessary to read the works of the fathers in their original tongues, they asserted that this transcended all other knowledge; and so loudly and so well did they pursue their asseverations, that even in the nineteenth century, we find men who will scarcely believe that there have existed conquerors more successful than Cæsar—empires richer and more extensive than that of Rome—people as civilized and as enlightened as the Grecians.

The genius of Lord Verulam had already taught men the true method of becoming powerful and wise, when Newton was born. This man, gifted for a few years by Providence with a most gigantic intellect—which, when it had accomplished the designed object, was withdrawn from him—has exercised an influence of no common kind on the destinies of his race. The inductive method of philosophy was crowned with a series of the most brilliant results; but even here, where we might least expect it, we find a proneness of the human mind to wander into error. A tribe of bastard sciences has arisen—the sciences of *the mind*—the illegitimate offspring of the union of the philosophy of Bacon, in its first years of wantonness and youth, with the shrivelled metaphysics of the old schools. An Alexandrian philosopher is said to have told the king of Egypt, that there was no royal road to science; but we, in these latter days of refinement, have found one,—a method which gives to superficial learning the appearance of wisdom, and to crude ideas and childish speculations, the aspect of a perfect science;—like the mirrors of a kaleidoscope, which transpose pieces of straw, and fragments of broken glass, into forms of beauty and symmetrical shapes.

And thus it comes to pass, that the course of events has entailed on us a system of education of a most heterogeneous character. I do not now speak of professional education, but limit these remarks strictly to what is done in our Colleges and Universities; for in common with most of the schools of Europe, we there give instruction in only four departments. 1st. Ancient Languages. 2nd. Intellectual Science. 3rd. Mathematics; and 4th. Physics—which last are inseparably allied. I need hardly say, that I excise, for obvious reasons, all incidental courses of instruction which are instituted from secondary or interested motives. A professorship of Poetry is ludicrous; no man expects a professor of belles-lettres to write with elegance his mother tongue; and every one knows, that the only effective professor of history, is a *good library*.

Should Congress, in its wisdom, ever see fit to found in the City of Washington, a National University—a rival to the old universities of Europe—it would give me pleasure to hear that all these subjects, even such as I have commented on, were taught there; but the funds given for the establishment of the Smithsonian Institute, will not bear such an expansion. Those subjects alone must be taught, which come within the intention of the donor, and others introduced, only as specific means are provided for them. Let us then try to ascertain, what is meant by the “diffusion of knowledge among men.”

An Arabian merchant, who lived at Surat, and exchanged the gold dust and ivory which he brought from Africa, for the silk shawls and gums of India,

had amassed a considerable fortune by his traffic. He had an only son, whom he desired to bring up to his own business. When the boy came to be six years of age, his father called a meeting of his kinsfolk and friends, to consult with them as to the course of his son's education. Among the rest, there came a certain Mufti, who spoke, with an oracular voice, as follows: "My friend, thou sayest it is thy intention to make thy son a trader,—now hear my advice. It is well known that the profession of a merchant requires great quickness of counsel, great promptitude of action, and an unflinching integrity. Our fathers, for some centuries past, have fixed on a preparatory course of instruction, well calculated to produce these results. We their children are living witnesses of the correctness of their judgment. It is well known to you all, my friends, that about three thousand years ago, there existed in those regions where the Nile empties its waters into the great sea, a race of men skilled in all human wisdom and the divination of counsels,—from whom, as it is reported, we have received whatever it is desirable for us to know. Procure, therefore, for this boy, a man well skilled in the learning of that ancient people, who shall teach him to decypher their language, indoctrinate him into their customs, and initiate him into their religion. Now, although the gods of this people were guilty of certain excesses, it shall come to pass that the study of this very thing shall lead the boy to virtue, as also the reading of their curious hieroglyphs shall give him a correct knowledge of the dialect of Mecca. I would also have him taught the writings of the ancient Sabeans—a people residing in a remote period in Persia—and by no means omit to translate ten thousand words of the poetry of Chinese, which will give him a taste for beauty of composition, and doubtless enable him to write a fair commercial hand. When he has completed about twelve years in these pursuits, I would let him journey to view the pyramids, or contemplate the cave of Elephantia,—objects which will expand his mind to a conception of the sublime and beautiful. This done, thy son shall then have his mind so sharpened, as to receive with avidity the secrets of the trading life, and shall prove a successful merchant. Ye have my words."

There also was present, the partner of the boy's father, a man of uncommanding appearance and unready delivery, but who feeling much interest for the son of his friend, rose and spake: "Ye have heard what the learned Mufti hath said. I am a man slow of comprehension—that cannot understand what the learning of the Egyptians or the Chinese hath to do with us:—one that would suppose it better to learn Arabic by studying Arabic, than to learn Arabic by studying hieroglyphics. In my youth I traversed many nations, and have seen men of many colors and many climates. I have

found that there is a fitness in all things—that dalliance with harlots is not an incentive to virtue, nor the company of fools productive of a wise man. Certain events can only be brought about by the operation of certain causes. Hadst thou intended thy son to be a soldier, then thou shouldst teach him the arts of horsemanship and to wield the spear. Hadst thou intended him for a Mufti, then the course now advised might have been the best. But, because thou wilt have him a merchant, instruct him in the letters and arts of Arabia, let him learn the courses of the stars that he may hereafter recognize his way across the desert. Put into his hands the Koran, which shall guide him to virtue. Let him be taught the history and modes of life of the people among whom he is to procure his gold dust and ivory—the language of the men among whom he has to traffic. He will never sell his commodities to dead Egyptians, or to Chinese poets, or to extinct Sabeans. It is better that his mind should be enlarged by commerce with the men of his day, than warped by a half-taught pedagogue. It is better he should speak the language of men with whom he is to come in contact, than spend many years in acquiring what can never be used, save among the tombs of the mummies.

"And as to any refinement of mind that springs from the use of these antiquated studies—though amongst us Arabians such is said to be the case—yet in a long life I have never seen it. But on the other hand, I have uniformly observed, that those men who had spent all their days in these pursuits, and therefore had become possessed of all the advantages proposed, if any such exist, were uniformly men of indifferent taste and not calculated to bear the shocks of active life."

But among the company were many who followed only prescriptive opinion,—and Hassan, the merchant, was induced that evening to hire a tutor for his son, who on the morrow began the study of Egyptian literature.

Thus, sir, the course of education among us has originated in a cramped view of mankind. There is too much proneness among us, to regard ourselves and the things just around us as *UNIVERSAL NATURE*. It is a hard thing to cure a man of vanity. You write to me, that the barometer in your study rose yesterday in consequence of an easterly wind; but it is far more probable, that your barometer was affected by atmospheric changes that had occurred in the remote regions of Central Africa, or even upon the steppes of Tartary, than by the wind which whistled round your dwelling. As in the physical, so also in the moral world, we perpetually run into error for want of taking a general view of things. Our whole course of study tends to this result—instead of considering the world as an unity, we expand ourselves into the representatives of the world. We look upon ourselves as the favorites of Heaven; and emulating the example of the natives

of Athens, regard all the rest of mankind as barbarians. We forget, that there are millions beside us, partakers of the pleasures of human happiness and the pangs of human agony—that in the eye of Providence, we are all on a common level, and one common lot awaits us all—that there is a due proportion of happiness and of misery poured into the cup of each individual, whether it be the camel-driver on the plains of Bagdat, or the QUEEN of the BRITISH EMPIRE: not recollecting the lesson taught us by one of old, that there *is* no difference between the Jew and the Greek; but that there is *ONE* who sees us *all*, and whose kind hand supports us *all*—who maketh his sun to shine on the good and the evil—who sendeth his rain on the just, and on the unjust.

It is feelings like these, arising from confined views, that has influenced our system of public education. In the course of life it has happened to me to see the result. How many of our educated young men, who have passed the routine of college, and received college honors—how many have *you* known—who had learned so much as the name of TEMUJIN?—a man, who hardly half a dozen centuries ago, propagated at the point of the sword, one of the leading doctrines of the French revolution—who ruled over an empire of greater extent, and of vaster riches, than the Roman in its palmy days:—who put to death one-fortieth part of the whole human family—before whose greatness, as human greatness is measured, the fame of Pompey and Cæsar fades away. How many have *you* known, who could repeat the history of Timur?—whose empire was bounded on one side by the seas of China, and on the other extended into the heart of Europe. They have been told, that there was no battle like Pharsalia—no monarch like Augustus—no city like Rome. They have never known, that whilst the contemptible kings of Europe could not even write their names, there were monarchs in Asia, ruling over millions of men, skilled in the most difficult parts of human knowledge, and accomplishing conquests as much by their science as their arms. That whilst Europe was plunged in the most benighted ignorance, HULACK, the royal grandson of Tamerlane, thought it more honorable to be accounted the first astronomer of his age, than the emperor of all Asia.

From the Romans—a race distinguished from the Etruscans, the former inhabitants of Italy, by their neglect of the fine arts—by their conquests of violence—by one single glimmering of literature, and by an inordinate ignorance—we turn to the inhabitants of Greece with far more pleasure. There we see a race characterized by that same love of freedom, which we admire so much in our own aboriginal natives—that cold courage, which having counted the cost, is prepared to barter life for liberty;—but a race more effeminate than the red men—for those *were* capable of enslavement, but

these acknowledge no conquest except that of extermination.

From nations more advanced than themselves, the Greeks freely confess that they drew many of their stores of learning. Even without the advantage of that confession, we should hardly rank them on a level with many oriental people. Their distinguishing characteristic was a correctness of taste. In scientific acquirements they were greatly beneath the Hindoos. It is true they possessed the Elements of Euclid, and gave birth to the Conics of Apollonius; but the Binomial theorem, and many of its far-reaching consequences, were known to the Brahmins. The glory—and it is not a small one—of having chiselled the most beautiful statues, is theirs; but the mountains of Persia were rivals of Parnassus—for the great Epic of FIRDAUSI, is said not to shrink from a comparison with the ILIAD of HOMER. In the softer and gayer effusions of the muse, even later degenerate Persia may give rivals to ANACREON: her own HAFIZ shall vindicate her—

“Boy! bid the ruby liquid flow,
Nor let thy pensive heart be sad,
Whate’er the frowning zealots say,
Tell them—their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Roenabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosselay.”

If you ask me, what people have contributed more to the advancement of the intellect of the world than the Greeks, I would point you at once to the Saracens. Who was it that dispelled the gloom of the dark ages?—the Saracens. Who was it that introduced into many parts of the world the learning of Greece itself?—the Saracens. Who taught us Algebra, that amazing engine of intellectuality?—the Saracens. Who was it, that on the sandy plains of Arabia determined the magnitude of this earth?—the Saracens. Who was it that brought experimental chemistry from the East?—the Saracens. Who was it that gave us the very first elements of our commonest knowledge?—who taught us the first principles of arithmetic?—the Saracens. The invention of the cypher, will hereafter be regarded as one of the most capital results that the wit and genius of man has ever produced: to ascribe to that little emblem so many curious properties—to combine them in so many harmonious ways, and from means apparently so slender—to convert arithmetic from one of the most obscure and most unintelligible, to the most perfect of all the sciences, required a mind skilled in original research, and stored with untold hoards of knowledge. The old numerals in use among the Greeks and Romans, rendered it a matter of no small difficulty to perform the simplest operations of numbers. Our merchants seldom think, that they owe all the facilities with which they arrange their intricate accounts, and thereby accomplish all their manifold commercial speculations, to the genius of these Mohammedans, I can never give

either to Italy or Greece, that meed of unqualified praise which is so lavishly bestowed by some, when I know that to other races must be ascribed the invention of the cypher, and the beautiful game of chess. Far be it from me to detract any thing from the nations of Southern Europe, which is honestly theirs. I would freely give them, as they might deserve it, the honors that are due to power, to letters, or to science. I have gazed with transport on the marbles of the Parthenon, and could look with the deepest emotion on the dying gladiator; but I search in vain through the gorgeous range of Roman history, for a single proof of that beautiful talent that is displayed in that obscure but most perfect instrument, the potter's lathe; an invention of ancient Etruria. There are rights of mankind as well as rights of nations; and just as one man may not lawfully usurp the property of his neighbor, no nation has a right to embezzle the honors due to others. The human family is not so degraded as it is fashionable to think. We do not owe all that makes us wise, or good, or powerful, to the shores of the Mediterranean. Our whole system of education is an insult to the dignity of mankind.

The nineteenth century cannot pass away, in this land of free opinions, without witnessing a great change in these respects. Men, who have been accustomed to show perhaps, even in a blameable excess, an utter disregard for the venerable appearance of antiquity, will not be slow to investigate what we all feel to be the safeguard of this great republic—the education of its youth. Men, who will have a plain reason rendered to them for every thing, will not be dull to perceive, nor slow to apply a remedy. The tokens of this are already among us. There are institutions now existing, that will show the way in this matter—that will quietly awaken public opinion, and shake off the nightmare that rides upon it.

Do not misunderstand me. I contend not for the banishment of these studies from our systems of instruction. The forced state of society in which we live, has made them a part of perfect education. We are often compelled to tolerate what we may be most eager to remove. But, sir, the mind of man was never in that state of expansion in which it now exists. The philosophy of Verulam has created a new race of mortals;—a race utterly different, both in physical power and in intellectual refinement, from all other animals on the face of the earth. Each year, as it passes, is rapidly increasing the difference. One after another, we are subjecting the imponderable and unseen agents of Nature to our use—Heat, Electricity, Light. Men that are thus arming themselves with the force of these elements, are not like the former inhabitants of the globe. We ask not the Egyptian for his fleetest dromedary,—our locomotives run over a whole degree of the earth's surface in a single

hour. We need not the elephant of India to drag our ships ashore,—our steam-engines give us possession of power that is literally unbounded. We want not the Tartar with his swift Arab, for our electric telegraph can transmit our words from one pole to the other, in the twenty-fifth part of a second. At our command the beams of the sun become artists, and paint on the plates of Daguerre, scenes which the pencil of Apelles could never have approached,—landscapes inimitably beyond those that adorn the canvass of Claude Lorraine. To send us to school to antiquity, is to degrade us indeed. The prattle of children, is no instruction to him that is bursting into manhood.

Who can predict what the course of a few years shall accomplish? The man who is grasping in his hand the agents with which it pleases the Almighty to govern this world—who has made for himself an eye that reaches into the deep abysses of space, and sees the circling of star around star, in regions which the eye of an angel alone could pierce—whose splendid intellect compares together the weights of those indivisible atoms—those last particles of which the Creator has formed all material things,—or places the sun in a balance;—the man, who, instead of indulging in chimerical speculations about the structure of his own mind, of which he is in utter ignorance, is adding to himself new senses which are unlike those that nature has given him, and expanding his organs to the production of results which his unassisted powers could never have approached;—this is not the man who existed five centuries ago. There is found in the bowels of the earth, as geologists say, abundant evidence of a continuous development of the tribes of organized life;—that those which first made their appearance, were of the lower and meaner kind;—that one after another has come into existence, each more elaborate, and each more intellectual, than its predecessors. The history of our own family teaches us the same thing; for there is not more difference between those animal races, than there is between the civilized man of this age, and the men of Europe five hundred years ago.

It is for these reasons that I object to the course of education as it exists among us. If it were not for the danger of being misunderstood, I would go more at large into this matter. It is not a desire to limit instruction, but to enlarge it—to give it a bent more suitable to the wants of the age. I am not seeking to depreciate the value of any species of learning, but to point out what is most congenial to the *present* position of mankind. I am not seeking to disparage the rights of any nation—to cast slight on any forms of study—but to find out ways for the more rapid and energetic development of HUMAN THOUGHT, and to assert THE MAJESTY OF HUMAN INTELLECT.

If you read over the papers of the late Mr. Smithson—of which you have published a list—

you will see there these same feelings in strong relief. His fancy did not riot in scenes of mere imagination, but took hold of things of practical utility. It was the spirit of the school of Bacon that was in him, that taught him to investigate with equal zeal, *experimentally*, the original formation of the earth, or the best method of burning an oil-lamp, or the mode of retaining the aroma in coffee. Through the course of a long life, he gave these pursuits the preference; for, as he says, "he was convinced that it is in *his knowledge* that man has found his greatness and his happiness—the high superiority he holds over the other animals which inhabit the earth with him; and consequently that no ignorance is without loss to him—no error without evil."

An institution of the first class will, in process of time, without doubt, exist in the United States. The wealth of the country could without difficulty procure extensive libraries and museums, mineralogical cabinets, chemical laboratories, botanical gardens, astronomical observatories, zoological menageries. These, and many more such things, are essential requisites in a school of that stamp. But where the means we possess are limited—and it is doubtful whether or not Congress is prepared to make munificent grants—it is better so to shape the action on Mr. Smithson's bequest that his institute may be the germ, which, as time goes on, may develop itself and expand at last into a National University.

I have been connected with two different institutions, such as are here referred to, in different capacities, and have marked the course of events with them. Their funds at the outset have been lavished in erecting magnificent structures—embarrassment has followed; and because they had reckoned more upon striking the public eye with the splendor of their exterior, than with the excellence of their fruit, they have ceased to be encouraged. Corinthian pillars and Gothic halls are the bane of literary institutions, which so surely as they are introduced take away from the working material. There are men who will read this, that will *feelingly* respond to it. The public is right;—universities ought to learn, that they are held in estimation only for the quality of the instruction they can impart. The men who were raised in the French Polytechnic school, would have given a standing to any place, even though it had been built of brick. The effective part of a seminary of science, is not its walls and decorations; yet both in Europe and in America such institutions are to be seen, which remind one of a line-of-battle-ship, with its decks carpeted and no guns aboard.

That Mr. Smithson intended, when he gave this money in charge to the United States, to found an institution for the advancement and diffusion of science, there cannot be a doubt. His whole life is a commentary on his intentions. He had wit-

nessed, during his repeated visits to the continent, the successive plans adopted by the French republic for the rapid and perfect education of their youth—their Central, their Normal, their Polytechnic schools; for Fourcroy, the chemist, who was continually in the society that Mr. Smithson frequented, was the main mover, if not the originator of these different plans, and was a member at the time of the National Convention and the Council of Ancients. No one who contemplates the great results at last obtained from these repeated trials, and the impetus given to all departments of knowledge, even the most difficult and sublime, will deny that the schemes adopted were far superior to any thing that had preceded them.

This brings me now to the main point of my letter. Partly because the funds allotted to this purpose are limited—partly because great and successful universities cannot spring up in a day, but must be of slower growth—partly because it is uncertain whether Congress will give munificently, or even give any thing to the cause—partly because it is most suitable to the genius and character of institutions now existing in the different states—partly because the successful results which can be produced from it, will appeal at once to the understanding of the whole people, and inevitably lead to the establishment either by the national councils, or by patriotic individuals, of a great National University; but chiefly, because I believe it to have been the intention of the testator—I would indicate, as the most appropriate disposal of these funds, the establishment of a Central School of NATURAL SCIENCE, in the City of Washington. Let us now examine this proposition in detail.

The principal of these funds—whatever may be the action in the case—must be kept *untouched*: the interest alone is available.

Each of the different States possesses learned institutions, under the form of colleges, seminaries, or universities; their object being to give instruction to a certain extent, in what is regarded as essential to good scholarship. Accordingly, the plan adopted for under-graduate study, is arranged under four heads: ancient languages, intellectual science, mathematics, and the physical sciences. As the course of instruction is commonly arranged prospectively for four years, the pupil spends upon the first of these departments a portion of three or four years—upon the second, one or two years—upon the third, two or three years—and upon the last, one or two years;—the plan being somewhat different in different places, and ordinarily requiring him to be prosecuting three out of the four different departments at once. It is probable, that with the present views taken in society of the nature of public instruction, an institution which should depart to any extent from this programme, would not meet with good success. As it must depend almost entirely, especially at the outset, on support of a

local character, it cannot dare to control public opinion, but can only work itself into existence by conformity with established customs.

The organization of a national establishment of this character, would, however, be attended with obstacles almost insuperable. Called into existence *at once*, not as the rival but as the *head* of all learned seminaries, and backed as it ought to be with the countenance and support of the government, it would have to sustain itself against the direct hostility of all the State institutions. They would soon begin to learn that it flourished at their expense; and, for such are the feelings of human nature, they would quickly regard it as a chartered monopoly of a vexatious and oppressive kind.

These considerations, therefore, will show us that in moulding the character of Mr. Smithson's Institute, we must keep clear of every thing which might be regarded as trespassing on the bounds and rights of State Universities. That it may go into operation with the good will of all, it must be free from the suspicion of interfering with any. It must be so arranged as not to draw from them *their* pupils—nor to divert from them the channels of *their* accustomed support. As its origin and objects are different from theirs, so there must be impressed upon it a character perfectly distinct. Instead of coming forward as a competitor with them in the sale of literary wares, it were better for it to bring into the market articles which they do not supply.

Of the four departments of study already indicated as entering into the plan of existing education, the ancient languages and intellectual sciences are generally pursued to a considerable extent. Requiring no great outlay for the purchase of libraries or means of illustration, and there being an abundant supply of accomplished teachers, furnished from the ranks of professional life or brought up with these objects in view, a very effective course of instruction can be given; and accordingly we find, that our classical scholars bear an advantageous comparison with those that graduate in European schools.

But in the more exact sciences it is not so. The whole routine of instruction in natural and physical science, is attended at the beginning with such heavy costs, and such a constant drain of expenditure for repairs and consumption, that all institutions among us find it necessary to restrict themselves here. Their means will not enable them to sustain complete courses of instruction, and they are necessarily driven to pass over these subjects in a superficial way, and allot to them only a brief space of time.

There is also another reason which renders their instruction on these points inefficient—a difficulty inherent in their very constitution. The successful study of the higher departments of physical science, whether natural philosophy or chemistry, requires

a previous knowledge of the higher geometry. Mathematics have now become the porch of physical knowledge. Young men, at the commencement of college life, have commonly but an indifferent acquaintance with mathematics. It is as much as they can do, even in the course of four complete years, to gain a general insight into the principles of the Calculus. The leading institutions among us, do not profess to carry them beyond this. It is only then that they are ready to take hold of these subjects in a proper way, but it is also then that their term of education has expired, and instruction fails them.

Here therefore is the point on which the Smithsonian Institute can act with efficiency in aid of our established seminaries, without interfering with them in any wise. In this character, it will fulfil to the letter the wishes of its founder,—an institute for men, not boys. It will be operating in a work which *he* unquestionably thought of the deepest importance to the human race; and instead of acting in rivalry, it will be acting in unison and harmony with our established colleges.

I would therefore found it as a school of physical science, giving an elaborate course of mathematical instruction. Commencing at the point where our higher universities close, I would give it a perfect apparatus, good cabinets, and gradually a respectable library. Proceeding in the work of expanding it slowly, it should as encouragement was given, or opportunity served, be furnished with a botanical garden, an observatory, a zoological institute, or analogous means for prosecuting in a proper way the great sciences of astronomy and general physiology.

Now mark, sir, the result of this. We are the residents of a great continent, which is bursting into life. Upon us, and our immediate descendants, has devolved the duty of developing on a scale hitherto unknown in this world, the resources of the giant empire—which is going to stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The men are *now* born, who will hear the loud snort of the locomotive in the deserts beyond the Rocky Mountains. No system of education that has ever yet been tried, will meet our wants. We want means for the rapid development of all our powers—means for the rapid development of all our resources. The soil beneath us teems with wealth. Our population is increasing beyond all example. We are men of enterprise and energy, living in a period of the earth's history unlike any that has preceded; when the force of intellect is fast supplanting all other powers, and under a government the constitution of which has no example. To a nation like us, ignorance is death;—the loss of virtue, annihilation. We are trying to unite interests the most diverse and jarring, and to bind in one bond of union, the hot and fiery disposition of the man living within the tropic, with the cold

calculating inhabitant of the Green Mountains; but men of all climates are not men of one mind—their character is moulded by the things passing around them, it takes a stamp from the scenes of early life, an impress from nature. The Italians, under all their changes of government, are continually the same people. Overcome, trodden down, trampled under foot, there is an elastic resiliency that forever bears them up again. It matters not what public calamities betide them, or what national woes are stored up for them in the womb of time, another Volta will reveal the mysteries of nature—another Canova will breathe the breath of life into the marbles of Carrara—another Catalini will enchant all Europe with her song. The same causes which determine these things there, are in tenfold action here. We have no surety of continuance, except from the increasing intelligence of our people.

If no other gain accrued to us from an establishment of this kind than the development of the mineral resources of the continent, we should be amply repaid. Nature has scattered with a lavish hand, her warehouses of metals among us—she has given us inexhaustible riches—but there does not exist in all the United States a single school of mines. France, England, Sweden, Germany, have well-organized institutions of this class—in some instances supported directly by the government, in others under the charge of those interested in mines. In this consists the secret that they are continually improving their processes of metallurgic operations, and are able to extract profitable returns from ores inferior to those which we daily pass by with neglect.

But there are higher ends than this. No man, until he is acquainted with physical science as it now exists, can have any idea of the great things for which Providence has prepared him. He cannot think with what amazing power, the mind, aided by the vast enginery of geometry, passes from cause to effect, or from effects to causes—how it links together phenomena which might appear to him to have no resemblance, and disentangles from the varying operations of Nature the immutable laws which govern her. How, as it becomes evolved in these pursuits, it learns to take those far-spreading views in which the unlettered can never participate. How, looking backward on departed times, it describes events which happened when there was no history to record—no human eye to see; or looking forward with the steady gaze of a prophet, unfolds what is to happen in the coming eternity. How, reflecting as it were the image of its Maker, and sharing in his Omnipresence, it walks through the Fabric of the Universe, and examines the qualities, the magnitudes, the relations, of one star after another; or, returning to the frail tabernacle that it tenants, reveals its structure and functions—its general connexion with

the system of organization. How it is rapidly penetrating the mysteries of the world of life—exhibiting the great plan of unity of design, and the laws of progressive development—and thereby ascertaining its own place and position in the Universe—its continued dependence on an unceasing Providence.

It is impossible that any one should become acquainted with the philosophy of the nineteenth century, and not become a virtuous man.

Physical knowledge is not the property of any part of mankind, but the property of all. The pursuit of it, is what all are interested in—the profits of it, *all* share; and herein consists the vast superiority which it possesses over mere literature. The one is general and for the whole world; the other is sectional or local—the one dispenses its benefits alike on the civilized and the savage; the other only on the man of education. The course of events and the casualties of time may bring about the destruction of English letters, and poets that we have thought immortal may be forgotten, and works of art or of taste be buried under the lapse of ages; but English science can never die—the steam-ship will still continue to cross the Atlantic—the locomotive will still pass over the railway. One half of the human family is in utter ignorance of what is thought learned, and beautiful and wise, by the other half. There are millions in Asia who have never heard of Paradise Lost—millions in Africa who know nothing of the Cartoons of Raphael. And on the other hand, among these people there have existed accomplished orators and valiant warriors, of whom we have never heard—works of art that *we* have never seen. But the savage as well as the civilized, the Oriental as well as the Western man, casts away his bow and arrows on the discovery of gunpowder—the Chinese junk as well as the American man-of-war, is steered by the magnetic needle.

To diffuse benefits of this order, which *can* be participated in by all the families of the earth—to devise means of increasing the power, the wisdom, the virtue of man—is the great object of the Smithsonian bequest. It is a solemn and responsible duty which has fallen upon Congress—a duty which as the government *has commenced*, so it *must complete*.

There are however among us, men known both to you and me, whose views are unfavorable in relation to the establishment of an University at Washington. The bearings of their political creed, they say, lead them to question the constitutionality of Congress intermeddling at all with public education. Without joining issue with them on the law of the contested point, I would rather reason as to the facts of the case. The government has received, or rather by process of law spontaneously taken possession of a certain amount of money, under conditions which every plain-dealing person

among us understands. If by casting obstacles in the way we defer from time to time the completion and discharge of that duty, how can we bring men who live in other countries and who do not know the nice shades of distinction that we draw between the powers of Congress and the rights of the states, to understand how it is that we have voluntarily incapacitated ourselves for performing the greatest of all benefits for which governments are instituted—the diffusion of a public blessing? This money is not given for our use alone, but for the general good of *all* men. We should therefore recollect that others have rights in it as well as ourselves. We can neither return it without betraying our trust to them, nor can we, with a clear conscience, defer to appropriate it to the use for which it was unquestionably designed. We stand merely in the light of trustees, or rather executors of a will. We may not therefore procrastinate unduly.

Such being the case, let us act as upright men in private life would do. Taking the will of the giver in its plain and literal sense, let us erect a Smithsonian Institute for the purpose of increasing and diffusing knowledge among men—shaping our course by the known ideas of the testator—establishing such an institution as we have reason to believe he would have established; but moulding it, as we ought to do, to the wants and circumstances of the country in which he saw fit to locate it. We are not called upon to raise up a rival or an antagonist to our own Colleges.

And as the funds are small, compared with the object in view, let us first guarantee the permanent safety of the principal. If Congress saw good, it would surely bring honor to the country if a piece of land and suitable buildings were given; but if not, proceed to procure them as rapidly as the annual income will allow—keeping steadily in mind that we are not erecting structures to ornament Washington, but buildings in which science has to be taught. Let the stranger who visits us, see an edifice, plain and in keeping with republican simplicity without, but well equipped within.

A school organized as has been indicated in this letter, would probably consume the revenue of five years before it could be brought into full operation. Its leading features once settled, there would be abundant time to arrange the details of the plan—to make inquiry into and profit by the experience of foreign institutions of an analogous class. A liberal charter should be given it—raising it on a level in point of privileges with any existing university, and vesting its government in a *very few* but very responsible hands. You will find it one of the most prominent faults in the organization of most of our schools—that they are governed by unwieldy boards of trustees. A council of five men, chosen with discretion, would be far better adapted for working purposes, than one of thirty indiscriminately selected.

Probably, your views would incline you to an institution of a more literary cast than that which I have indicated. I cannot, however, see any broad distinction that you could draw that should separate it, characteristically, from an University. Even if there were no danger of its collision under that form with the older Universities, I doubt very much the possibility of carrying it into effect. Mr. Smithson's fund is not enough. We cannot tell whether Congress is munificently disposed, or whether the way would be clear in other respects. A successful University must be of slower growth. It would be impossible to officer *at once*, one in Washington of which all others should tacitly acknowledge the supremacy. The thing itself is not desirable; and yet, under any other condition, it would be a discreditable abortion.

For the same reason that I am not disposed to believe, that by the "Smithsonian Institute" its founder meant "The National Astronomical Observatory of the United States," so I do not believe he meant "A National University," planned on the model of yours of Virginia, Yale College, or any other. What he meant by the term *knowledge*, the history of his whole life will inform us. We are bound to conform to his wishes, so far as we can understand them. One thing is certain, that no plan can ever be got through Congress that is not based upon this principle. There is a pride among us that will not stoop to be indebted for these things to the generosity of strangers.

Indeed, it is not literature that we need. On all sides we are surrounded with able and learned men whose lives are devoted to its pursuits. They will all tell you that it is not on the machinery of Colleges, but on the printing press, that they depend for the diffusion of the information they hold. In this respect, your own Messenger, if it receives the support which I trust it does, may be a more valuable adjunct, than half a million of dollars spent in erecting a College in Washington. But in science it is otherwise—the living teacher alone can communicate information, and you must arm him with cabinets and apparatus.

Whilst therefore there is on the one hand no prospect of establishing successfully a Literary Institute—not a sufficiency of funds for sustaining one of a mixed character—many doubts as to whether the testator had reference to one of either kind—the danger of causing the whole attempt to miscarry, by incorporating Mr. Smithson's Institute with a National University, on the establishment of which Congress would not act except after long consultation and ascertaining the feelings of the country, and hence continually procrastinating the benefits that were to arise from it;—on the other hand, we see the way clear for the establishment of a school, where Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Physiology and all other sciences, could be effectually taught—a

school which so far from clashing with others, would aid them, and instead of meeting with their animosity, would receive their cheerful countenance—which, although it might be helped by the gift of funds from the nation, could nevertheless go into operation without them—which, under a wise management, could be speedily brought to yield results of the utmost practical importance, and fulfil to the very letter the wishes of the testator.

The statesman, who looks round on this wide-spread country and sees what it possesses, and what are its wants, may recognize in such a disposal of this gift, a timely present to his fellow-countrymen—a benefit, the advantages of which are not confined to them alone, but free and open to men of every nation.

Yours, truly,

Δ.

THE EMPIRE STAR.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

Toward the morning sun afar,
In gladness first it rose,
And, flashing from the upper air,
O'er earth its radiance throws
Where Pharoah held his haughty reign—
Where Memphis sat in joy;
Or listed to Old Memnon's strain
The dark-haired Theban boy!
When Moses led his chosen band,
It guided now his way,
And beamed afar o'er Canaan's land—
The Empire Star of Day!
And God himself new lustre gave,
And bade it downward look
Where white-robed priests their censers wave,
Hard by Siloa's brook!
Resting never—but onward yet,
And onward still, it goes;
And Israel now in darkness set,
And Babylon arose!
But, Babylon, no more 'tis thine!
Persia now claims its light;
And Persia scarce can say—" 'tis mine,"
Before she sits in night!
But bright, and bright, and brighter still,
O'er Greece it sheds its beam;
It dances now on Ida's hill,
And on Illissus' stream;
It gilds thy plains, O Marathon!
It shines on Salamis,
And gems the day Athænæ won—
A day of blood and bliss!
'Tis thine!—the mistress of the world—
Great Rome; you have the star;
Where'er thy eagles are unfurled
It glows in brightness there!
But she too falls beneath the sword
Of Vandal and the Goth;
And now the Star of Empire soared
To light the frozen North!

But dimly now doth shine its light;

It pales as in a dream,
And scarce throws back the veil of night—
That dim and meteor gleam!

Convulsed Europe knew no laws
Amid her din and strife;
For thrown aside the sceptre was
To grasp the bloody knife!

But, Gaul, once more it gemm'd thy crown,
When fled your Bourbon king;
When th' Eagle tore the Lily* down,
And crushed it with her wing!
Napoleon's star did proudly loom,
And shone o'er France awhile—
But e'en that star went down in gloom
Behind Helena's isle!

The Empire Star! Where is it now?
My Country, 'twas for thee
To tear from heaven's arch'd brow,
"The banner of the free!"
And on its wavy folds is seen
A light that gleams afar,
Which in the battle well I ween,
Was e'er the Empire Star!

P. G.

Charlottesville, Va.

LORD BYRON.

A SKETCH OF HIS CHARACTER.

Genius is often the most treacherous gift of Heaven. Unless it has morality for its soil, and its tribute be paid at the shrine of virtue, it bears the seed of misery for its possessor, and of evil for mankind.

This proved to be the case with Lord Byron. He possessed a frame of glorious elements. Had they been wisely directed—had his genius been enlisted in the cause of virtue, he might have proved another man. But as it was, his nature was an awful chaos;—"light and darkness, mind and dust," deity and mortality, were brought in dreadful contact. From his youthful days

"His spirit walked not with the souls of men."

His life was a passionate dream—a fever of the soul, thirsting and craving after that which it could not reach. He inhabited a higher and a brighter sphere, and his chief delight seems to have been in scattering the dust and ashes of his derision upon the occupations and the pleasures of this lower world. If, by force of circumstances, he was constrained to break the spell by which he was sweetly bound—if he was compelled to leave the palace of his fancy—the dominions of beauty and of bliss, and to mingle in the paths of men, he felt the weight of clay recoil upon him, and seemed "degraded back to dust." Hence, since the heart must have something to love—some breathing-place of veneration—some idol, whether of demon or of divinity, before which it is its pride to bow, Byron chose

* The *fleur de lis*, the emblem of the Bourbons;—the Eagle, the standard of Napoleon.

sensuality for *his* idol and tuned his lyre at its feet. In his fancy's wanderings, he had dreamed of a visionary world—he had peopled it with angels, and beings of light—he had attributed to them feelings and sentiments not of men;—and when he came to buffet with the waves of real life—when that fairy-country faded from his view—when those beings of his fancy dwindled into forms of mortal mould—he learned, alas! too late,

“His early dreams of good outstripped the truth,
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth.”

From that moment forward, he had, like Manfred, a vital scorn for every living thing,

“And stood a stranger in this breathing world—
An erring spirit from another hurled.”

He seemed to have an intuitive consciousness, that his happiness and his glory were to spring out of the ordeals of disappointment and remorse and the contempt of men, and that the triumphant march of his genius was to be over the ruins and the desolation of his heart. And hence, when the scenes around him failed to furnish this excitement, he flew to fancy, or to memory, for thorns “whereon to lean his breast.” His heart was a barren and a rugged shore, which the wild waves of misery had lashed for years, and on which lay the wrecks of blighted hopes and the weeds of bitterness. He felt that he was doomed to wretchedness, and in that feeling there is strange joy. To know that we are above the “whips and scorns of time”—that earth has spent upon our heads the vials of her wrath, and that the grave is welcomed as a nuptial couch—has in it a sweet store of consolation. And thus did Byron disarm the viper of his sting, and from the poison of his fang distilled the essence of his happiness.

It will not do for his admirers to tell us, in extenuation of the range of his license, and his profligacy, that they are to be attributed to that desolation of heart, which came over him—together with the ruin of his domestic prospects, and the “shivering of his household gods.” For

“The thorns which he has reaped are of the tree
He planted: they have torn him, and he bleeds;”—

he might have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

As a poet, immortal honor must be accorded him. He will ever be remembered in his country's language, and

“No dull oblivion
Shall ever bar his name from ~~out~~ the temple,
Where the dead are honored by the nations.”

Scott was beautiful, but Byron was sublime. Scott glided along like a smooth and tranquil stream. Byron heaved like the ocean in his anger. Scott lived among verdant lawns, and blooming bowers, fanned by gentle zephyrs and watered by murmuring rivulets. Byron dwelt among the “mountain palaces of nature”—on the lofty sum-

mit of the Alpine rocks, where the eagle has his eyry—grasping, like Jove, the fiery lightnings, and sporting with the storm. But, while gazing on his brilliant attainments—on the dazzling miracles of his genius—we should not forget the fœtid smoke out of which they rose. In admiration of the *poet*, we should not forget the *man*.

And yet, when we see him stung by the vipers which he has nurtured in his bosom—torn by the thorns which he himself has planted—we cannot but extend to him the hand of sympathy. For there was something majestic in his misery—something sublime in his despair; and let him, who, with a ruthless spirit, would laugh at sorrow and pour gall upon a wounded heart, remember that the time once was, when he too knew affliction, and felt the tortures of its hidden pang. But his character is not without its strong redeeming points; for, although at some periods we see him disdaining life, and death, and mankind, and himself, and trampling, in his scorn, not only on the formalities and customs of the world, but also upon its tame virtues and its cold devotions; yet, at others, we find him melting into pity and compassion at distress—sympathizing with misfortune—and lending an open hand to poverty.

In addition to this, he was an ardent lover of liberty. During the bloody revolution of Greece, he was always at her side. When the voice of her sorrow reached his ear, calling on the nations to help her in her trial, he tore himself from the bosom of his muse, bid adieu to the visionary, which he inhabited, and flew to join in the “struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor.” And who was he, who was to fight the battles of this afflicted land? Who was he, who was to snatch her from the arm of the Ottoman, and restore to her her faded glory—who was to rekindle the fire in the bosom of the sluggish Greek, and stand another Leonidas at the straits of Thermopylæ? Was he a man bred in courts and camps—trained to the horrors of the battle-field, and graduated in the arduous task of moulding the conflicting interests, and passions, and tempers of men? No!—nothing of this. But a Poet—the child of ease—cradled in the lap of luxury—clothed in purple and fine linen—who had been nurtured with that solicitude which is bestowed on princes only—who was the darling of the people, and who was quaffing the cup of popular applause. And yet, when the groans of unhappy Greece reached his ears, he girded on his sword and buckler—flew to her rescue—and proved to the world that a poet could be a warrior. For this act immortal praise must be accorded him, and let no fanatical pioneer in the cause of virtue attempt to tear the laurel from his brow.

Thus we see that the elements of his nature were strangely mingled, and we know not whether most to admire that gentleness of spirit and depth of affection, which so strongly marked his charac-

ter, and that high-toned generosity and nobleness and elevation of soul, which led him to espouse the cause of a bleeding country; or to detest that sickening and degrading sensuality, which infested the world with its outpourings, and courted immortal infamy, in the Cantos of Don Juan. But now that he has left us—now that he has ceased his song beneath the skies and has gone to tune his lyre in another world, let us not break the silence of his tomb—let him sleep on in peace, and let him wear the palmy wreath which he has won. That is a dastard heart, that could trample on the blighted flower—that could laugh loud over the quiet urn of Genius, and play its game of merriment with its crumbling bones. Therefore, let the voice of detraction be silent at his tomb. He sunk, like the sun in his glory. His orb was the greatest and the brightest, at the last.

Westmoreland, Dec. 1839.

H. N. W.

EARLY LAYS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

IX.

THERE ARE DREAMS OF BOWERS.

There are dreams of bowers,
Beautiful and blest,
Filled with sweetest flowers,
That disturb my rest;
And with rapture smiling,
They are still beguiling—
Though all stand reviling
My worn and wayward breast.

Though I turn, I fly not—
I may not depart;—
I would try, but try not,
To release my heart:
And my hopes are dying,
And my friends are flying,
While, on dreams relying,
I am spell'd by art.

Thus, the bright snake coiling
'Neath the forest-tree,
Wins the bird with wiling,
To come down and see:
Like that bird, the lover
Round his fate will hover,
'Till the blow is over,
And he dies like me.

X.

NEVER, NEVER LOVE.

Wherefore, young heart, borrow
What must evil prove?
Love is but a sorrow,
Tears are born of love!
'Tis a pleasure failing,
'Tis a restless ailing
Bringing wo and wailing—
Wherefore would'st thou love?

Touch it not, I pray thee,
Thus it still must prove;
It will oft assay thee,
But, O! never love.
'Tis a cruel paining,
Hope and joy restraining—
Cursing and complaining,
Are the gifts of love.

Think upon it never,
Lest it thus may move;
With a swift foot sever
From the side of love:
Fly him as a sadness,
Parent oft of madness,
Still the foe of gladness—
Never, never love!

XI.

"THAT FAIR LADYE, THAT FAIR LADYE."

I.

'Twas a vision of fair Ladye
Kept, and still must keep, me here
Sadly sighing, when I should be
Flying in a gentler air;—
Such the fetter thrown around me,
That she ever more hath bound me;—
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
Wherefore would she keep me here?

II.

Many a hope would sweetly woo me;
And in kinder regions blest,
Love and Honor both pursue me,
Seeking places in my breast;—
Yet I linger—never fleeing—
Risking fame and losing being—
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
Keeps me still her captive guest.

III.

Like the bird around whose pinion
Craft hath drawn the netted chain,
I would break the close dominion,
But I seek to break in vain;—
Vainly words of wo I utter,
In my bonds I fret and flutter—
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
Laughs she not to see my pain?

IV.

With a spirit uncomplaining,
I would still in bond repose,
Were she not, for aye, disdainful
The poor captive in her close;—
Would she now and then smile on him
Blessing what has still undone him,
That fair Ladye, that fair Ladye,
Still might keep him bound, heaven knows!

XII.

"BRING ME HITHER, HITHER, BOY."

Bring me hither, hither, boy,
Bring me here, my light guitar—
'Tis the midnight hour, my boy,
And our feet must wander far;
Who that loves would sleep, when high,
Burns each bright and perfect star?—
Hither hasten then, my boy,
Bring me here my light guitar.

Though by day I may not speak
 All the passion in my breast,
 And my words are few and weak,
 And my flame is unconfess'd ;
 Yet, by night, a spirit high
 Prompts my feet to wander far,
 And a bolder speech I try,
 Echoed by the light guitar.
 Through its soft and silver tone,
 I would tell her all I feel—
 To her heedless ear alone,
 Would I have its music steal.
 With a voice no longer coy,
 I will sing Love's brightest star—
 Bring me hither then, my boy,
 Bring me here, my light guitar.

XIII.

"THERE'S A GORGEOUS GLOW ON EARTH."

I.

There's a gorgeous glow on earth,
 In the valley, on the grove ;
 'Tis a night to wander forth,
 With a song of truest love :
 Thou shalt speak for me the flame
 Burning in my bosom now—
 Thou shalt give my love its name,
 Help my lip to breathe its vow,—
 Thou shalt bear her praises far,
 Thou, my gentle, sweet guitar.

II.

As I murmur, sing for me—
 Tell her that my spirit roves,
 Ever sleepless, never free,
 Sighing through her garden groves ;
 That, beneath her lattice now,
 With a song to feeling dear,
 I am breathing many a vow
 Of a true love for her ear ;—
 Send thy tender plaint afar,
 Tell her all, my sweet guitar.

III.

Tell her that the heart which pleads,
 Hopeful, nor unworthy quite,
 May be won to glorious deeds,
 Guided by her eyes of light—
 That, if she but once approve,
 It will seek the paths of fame ;
 Let her eyes but look in love,
 It will win a deathless name—
 Let no wanton discord mar,
 Speak her sweetly, sweet guitar.

XIV.

TO THEE—TO THEE.

To thee when morn is shining,
 My early homage tends ;
 To thee, when day's declining,
 My ev'ning song ascends ;—
 When grief within me swelling
 Leaves hope no longer free,
 I fly my humble dwelling
 To thee,—to thee !
 Come forth, thy step is lightest,
 I love that all should see ;—
 Come forth, thine eye is brightest,
 My heart is proud of thee :—
 Come forth, where lips are parting
 Thoughts pure and accents glee,
 And hopeful eyes are darting,
 To thee—to thee.

Come, bend above the waters,
 And hear my serenade,
 Thou sweetest of earth's daughters,
 My own bright Southern maid.
 I woo thee not with splendor,
 But bring, my only fee,
 True heart and homage tender,
 To thee—to thee.

XV.

"LEAVE ME NOW AND WAIT, BOY."

I.

Leave me now and wait, boy,
 At yon wicker-gate, boy,
 While 'neath her window now, I pour my sweetest song ;
 And should footstep rove, boy,
 On our path of love, boy,
 Shrill, send thy whistle to mine ear, with accent quick and strong.

II.

Yet, to bless my hope, boy,
 Should her lattice ope, boy,
 And she send rapturous words, in mercy to my heart ;
 Swiftly close thine ear, boy,
 None but mine must hear, boy,
 For love's a jealous miser still, who never yields a part.

III.

I'll not lose a tone, boy,
 No ear but mine own, boy,
 Shall drink the blessing thoughts and words she sends to me ;
 The love-glance she gives, boy,
 'Neath which my heart lives, boy,
 No eye of human sight but mine that dearest glance must see.

XVI.

"AWAKE, AWAKE, DEAR LADY."

Awake, awake, dear lady,
 Nor lose these Eden hours,
 For the moon is hailed in the balmy east,
 By the breath of the incense flow'rs ;—
 The breeze like a spirit-bird comes on,
 O'er the waves of the sleeping sea,
 And a hum in the air of softest tone,
 Makes all one melody ;—
 Then wake, oh ! wake, dear lady,
 Awaken for love and me !
 Awake, awake, dear lady,
 And list the tender song
 That, taught by love in his fondest mood,
 'Neath thy lattice, I now prolong ;
 Oh ! let me not mourn a planet lost,
 Nor longer thus stern, delay to shine,
 But like a sweet star to the tempest-tost,
 Look down on this heart of mine ;—
 Awake, awake, dear lady,
 Unfold me those eyes of thine.

XVII.

SLEEP ON, MY LOVE.

Sleep on, my love, while blessings,
 Like vigil-spirits, keep
 Around thy dreaming pillow,
 Sweet watch above thy sleep ;
 May no rude thought arouse thee,
 To tremble or repine ;
 But, be the dream that woos thee,
 Soft as that heart of thine ;
 Sleep on, sleep on, dear lady,
 God's blessing on thy sleep.

Heart, that forever gentle,
 Ne'er knew a thought of sin ;
 Eyes that, like shutting flowers,
 Hide loveliest hues within ;
 Lips, like the rose unshaded
 That holds Heaven's sweetest dew ;
 Sleep on, with no beauty faded,
 Sleep on, with each feeling true :—
 Sleep on, sleep on, dear lady,
 God's Angels guard thy sleep.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF 1812-'14.

A TRUE STORY.

The morbid appetite of the reading world at the present day, and more especially of the American people, for works of fiction and tales as fanciful and improbable as any of the wonders of Aladdin's lamp, or feats of three-fingered Jack, has thrown into the shade the countless deeds of chivalry and high-souled patriotism, that distinguished not only our sires of 1776, but their sons of 1812. Whilst many a hero's name is "embalmed in story," and the well-earned laurels of patriotic valor still deck the brows of those who have survived "the battle and the breeze," thousands have displayed feats of valor unsurpassed in history, and a patriotic zeal as high and holy as e'er warmed a hero's breast,

"For whom no minstrel raptures swell ;"

and whose deeds, like themselves, have been consigned to the silent resting-place of the dead, with no stone to mark the hero's grave, nor token to arrest the meditative wanderer's step, save the silent gloom that invariably pervades the consecrated spot :

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap—
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid—
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The historian—whilst he has done the achievements of many ample justice—and the novelist, in embellishing the deeds of others—have alike passed over an incident that occurred during the late war, upon the majestic waters of the Potomac, which would have furnished the one with an act of daring as unrivalled, as successful; and, to the other, a theme well worthy of his fertile imagination. The period to which my story reverts has, unfortunately for British honor and for British arms, been inseparably associated with acts of barbarous outrage and Vandalic warfare—the bare recollection of which, even at this late day, calls forth the indignation of every American, and should tinge with the blush of shame the cheek of every high-souled Briton. In necessarily speaking of the outrages committed by Admiral Cockburn upon harmless and inoffensive citizens, in his many predatory excursions along the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, the intention of the writer of this is not for a moment to endeavor, by a recital of our wrongs, to stir up old prejudices and renew embittered feelings, that have been almost obliterated by

the lapse of time, but simply to rescue from oblivion the names and deeds of two humble heroes, that have only survived in the simple but true legends of the country side. But to my story.

Upon a bright sunny morning, in the month of August 1814, in one of the many small and beautiful indentations of the noble Potomac, a short distance below the ancient town of Dumfries—at that time of some note, though waning fast, and now but the wreck of former prosperity—might have been seen a small fishing or oyster-smack lying at anchor; whilst her crew, which consisted of two men, were busily engaged, the one in watching his lines, and the other in making culinary preparations for their morning's meal. 'Tis needless to paint the loveliness of the scene, as the light and fragile appearance of the tiny bark was reflected in the glassy mirror of the wave, now beginning to heave with a light though steady breeze from the south. Her small and taper-masts presented the common though beautiful semblance of a huge water-serpent, as the undulating tide reflected their image, whilst the shadow of the overhanging cliff, surmounted by the lords of the forest, cast a refreshing coolness far over the deep clear wave and its white-pebbled shore, almost to the object of our attention; and here and there might be seen the summer duck or white gull, now gracefully riding the snowy white caps, and anon lazily winging their way within a few feet of the water, as if to view the symmetry of their faultless forms, and to complete the beauty and quiet of the scene. Of the heroes of this picture: the first was a man of middle stature, thin and bony, with a hardened, sun-burnt visage, dressed in the wide duck pantaloons, coarse linen shirt and tarpaulin hat—then, as now, the summer costume of our hardy craftsmen. A Lavater might have read in his homely though pleasing features a firmness and decision bordering upon recklessness; and a boxer might have taken warning from his sinewy frame and well-developed muscles, from his careless and indifferent manner of lounging about the small craft—occasionally leaning over her sides and anon casting a furtive glance at the progress of his companion at the caboose, if we may dignify an old iron pot, with the side broken out, in which was kindled a small fire, by that name. It could be easily perceived, he was "master of all he surveyed."

His companion of the *cuisinary* art was a tall, well proportioned, and rather handsome mulatto, apparently about the age of five and twenty—being some five or ten years the junior of his commander—and dressed in the same simple garb, with the addition of a cross-barred cotton handkerchief negligently knotted around his thick muscular neck. The looseness of their garments, with a leathern belt around the waist to supersede the necessity of suspenders, gave an air of easiness and graceful activity to their movements, which the effect of

their coarse and paint-stained habiliments could not destroy.

The cook by this time had served up his homely fair: consisting of bread made of Indian corn, rye coffee, and a tin dish of perch, fried with several rashers of fat bacon; to which was added that constant companion of sea-faring men, a small jug of whiskey. The time necessary for satisfying the cravings of nature was scarcely taken by these hardy sons of Neptune, so eager were they to commence their morning's work of grappling for oysters—doubtless impelled to more haste, from the knowledge of the vicinity of the marauding parties of the British fleet, that had filled every creek and bay along the shores of the river, and depopulated every hen-roost and pig-sty upon their margin.

Scarcely had the eating and cooking utensils been stowed away, and preparations been made for casting their tongs into the prolific deep, when the short, quick sound of oars, as if proceeding from a well-manned boat, and the encouraging tones of its commander, exclaiming, in a deep stentorian voice, "Give way my hearties! with a will!" came booming over the waters; and, in another instant, the sylph-like form of a British barge, with four oarsmen and three officers, came dancing over the light swell from behind a point nearly a mile distant, with the cross of St. George proudly floating in many a graceful fold from the stern, over the heads of her devoted crew. The recognition was as mutual, as the preparation for flight and chase was simultaneous. It required but an instant for our acquaintances of the smack to slip their cable and run up the mainsails, which had, for the purposes of shade, remained unfurled and half-masted all the morning;—in another, it was sheeted home and the jib run up, as she gaily and gracefully left her lovely and retired mooring grounds, in less time than I have taken to record the event. Short however as was the time occupied in unmooring and getting under way, and although the morning zephyr had increased to a stiff breeze, the barge, propelled by four athletic oarsmen, had shortened the distance almost to musket-shot; and now plied their oars with increased vigor, as the hopes of capturing a vessel well freighted with oysters brightened upon them. The chase now became truly exciting—the barge gradually neared its object to point blank shot, and the swivel, mounted in her bow, was immediately put in requisition. One shot and another flew harmlessly by, doing no other damage than perforating the sails, but materially interrupting the speed of the barge. By this time, the schooner entered the mouth of the creek to which she belonged; and with an increased breeze soon lost sight, for the time, of her antagonist, who still fearlessly pressed on, determined to pursue her to the head of tide-water, which he reasoned well could not be far off. Captain Guy (for this is the real name of the hero of this veritable story) per-

ceiving all hopes of escape at an end—as he arrived at his anchoring ground and heard the distant sound of oars—determined to make one last effort to defend his whole earthly possession and only means of support. With all the coolness of tried valor, he drew from the cabin of his craft an old English musket; and, having no shot, he collected together several slugs and nails, with which he loaded his piece,—then calling to his mate and cook (Woodward), made known his intention, and bade him depart if he dreaded the result. With a heroism and magnanimity that would do honor to any man or age, this noble fellow swore to stand by his commander and his vessel to the last. Having hastily arranged the plan of defence, they both leaped into a canoe attached to their craft, and, paddling ashore, Guy ensconced himself behind a brush-fence upon the bank of the creek, and ordered Woodward to ascend a small hill rising from the water's edge, thickly studded with pine and cedar bushes, directing him, upon the report of the musket, to make all the noise he possibly could, as if marshalling a large body of militia. Scarcely were they allowed time to make these hasty arrangements, when the barge dashed boldly round a point about one hundred yards below the place of ambush. The officers and men were excited with the chase and eager to seize the prize, when suddenly, as they came within range of Guy's musket, a well directed aim raked them fore and aft, wounding every man on board. Leaping from his ambush, gun in hand, he gave orders in a deep and authoritative voice to Woodward, to bring down his reserve corps and secure the prisoners; at the same time ordering the crippled crew to surrender immediately, or it would be impossible for him to restrain his exasperated countrymen from committing murder. At the same moment, the voice of Woodward was heard, with well dissembled earnestness, begging the fancied militia not to imbrue their hands in the blood of wounded and disabled men. Deceived by this ruse, four privates, a lieutenant, and two midshipmen of his Britannic Majesty, surrendered their arms and colors to Capt. Guy; who, immediately upon getting possession of their weapons, gave orders for Woodward to tie them; and placing the whole party "under hatches," among his crabs and oysters, without farther delay spread his canvass once more to the breeze, and found himself and prisoners next morning safely landed in the City of Washington. Rumor's tongue soon rang loud with this heroic and fortunate achievement. Crowds gathered around the prisoners and their conquerors, still doubting, even with the living evidences before them, the truth of so strange a story. The prisoners were handed over to the proper authorities, and were of course in due time released, their arms and barge, with five hundred dollars, being awarded by the government to the captors. How long Capt. Guy survived this event, or whether he

left a family, the writer of this narrative is entirely ignorant. With Woodward he was personally acquainted, from whom he received the outlines of this eventful story when a mere child. Like his noble captain, he too has been gathered to his forefathers—after having for many years led an industrious, thriving and irreproachable life.

In conclusion, the writer of this faint sketch of "those stirring times which tried men's souls," in bidding his heroes adieu, would offer an apology for his tedious manner of narrating an event so novel and interesting, though so little known, hoping it may yet fall into the hands of some gifted writer, who will do ample justice to the parties, whilst the incident may elicit from his vivid imagination a stirring fiction, the chief attraction of which will be its truth.

c.

Occoquan, Va. Dec. 1839.

LETTER FROM AN INDIAN CHIEF,

From the original, preserved at Berkley, James River.

The original manuscript of the following letter, has been worn by time into a number of fragments—which to be made intelligible must be put together like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle. It seems to have been written by a white man, probably an Englishman, at the dictation of the Little Carpenter. The date is about three years subsequent to Braddock's defeat, which took place in 1755. The Little Carpenter is several times mentioned in the 2d volume of Washington's Writings.

c. c.

Petersburg, Va.

The Little Carpenter, to his Brother Coll: Bird.

Brother,—I am still att Keowee, Waiting for The Waggons, but Expects them up in three Days. I Expect that you are now at Winchester, and I shall make all the Dispatch I possibly Can after you. I remember the talk of the Grate King George our father, Who Desired us to help [our Brothers] and I am Very Willing for to help my Brothers, and Both to Die Togather. I understand that we have Both Lost some of our people, and their Blood was spilt upon the path, and I heard that it was our own people's fault, which makes me very uneasy.

The french I always Lookt upon, as our Great-est Enemies, and they Live very Near our Nation, Likewise the Creeks, and Chickessaws is Likely to brake war with us. I always Desired our young fellows, not to hurt the Wite people, nor kill any of our Friend Indians, but now they have Done Both, which makes me very Unessy, for my people kils their friends, as well ass their Enemies; so I cant tell Whitch way to turn my self. I have Receid A grate maney preasants, from you, and you may Depend that I shall give orders not to hurt our Brothers the English. I Desire that you may tell all our people that is their, that on their Return, they wont hurt aney Witeman, or Aney of

their Effects, that I may not hear aney Bad talks after their Return.

Brother,—the Path out from Easterloe, (!) to Virginia, in the middle is Bad, But I hope that you Warriors will set it to Rights, for some of our Blood is spilt their, but it was their Own faults, and shall not put us at Variance, for I Love Nothing But what is good, for I Never Carried a gang to War, that Ever hurt an Englishman, nor stole aney thing from them; therefore I Desire that you will talk to our Head Warriors, Not to suffer aney of their young fellows to steal horses, or meddle with aney thing Belonging to our Brothers, the English, for their is a grate maney their, And I shall be Glad to here they Behave well. Brother, Lett the Warriors know, that the Chickessaws are Braking out War With us, our people Doth not behave Well, for they Carried an old Scolp with them to Virginia, and Brought the Wite peoples scolps to us, our own Brothers of Virginia, and the same Blood of ours. The man that Did it was Scolpt—Jack of Tuckusoe; I Desire Brother that you will Remember, and Desire our people to Behave well, and lett no more Blood be spilt of Either side, for the Grate King George when I was in England, and our head men, made the path between the English and our Nation of Iron, never to be Broken.

his

Little Carpenter, ○

mark

May 27, 1758.

John Watts.

To The Honorable Col: William Byrd, Esq,
at Winchester,
Virginia.

TO MY BROTHER IN TOWN.

I see thee not! I see thee not!
And vacant now is every spot
Where thou we'rt wont to be—
The cheerful board and fireside,
Where social converse used to glide,
And wit and mirth ring merrily.
I see thee not! I see thee not!
And vainly strive to know thy lot,
While thou art far away—
Does Hope, the wanderer's surest friend,
Thy wayward footsteps still attend,
And keep sad thoughts at bay?
I see thee not! I see thee not!
In stately walls, or lowly cot,
Or 'neath the forest tree;
Where'er thy devious fate hath led,
Or joyfully or sadly sped,
I feel thou'rt lost to me.
I see thee not! I see thee not!
But yet that love is ne'er forgot
Which glowed in childhood's hour;
The sacred flame is mounting high,
It bears thy name beyond the sky,
A burning quenchless power.

GERTRUDE.

Fort Edward, N. Y., Dec. 1839.

TO THE ROSE GERANIUM.

I love thee well thou little plant ;
That we have *gayer* flowers
That deck our garden plats, I grant—
And grace our forest-bowers.

There 's many a one, with air of pride,
Displays her gorgeous dyes
And spreads her flaunting petals, wide,
And brightly to the skies—

Yet from whose robes of royal hue,
Waving in wind and sun,
The wooing sun-beams never drew,
Nor dallying zephyrs won

One fragrant breath. O, who can love
A gaudy, scentless flower !
Who would transplant it from the grove
To his own, dear, home-bower ?

Not Flora's treasure-house of dyes,
From me should ever win
The viewless essence-drop that lies
Thy little cups within.

From every petal, every leaf,
A rosy fragrance flows,
When smile our spring-days few and brief—
When freeze our winter snows.

I love thee, darling little plant,
Thou cheerest many an hour—
Others are bright and gay, I grant,
But thou'rt my dear pet flower.

Maine.

ELIZA.

SAN MARINO.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm."

The ancient Via Emilia is still designated by an excellent road which crosses Romagna in the direction of the Adriatic. It traverses an extensive tract of fertile land, chiefly laid out in vineyards. As we passed through this rich and level country, the occasional appearance of a team drawn by a pair of beautiful grey oxen and loaded with a reeking butt of new wine, proclaimed that it was the season of vintage. But autumn was not less pleasingly indicated, by the clusters of purple grapes suspended from cane-poles at almost every cottage-window we passed, and by the yellow and crimson leaves of the vines that waved gorgeously in the sun as far as the eye could reach, like garlands with which departing summer had decorated the fields in commemoration of the rich harvest she had yielded. The single companion who shared with me the open carriage so well adapted for such a jaunt, was a large landed proprietor in the neighboring district, and, being quite familiar with every nook and feature of the surrounding country, he

endeavored to amuse me by pointing out all objects of interest with which we came in view. Here was a little chapel under whose walls a notorious thief concealed an immense treasure, and when the term of his imprisonment had expired, returned and disinterred it. There was the Devil's bridge, so called because it is said to have been built in a single night. This veteran beggar, distinguished from the mendicant group of the village by the erect air of his emaciated figure, was a soldier under Napoleon, and has now roamed back to his native town to live on the casual alms of the passing traveller ; while that stout and well-clad man who succeeded, with the loss of a thumb, in arresting a formidable bandit, is living snugly on a pension. The shallow stream over which we are now passing is believed to be the Rubicon. Yon gay *Contadina* with large silver ear-rings, whose laugh we hear from the chaise behind, is a bride on her way from church ; and that white and flower-decked crib which a peasant is carrying into his cottage, is the bier of a child. It was only at long intervals that the agreeable though monotonous scenery was varied to the view, and within the precincts of the towns scarcely a single pleasing object could the eye detect to counteract the too obvious evidences of human misery. In all the Papal vilages, indeed, the same scene is presented. At every gate the traveller is dunned for his passport by an Austrian guard, whose flaxen mustaches and cold northern visage are as out of place in so sunny a region, as would be an orange-grove amid the sands of Cape Cod,—or annoyed by the wretched inheritor of one of the noblest of ancient titles—a Roman soldier, clad in a loose, brown shaggy coat, who after keeping him an hour to spell out credentials which have been read a score of times since he entered the territory, has the effrontery to ask for a few biocchi to drink his health at the nearest wine-shop. When, at length, one is allowed to enter and hurry through the dark, muddy streets, no sign of enterprize meets the gaze, but a barber's basin dangling from some doorway, a crowd collected around a dealer in vegetables, or, if it be a *festa*, a company of strolling circus-riders, decked out in tawdry finery, cantering round to collect an audience for the evening. No activity is manifested except by the *vetturini* who run after the carriage vociferating for employment, and the paupers who collect in a dense crowd to impede its progress. In the midst of such tokens of degradation, planted in the centre of the square, rises a statue of some pope or archbishop in bronze or marble, with tall mitre and outstretched arm ; and, as if to demonstrate the imbecility of the weakest and most oppressive of Italian governments, around the very pedestal are grouped more improvidents than would fill a hospital, and idle, reckless characters enough to corrupt an entire community. There is something peculiarly pro-

voking in the appearance of these ugly, graceless statues, which are so ostentatiously stuck up in every town throughout the Pontifical states—the emblem of a ruinous and draining system, which has reduced these naturally fertile localities to their present wretchedness, towering, as it were, above the misery it has occasioned. The inclined head, and arm extended as if in the act of blessing, is a benignant, humble posture, in ridiculous contrast to the surly soldiery and countless mendicants who seem to constitute the legitimate subjects of Papal favor. Rimini is one of the most ancient of these appendages to the Roman states, and boasts of a few antiquities, with which the traveller can beguile an hour, while some of the excellent fish from the adjacent bay are preparing for his supper. Upon the principal piazza, a large palace, which presents nothing without but a broad front of mutilated brick-work, and within is newly fitted up in modern style, is pointed out as the former dwelling of Francesca di Rimini, whose singularly melancholy story constitutes the most beautiful episode of Dante's *Inferno*, has been dramatized by Silvio Pellico, and forms the subject of one of Leigh Hunt's most graphic poems. If the visitor endeavors to recall to his mind the knightly splendor which at that epoch the scene before him presented, and a strain of martial music swell upon the air as if to aid his fancy, the illusion is quickly dispelled when, instead of a company of gallant courtiers, an Austrian regiment in plain uniform winds in view, marching from the parade ground to their quarters. On a fine October morning, I resolved to escape awhile from these scenes thus darkened by despotism, and make an excursion to a spot still hallowed by the presence of freedom. The approach to San Marino is through a pleasant and fertile country, and a small bridge indicates the line which divides the republican territory from Rimini. After crossing this boundary, the road becomes more hilly, and the aspect of the surrounding fields more variegated, displaying numerous small oaks and elms, clumps of olive trees, and patches of yellow cane. In many spots, well-clad and hardy-looking women were breaking the glebes in the newly-ploughed land, to prepare it for the reception of grain or vines. Nothing can be more picturesque than the sight of the town. It is built upon the summit of a hill which presents an almost perpendicular cliff to the approaching traveller, the rocky face of which is relieved by a grove of chesnuts whose autumn-tinted leaves waved in umbrageous masses among the grey stones. As we drew near, it struck me as a most appropriate eyry for the "mountain nymph—sweet liberty." The very air seemed instinct with freedom, and every step along the winding road to bring us to a region of more elevated and bracing influences. As we thus approach, let us trace the history of a spot which, amid the countless vicissitudes that involved in ruin every other com-

munity in Italy, preserved through so many centuries the name and privileges of a republic.

The remarkable mountain upon which the town of San Marino is built was anciently called Titano, perhaps in reference to certain gigantic bones found buried there, but more probably in allusion to its isolated position as if thrown on the plain by one of the fabulous giants of antiquity. It retained this primitive appellation until the ninth century. On one side it presents a beautiful line of hills rising in picturesque gradation, and on the other a dissevered cliff surmounted by an abrupt wall of rock. The soil is argillaceous and abounds in sulphur, petrified shells and valuable mineral springs, some of which enjoy considerable celebrity for their sanative qualities among the inhabitants of the surrounding districts. This spot thus favored by nature, might have remained unknown to fame, had not a certain Dalmatian by the name of Marino, a lapidary, come to Rimini and having occasion to visit Titano, where he discovered abundant materials for his art, found it no less adapted to afford a retreat from persecution and a fit retirement for a tranquil, free and religious life. Favored by the archbishop of Rimini, he established himself on the mountain, and was soon resorted to on account of his benevolence and piety, till the number of the faithful who became attached to the place induced the formation of a settlement and the erection of a church. Marino was believed to work miracles, and soon became renowned. By the eleventh century, agreeable to the universal system of defensive structures forming throughout Italy, the republic was in a measure fortified by the rearing of a castle. The zeal of the people in effecting this object is no small evidence of their attachment to freedom, which is no less signally indicated by the remarkable and at that period unique inscription placed upon their church—*DIVO. MARINO. PATRONO. ET LIBERTATIS AUCTORI*. During the succeeding age, in consequence of the increasing population, the inhabitants of *Il Castello*, as the summit was called, divided—a portion descending to the first table land now called *Il Borgo*. About this time, rose into power some of those mighty families who so long and fiercely tyrannised over Italy. From its very infancy, the republic was surrounded by these despotic rivals—especially the *Feltreschi*, *Malatesti* and *Fagginoli*—and yet, although frequently involved in the most trying dilemmas, preserved its love of liberty and its actual independence. In the twelfth century, when the warfare between the adherents of the Emperor and the Pope, convulsed the Italian states, although San Marino was in a much happier condition to enjoy the benefits for which some contended in the struggle, it was long before the demon of faction invaded the peaceful precincts of the republic. The archbishop Ugolino gave the spirit of party birth. He was a violent Ghibelline. His ardor in the cause attached many

to him, and when the people subsequently purchased of the neighboring barons land to accommodate their increasing population, he succeeded by means of priestly influence in becoming a distinct party in the contract, evidently with a view to obtain some feudal authority and join temporal to spiritual power. The same attempt was made on a similar occasion by his successor. The inhabitants were well identified with the Ghibelline party, and when it was overthrown in Romagna, afforded a secure asylum to its member and most illustrious leader in that region. Toward the close of the century, while Hildebrand reigned, Teodorico, the bishop, proceeded to levy certain church tributes upon all the provinces, including San Marino. Upon the republicans asserting their independence, an examination of their claims to the distinction resulted in his withdrawing the demand, and acknowledging by a public decree the entire liberty of the republic. This is one of the earliest recorded testimonies to the original liberty of San Marino, and is the more remarkable from having occurred at a period when the authority of the church was so profoundly revered, and her officers so unwearied and importunate in their exaction. A like attempt to impose taxes was made soon after by the neighboring *podestas*, and upon a similar refusal being returned by the republic, the subject was referred to a solemn trial, according to the practice of the times. At this examination, it appears that not only were the facts of their history questioned, but the leading men catechised even upon the metaphysical basis of their rights, being asked "what is liberty?" and sundry other abstract problems; but their historian, with characteristic partiality perhaps, declares that the honest republicans were not in the least puzzled or confounded, but exhibited an extraordinary strength and clearness of purpose, as well as a singular unanimity of feeling, on this memorable occasion. The result, however, was a declaration against them, and a formal assertion of the right to tax on the part of the church and other authorities. Whether this right was ever enforced is very doubtful, but from the endeavor never being repeated, the inference is that the parties either from respect to the people or from motives of policy, were content with merely asserting their claims. The simple majesty of its political character seems to have proved remarkably efficacious, even at this early period, in securing for San Marino a degree of consideration wholly disproportionate to its diminutive size.

Early in the fourteenth century, the supreme magistrate's title of Consul was changed to that of Captain or Defender, and because of the abuse of the latter in Italy, the former was ultimately alone retained. At this period commenced a series of difficulties with Rimini, induced by clashing interests and rival jealousies. The annalist of the epoch is at great pains to show, that the connection

between the various powerful families of the neighboring territory and the republic, was simply a mutual league implying no subjection. This assertion is confirmed by the singular fidelity manifested by the people towards friendly barons. The threat of excommunication failed to make them abandon a certain feudal lord, who fled to their citadel to escape the vengeance of Pope John. It is proved also, by several existing documents, that their relations with the Feltreschi and other distinguished families who have been supposed to have exercised feudal authority over San Marino, were merely those of friendly alliance. Thus they appear to have been wholly exempt from temporal dominion, and as to spiritual, the assumption of cardinal Andrimini, in 1368, was withdrawn by solemn decree, and the bishop obliged to disclaim publicly any intention of seeking authority. Soon after, a more insidious enemy to the republic arose in one of its own citizens, Giacomo Pelizzaro, who plotted with the Podesta of Brescia and the archbishop of Montefeltre, to deliver San Marino into their hands. His plan was happily discovered before its execution. He confessed, and suffered death as a traitor.

During the succeeding era of private and bloody feuds, San Marino, allied to Count Guido, was more fortunate than the rest of Italy in escaping the dangers of this and other alliances, by means of which, treachery or the exigency of the times could have so easily procured the republic's ruin. A war with Sigismondi Pandolfo, Signore of Rimini, ended in his downfall and an increase of their territory, attested to them in 1463. Now, too, we find the alliance of the little state sought by the larger and superior principalities of Italy, a fact only to be accounted for by the reputation it enjoyed for the character of its institutions. In 1491, during one of those fitful intervals of peace which occasionally blessed that age of war and turbulence, among the meliorations of the civil code, we find statutes enforcing the immediate payment of public debts, the proclamation of criminal sentences, the obligations of the captains to procure as far as possible treaties of peace and good fellowship, and prohibiting the flogging of children under four years of age. At this time, some of the warriors from San Marino gained much renown in the battles of the age, and several men of distinguished talents arose, among whom were two of the earliest commentators of Dante. The republic appears to have been singularly favored in her diplomatic agents. Her ambassadors were most wisely selected, and to the firmness and wisdom which marked their proceedings is to be ascribed the almost miraculous escape of the state from embroilments with other powers, and accounts, in no small degree, for the remarkable esteem she gained in Italy. A most dangerous era for San Marino was the time of the infamous Cesar Borgia, and for a limited space she placed herself under the protec-

tion of the Duca del Valentino. Continuing, however, to enjoy the amity of the illustrious house of Urbino, she maintained to an almost incredible extent the favor of the church, and afforded a refuge, often at great risk, to the many persecuted victims of all parties. The spirit of faction and the priestly pretensions which have ever been the bane of the Italian states, too soon, however, induced a fatal dereliction from the primitive patriotism and honest attachment to freedom. Another cause of this decline, may be found in the influence of some of those who sought an asylum within the limits of San Marino. Refugees from all parties, they naturally brought and disseminated much of the perverse and exciting spirit of the times among the less sophisticated inhabitants. For these and other reasons, the commencement of the seventeenth century found the people more exposed than they had been to the subjection which the agents of the Romish church so constantly and insidiously endeavored to effect. An intrigue, according to history, combining all the low cunning, ambition and ready talent necessary to promote this object, soon appeared. Alberoni being legate in Romagna, undertook to befriend certain men who were suffering under the just awards of the tribunal of San Marino. The republic, from a deep conviction of the bad results produced by allowing justice to be impeded by priestly intervention and *commenditizie*, which custom had been grossly abused at that period, made rigid enactments against it; notwithstanding which, the haughty prelate insisted upon the privilege. The republicans vainly explained and remonstrated; yet boldly maintained their rights. Alberoni, by way of revenge, caused certain of their citizens to be imprisoned in Rimini, and by cutting off their communication with the surrounding country endeavored to produce a famine. At the same time, his efforts were unremitted to seduce the most ill-disposed of the citizens, and he succeeded in securing the coöperation of many traitorous abettors. Misrepresenting them to the Pope and sacred college, and abusing the authority vested in him by the pontiff, he artfully induced that ruler to exert a special commission in his favor, and under its shield endeavored to annex San Marino, as forfeited, to the papal territory. At length, every thing being prepared for the consummation of his vile project, on the twenty-fourth of October, 1739, attended by a band of his satellites, he passed through the Borgo and was even cheered by some of the infatuated citizens. He entered the sacred temple dedicated to Liberty and their Saint, where he smoothed over with subtle words the nefariousness of his scheme; and Capitano Giangi thus acknowledged his concurrence: "*Nel di primo di Ottobre giurai fedeltà al mio legittimo principe della Repubblica di San Marino; quel giuramento confermo e così giuro.*" Giuseppe Onofri repeated the same oath; but, Girolamo Gori using the words

of the Savior—"let this cup pass from me"—protested that he had not made one mark of shame upon the face of the protecting saint, but would ever exclaim "*Evviva San Marino, evviva la Libertà!*" These words uttered with enthusiasm, were caught and repeated, until they resounded through the holy edifice, re-awakening the dormant patriotism of the people and striking fear into the heart of the usurper. The functions were abruptly closed and a scene of disorder ensued. Before Alberoni left the church, he threatened the rebellious with death. The faithful remained to concert measures for the safety of their country. Perceiving that an immediate appeal to force would be useless, they determined to represent the case to the Pope and calmly await the result, meantime using every means to reanimate the drooping spirit of their fellow-citizens. Notwithstanding the age and imbecility of Clement XII., he was just and benevolent, and upon being informed of the facts, indignantly declared that he had vested no authority in the legate to attempt obtaining any ascendancy over the people of San Marino, nor to interfere with their rights—but simply to exert a spiritual influence and protection. To contravene the base assumption of Alberoni, he despatched Monsignor Napolitano, afterwards Cardinal, with power to re-establish the good fame of the papal court, and secure justice to the people. Between the usurpation of Alberoni and the restitution of the republic, there was, however, an interregnum of three months and a half. San Marino was restored on the fifth of February, the day of the sacred virgin Agatha. Shouts, prayers, tears of joy, and jubilee in every form, announced the happy event; and the day has since been observed as a festival. Alberoni's defence of his conduct gave rise to some curious literary discussion. The event redounded to the improvement of the people, operating as an effectual check upon the passion for intrigue, and to the honor of Clement, to whom a monument was erected by the grateful republicans.

When the modern conqueror of Europe drew near the confines of the small but honored state, he respected their liberties. Receiving most graciously the ambassador from San Marino, in an elegant address, he alluded to the singular preservation of their freedom, and promised his protection; at the same time offering to enlarge their possessions, and tendering, as an indication of his respect and good will, a present of two field-pieces. Monge, the ambassador, made an eloquent reply, gratefully acknowledging the courtesy of Napoleon and applauding his forbearance. The people declined his offers and present; but in commemoration of the occasion, added the 12th of February, 1797, as another joyous anniversary to the republic's calendar.

The original government was simply paternal. The laws sprung from necessity, were improved by experience, and modified from time to time,

according to the circumstances and wants of the people. Two captains, one from the signors and one from the citizens at large, are elected every six months. No individual can be re-elected oftener than once in three years. Thus all deserving the honor, serve in turn. No prejudice exists with respect to age, very young men being frequently chosen when of great promise or proved worth. It is only indispensable that the captains should be natives of the republic. The legislative body consists of a council of seventy and another of twelve. A judicial magistrate is also elected triennially by the council. The state includes a circuit of twenty-five miles, and its present population is between six and seven thousand.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of San Marino. Its long immunity from conquest and despotism and the remarkable perpetuity of its institutions, are doubtless owing, in no small measure, to its insignificant size and almost impregnable position. Still the place cannot but possess a singular interest in the view of a pilgrim from the New World, especially when its present condition is contrasted with that of the rest of Italy, and more particularly of the surrounding territory. A few humble domiciles scattered along the lower ridge of the mountain, and separated by a narrow and rugged street, constitute "Il Borgo." Thence, ascending by a circuitous path, we soon arrived at a larger collection of houses which form the capital of the republic. It differs not essentially from similar Italian towns, except that the streets are narrower and more straggling. The new church, just completed, is a pretty edifice built of *travertina*, excavated near by, after the design of Antonio Sara. The twelve apostles in stucco, placed in niches, ornament the interior, and near the altar is a handsome marble statue of Saint Marino, recently executed by a Roman Sculptor. He is represented holding a scroll, upon which the arms of the republic (three towers surmounted by as many pens, significant of the union of strength and wisdom) are sculptured in bronze, with the word *LIBERTAS*. This edifice continues as in ancient times, the place of elections as well as of worship. There is a little theatre where *dilletanti* occasionally perform. I was at some pains to enter this miniature temple of Thespis, for the sake of standing in the only theatre in Italy exempt from censorship, and where, although the audience be small and the spot is isolated, free expression is given to any sentiment or opinion which the people choose to utter or applaud. Crossing a grass-grown and solitary court near the walls, where four or five cisterns alone give signs of the vicinity of man, we entered a small and time-worn building ornamented by an old tower and clock, and ascending a narrow flight of steps, were ushered into the council-room. A few wooden seats, scattered over the brick floor, upon the back of which are rudely painted the arms of the repub-

lic, surround an ancient chair covered with crimson velvet, placed beneath a canopy of the same hue. A mutilated picture of the Holy Family by Giulio Romano and a bust of their favorite ambassador, Antonio Hormissboi, are the only ornaments of which the apartment boasts. I had lingered, but a day or two previous, in the magnificent halls of some of the Bolognese nobility, where the silken drapery, rich marbles and splendid works of art, weary the gaze. But this plain and unadorned chamber possessed an interest which their profuse decorations failed to inspire. It bespoke narrower resources but a richer spirit. The presence of freedom seemed to hallow every sunbeam that played upon the undecked walls. Nor have mightier principalities disdained, in our day, to recognize the little republic. Among its archives are many complimentary communications from the several Italian governments, the late king of Spain, and the present king of France. Not long since, a prior being discovered manifesting a disposition to intrigue beyond his appropriate sphere, was bound, conducted to the confines and banished. The only organized force is the militia, who are bound to second the executive and judicial magistrates. The people, however, are distinguished for their probity and peaceful habits. Most of them are engaged in agriculture. The only peculiar trait observable among them, is an inflexible attachment to their peculiar institutions and an earnest spirit of freedom. But recently, an archbishop whose province of duty properly embraced two towns, one of which was San Marino, abandoned the latter in disgust, because he could not induce the people, on public occasions, to salute him before their own rulers. Every half-year, they go in a body to the church, and deposit their votes for captains in a silver vase. The result of the election is made known at evening, and they accompany the successful candidate home, with torches. Before leaving the town, I ascended to the old castle. The walls command a most extensive and beautiful prospect, embracing the plains of Lombardy, a broad sweep of wild, undulating hills, the mountain of Ancona and the waters of the Adriatic. It is a delightful pastime to sit in the pleasant sunshine of autumn, and gazing from this little spot of free earth over such a landscape, let the imagination luxuriate amid the thrilling associations of the scene! We found but one occupant of the prison. The gate was opened by a pretty blue-eyed woman, the wife of the gaoler, who follows the trade of a cobbler in the belfry of one of the three towers. There is one horrid dungeon where a traitor priest suffered a long imprisonment; but the number of available cells is only three—which speaks well for the general character of the people. When, on our return, we reached the little bridge which divides the republican territory from Rimini, a venerable woman was leaning upon the parapet,

her grey hair fluttering in the wind, in earnest conversation with a hardy stripling who stood at a short distance from her. He was a political fugitive who had found safety within the bounds of San Marino, and she was his mother just arrived from a town in the vicinity to visit him. The incident excited a pleasing train of reflections. San Marino has rendered no small service to the cause of liberty, by sheltering the many unfortunate victims of unsuccessful revolution. For such she has ever a welcome. The pope has been obliged to compromise with the republicans, by agreeing that refugees from his territory may travel unmolested for a certain period, with a passport from the authorities of San Marino. This arrangement has been eminently serviceable in protecting the persons and rights of the liberals, and excited much gratitude and respect towards the state. The setting sun gleamed upon the summit of the mountain, as I turned back to take a farewell glimpse of this little resting-place of freedom. I remembered the contented and happy looks of the peasantry I had passed, and recalled the testimony they all so cordially bore to the superior privileges they enjoyed. I mused upon the remarkable preservation of that isolated spot amid the unhappy destinies of the land. I strove to impress the picturesque locality upon my memory; and pleased my heart with the thought that there was still one little green leaf in the withered crown of Italy.

ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Now, Muse, inspire thy saddest strain,
And let the mourning Lyre express
The deep-felt sorrows, and the pain,
That penetrate the soul's recess.

If springs the sympathetic sigh,
For partial sorrows, private woes,
While the sad look and moisten'd eye,
A grief-invaded heart disclose;

What sounds of pity shall suffice—
How shall my voice presume to sing
Our great Redeemer's sacrifice,
The death of a celestial King?

By Fancy's magic aid it seems
Mine eyes enjoy a heav'nly scene,
Where, 'mid immortal glory's beams
Enthroned, God's Offspring sits serene.

Yet this high state of bliss, in vain
The torrent of his love would stay,
For, see, he comes to woe and pain,
In meek humility's array.

No crimes of his for justice cry;
Spotless and pure, it is decreed,
For Man the faultless Lamb shall die—
For impious Man's redemption bleed.

Ev'n now the destined Victim bends
Before the malice of his foes;
His quiv'ring frame such torture rends,
As scarce his agonies disclose.

Angels and Saints lamenting round,
Attend to waft his soul on high:
At length the mighty work is crown'd!
Methinks I see the Hero die.

Now, Lyre, a deeper tone assume,
And sadder let the numbers flow;
For, wrapt in universal gloom,
Dishonored Nature seems to show

Her horror of the deed; it seems
As wept the conscious skies in show'rs;
As told the Lightning's flash, that gleams,
The wrath of Heaven's offended pow'rs.

Their grief th' indignant thunders own,
And far the tale of horror spread,
And echo back each piercing groan
Of Christ, now numbered with the dead.

Again, enchanting Fancy's sway,
Presents before my raptured eyes
The new-born charms, in full display,
Of Earth, of Ocean, and the Skies.

Glad Nature hails the great event;
For now, th' appointed hour is come
Of the victorious Christ's ascent,
To his celestial, native home.

Free from the fetters of the dead,
From his dark tomb behold him rise!
Borne upon clouds, by Seraphs led,
Glorious he mounts the joyful skies.

Washington, December 1839.

G. W. M.

GLEANINGS

FROM EARLY NEW-ENGLAND HISTORY.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Reader! if thou art in the enjoyment of that quiet humor and careless leisure, that would delight to lounge awhile in a gallery of old paintings, or in a museum of antique curiosities, or if it would be grateful to thee to take a stroll through a country grave-yard, and con over the quaint and curious inscriptions scarcely legible on the stones, where,

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

I promise thee thou wilt find a kindred amusement, if thou wilt sit down with me a brief space and turn over the early records of the Pilgrim fathers of New England.

The Pilgrim fathers of New England were "a peculiar people." I delight to pore over their records and dwell upon their memory. Their piety was warm and sincere, their love of liberty ardent and uncompromising, and their spirit of perseverance and endurance indomitable. And although there are some dark shades cast upon their memory—some sullied spots to show that they were not free from the passions and prejudices and follies, that are incident to the whole human race—still I am free to confess, that I am proud to belong to their stock, and to be able to say *these are my ancestors*. Those iron-hearted men were, to use the language

of one of their own writers, "well weaned from the delicate milk of their mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land. It was not with them as with other men, whom small things could discourage, or small discontents cause to wish themselves at home again." But I am not about to give an essay upon their character, nor a history of their colonization, nor a picture of their toils and sufferings. I am only going to turn over leaf after leaf and book after book, and point to spots which I had thumb'd long ago, and say to my reader, look here and look there, as I would point to a striking picture in a gallery or a curious and rare animal in a menagerie.

Among the first colonists who settled at Plymouth, it will be recollected, was Capt. Miles Standish, a brave and daring man, who bore a conspicuous part in the early and arduous struggles of the colony. It will also be recollected, that of the one hundred and one persons who commenced the settlement at Plymouth, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty, about one half died in the first six months after their landing; and of this number was Mrs. Rose Standish, wife of the Captain. There was another young man in the colony by the name of John Alden. He was but twenty-two years of age when he landed from the May-flower, and is said to have been the first person who leaped upon the shore. Rev. T. Alden, President of Alleghany College, and a descendant of the aforesaid John, tells the following anecdote, which he says has been carefully handed down in the family by tradition.

"In a very short time after the decease of Mrs. Standish, the Captain was led to think that if he could obtain Miss Priscilla Nullins, a daughter of Mr. William Nullins, the breach in his family would be happily repaired. He therefore, according to the custom of those times, sent to ask Mr. Nullins' permission to visit his daughter. Young John Alden was the messenger he employed on this occasion. Mr. Alden went and faithfully communicated the wishes of the Captain. The old gentleman did not object, as he might have done, on account of the recency of Capt. Standish's bereavement. He said it was perfectly agreeable to him, but the young lady must also be consulted. The damsel was then sent into the room, and John Alden, who is said to have been a man of most excellent form with a fair and ruddy complexion, arose, and in a very courteous and prepossessing manner delivered his errand. Miss Nullins listened with respectful attention, and at last, after a considerable pause, fixing her eyes upon him, with an open and pleasant countenance, said, *prithce, John, why do you not speak for yourself?* He blushed and bowed and took his leave, but with a look that indicated more than his diffidence would permit him otherwise to express. However, he soon renewed his visit, and it was not long before their nuptials were celebrated in ample form.

"From them are descended all of the name of Alden in the United States. What report he made to his constituent after the first interview, tradition does not unfold. But it is said, how true the writer knows not, that the Captain never forgave him to the day of his death."

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST THE QUAKERS.

It is not a little remarkable that the New England Pilgrims, having fled from religious persecution themselves, should turn about and persecute those whose religious opinions did not square with their own. Their persecutions of the Quakers stand out in their history in strong relief, as if to show they were human, and subject to like passions and prejudices as other men. But the way they sometimes put the poor Quakers down by clear solid reasoning, was not a little amusing. Here is a specimen in an extract of a letter from Rev. Seth Fletcher, sometime a minister in Saco, State of Maine, addressed to Rev. Increase Mather. The reader will hardly know which most to admire, the lucid points of the argument or the self-complacency of the writer. It is dated, March 25, 1681.

"Rev. Sir, ***** I have been much molested with Quakers here, since I came. New ones coming in one after another. Upon Feb. last past, upon the motion of two of the sect, one of which two is a schoolmaster to some children in the towne, by nation a Scott, by name John Urquehart, by former profession [as fame makes known to mee] a Popish Priest. A schollar he doth profess himself to be, and I find that he hath the Latin tongue. The business of that day was for mee to maintain an Assertion, viz. That a Quaker, living and dying as a Quaker (without repentence) must find out a new gospell, which might afford them hope of salvation, for what God hath revealed in his holy word there was no salvation for them in their impenitent condition. I opened the terms explicated by way of distinction of seducers and seduced, and so their sinners, and likewise what God expected from the one and the other sort, which being done (although there were four or five more Quakers in the throng, yet none appearing in the Cause but the scholler aforesaid and a Chirurgeon) I demanded of them what they had to say against my Explanation. Instead of speaking pertinently, the scholler (whom I understand had been at the University four or five years) begins to tell the people a story of Moses, Ezra, Habaceuk, their being Quakers. Whereupon having the people an account of the business of the day, I proceeded to six severall Arguments by which to make good my Assertion, viz. That a Quaker, living and dying as a Quaker (without repentence) according to what God hath revealed in his word, he could not be saved. I in every argument demanded what part of the Argument they would deny, but instead of answer there was railing and threatening mee that my destruction was

nigh at hand. To prove the Minor, I continually produced their owne authors and several things out of their Rabbie's books, which so exceedingly gauled them that then they set themselves to Humming, singing, reeling their heads and bodies (Antique like) whereby both to disturb mee and to take of the people from attending to what I had to say for the maintaining of the Assertion. Since that (I heare) I must ere long be proved to be no minister of Christ, and they have attempted to raise as great a party at Road Island and Delleway Bay against me as they can. Nay more, they say England and their friends there shall heare of it and in speciall Wm Penn, whom I mentioned once and but once, and then but in my fourth argument, Namely, his denyall of Christ being a distinct person without us, from his book entitled Counterfeet Christian."

A WILL.

There is a freshness and simplicity in the following extract of a will of one of the sons of New England, too attractive to be passed by without notice. Let not the millionaires of the land turn up their aristocratic noses at this respectable scrap of history,

"Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short but simple annals of the poor."

William Scadlock, a worthy planter on Cape Porpoise in the State of Maine, on the 7th of January 1662, made his will, and, saith the historian, "probably died soon after." The venerable instrument runneth in this wise: "I bequeath my bible unto my son William. I bequeath unto my son John, 3 yards of broadcloth, he upon that consideration to buy three yards and a half of good kersey of ten shillings per yard, for a suit for my son Samuel, and silk and buttons unto both. I bequeath unto my daughter Rebecca my worsted stockings. I bequeath unto my son William my new hat, he buying Samuel another of 10 or 12 shillings price. I bequeath unto my daughter Susanna, Mr. Cotton's work upon the new covenant of grace. I bequeath a book entitled Meat out of the Eater, to my son William; and to my son John, I bequeath a book concerning Justifying Faith; and the Practice of Piety to Rebecca; and to my daughter Susanna a Sucking Calf, called Trubb. I bequeath unto my daughter Sara, one yard of Holland. And to the end that all things be performed according to my mind and will, I hereby make, constitute, and appoint my loving wife Ellinor my executrix, and my son William executor, unto all which I set my hand and heart."

Who can look upon this delightful picture of domestic life, and not feel a desire to pause and dwell upon its simple, quiet, unpretending beauty! How graceful and how true to nature is the outline of the drawing! what pious touches are observable in the

filling up, and what delicate shades of human affection follow the finishing strokes of the pencil! We are, as it were, let in to the true character of Mr. Scadlock by the very first item named in the will—*The Bible*. He was a pious and worthy son of the pilgrim band. Therefore what could be more natural, when he perceived that his sands of life were running low, and felt that the grasshopper was a burden, and that the silver cord must soon be loosed, what could be more natural, as his mind dwelt upon the condition in which he should leave his beloved family and the disposition of his little earthly treasures, than that his first thoughts should rest upon the Bible—his old family Bible! That sacred volume, which had for years called his family circle together morning and evening, and from which he had read to them many a lesson of earthly wisdom and heavenly devotion. This precious gift was bestowed upon William. Let it not be taken as a mark of undue partiality on the part of the father, or the want of an equal affection for the other members of his little flock. William was the oldest, and when the father was no more, he would in a measure have to fill the place of the father of the family; he must look after the welfare of the younger children, and in point of name, dignity and responsibility, stand in his father's stead. There was a fitness therefore in the time, manner and object of this bequest, that is at once obvious and pleasing to the reader.

The providence and exact justice of the father, are strikingly discernible in the position occupied in the will by his son Samuel. Samuel was undoubtedly of tender age, and had not yet the years and experience requisite to going out into the world to buy and sell and get gain. With what considerate forethought, therefore, does the father throw upon his older brothers the responsibility in some degree of looking after his welfare! Hence, John, who received three yards of broadcloth, was to purchase three yards and a half of kersey for Samuel. And it was to be *good* kersey. And that there might be no room for cavil or doubt in the matter, and that the intentions of the father might be carried out in good faith, it was stipulated that the price should be ten shillings per yard; nor did the thoughtful old pilgrim forget the silk and buttons, which were carefully engrafted in the condition enjoined upon John. The same care and exactitude are observable in the obligation of William to provide Samuel with a new hat.

In the distribution of the library, we seem to get some glimpses of the religious character of the children. It is to be feared that John, in the waywardness of early manhood, had discovered a leaning towards some heretical opinions, which rendered that book "concerning Justifying Faith" peculiarly applicable to his case. The character of the book, entitled "Meat out of the Eater," is not known in this day and generation; but from the

circumstance that it was thought worthy to accompany the Holy Bible in the hands of William, it seems rational to infer that it was a choice book, full of marrow and fatness.

The piety of the two daughters seems to have had its distinctive features. Susanna was speculative and doctrinal. She loved to talk with the minister and the deacons about atonement, justification, and original sin. Mr. Cotton's work upon the new covenant of grace was to her a great treasure. She kept it on the mantle, and when visitors came in, would often take it down and expound from it some knotty point of doctrine or settle some questionable tenet of belief; while the meek, humble and retiring Rebecca, would take the "Practice of Piety" in her hand, go into her closet and weep and pray in secret, and at night repose with it under her pillow. To Susanna was also bequeathed a "Sucking Calf called Trubb." And here it may be necessary to guard the reader against a very natural mistake, into which this passage is calculated to lead him. The most learned commentators on this passage are of opinion, and I think justly, that this sucking calf called Trubb, in the will of Mr. Scadlock, was not meant and should not be taken to signify a domestic animal; but that it was the title of some religious work in use and in good repute in those early days. And from the circumstance of its having been bequeathed to Susanna, we may infer that its character was rather doctrinal than practical.

Last of all, Mrs. Scadlock is named as executrix of this last will and testament of her beloved husband; thereby showing, that after so many years of toil and change in this world of trial and difficulty, the love and confidence which ever ought to accompany married life through its whole journey, still with them remained unimpaired. And as another testimonial honorable to the memory of William, he was associated with his mother in the labor of seeing the will faithfully executed.

But I have pursued these speculations so far, that it is time to close; and any further *gleanings* from these old records must be deferred to another season.

New York, Dec. 1839.

THE FADED STARS.

I.

I mind the time when Heaven's high dome
Woke in my soul a wondrous thrill---
When every leaf in Nature's tome
Bespoke Creation's marvels still:
When mountain, cliff, and sweeping glade,
As Morn unclosed her rosy bars,
Woke joys intense---but nought e'er bade
My heart leap up like ye---bright stars!

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II.

Calm ministrants to God's high glory!
Pure gems around His burning throne!
Mute watchers o'er Man's strange, sad story
Of Crime and Wo through ages gone!
'Twas yours, the wild and hallowing spell
That lured me from ignobler gleams---
Taught me where sweeter fountains swell
Than ever bless the worldling's dreams.

III.

How changed was Life! a waste no more,
Beset by Want, and Pain and Wrong,
Earth seemed a glad and fairy shore,
Vocal with Hope's inspiring song.
But ye, bright sentinels of Heaven!
Far Glories of Night's radiant sky!
Who, as ye gemmed the brow of Even,
Has ever deemed Man born to die?

* * * * *

IV.

--- 'Tis faded now!--that wondrous grace
That once on Heaven's forehead shone;
I read no more in Nature's face
A soul responsive to my own.
A dimness on my eye and spirit
Stern Time has cast, in hurrying by;
Few joys my hardier years inherit,
And leaden dullness rules the sky.

V.

Yet mourn not I!--a stern, high duty
Now nerves my arm and fires my brain:
Perish the dream of shapes of Beauty!
So that this strife be not in vain;
To war on Fraud, entrenched with Power---
On smooth Pretence and specious Wrong---
This task be mine, though Fortune lower---
For this be banished sky and song!

New York, Dec. 1839.

H. G.

THE WORTHIES OF VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest, is holy ground." Yes, verily, it is so. It is the soil consecrated by the ashes of the great and the good. The *Worthies of Virginia*! Well may the eye kindle, and the pulse throb, as we approach a theme so majestic, so full of lofty and patriotic associations.

Even like the heroes of Ossian, each leaning from his cloud of mist, do we behold the noble array of Patriots, Orators, and Statesmen, sweep by us in the sternness and grandeur of other days. Virginia! a name associated with the proudest days of English royalty, and made still more proud in its second baptismal with the blood of freemen. In all ages the patriot of every land shall turn his face thitherward and do homage, even as the pilgrim at the shrine of Mecca.

The *Worthies of Virginia*! Let us pause ere we enter their thrice holy penetralia. Centuries disappear, and we behold a princely saloon in which

are congregated stately dames and gallant knights, the grace and the chivalry of Old England. A haughty princess, with an air of stiff courtesy—her queenly bearing but ill disguising her woman's coquetry—is presenting a parchment to a knightly courtier, who kneels to receive it.

They are the Queenly Elizabeth, and the Chivalric RALEIGH. The noble, generous, accomplished, but unfortunate Raleigh.

The parchment contains letters patent, granting him full power "for the discovering and settling new lands and countries, not actually possessed by any christians." Under these auspices was the country now called Virginia, discovered; and thus it is that Sir Walter Raleigh must be claimed as one of the early worthies of the State, as without his persevering enterprise, this "goodly country," might have remained still longer unknown.

The early discoverers give the following description of the country, which would of itself be found sufficiently inviting at the present day. "The soyle is most plentiful, sweete, wholesome, and fruitfull of all others; there are about 14 several sorts of sweete smelling tymber trees: the most parts of the underwood Bayes and such like: such Oakes as we have, but far greater and better."

Years pass away, with their sufferings, trials, and disappointments, and another of the Worthies of Virginia appears upon the stage. A man distinguished by all the constituents of greatness, by all the attributes of a hero. Intrepid, brave, generous and persevering, daunted by no perils, dismayed by no hardships, his clear, vigorous mind penetrated the dim mist of futurity, and beheld, though "as in a glass darkly," yet did he behold something of the ultimate greatness of the country for which he toiled and suffered. 'In perils by land, in perils by sea, in fasting, and nakedness,' a captive and condemned to die, he neither shrinks nor is dismayed; the same unflinching resolution impels him onward, and the same buoyancy of hope cheers him in every difficulty.

JOHN SMITH, or, as the chroniclers of the day invariably distinguish him, 'Captaine John Smith,' was one of the most extraordinary men of the great age in which he lived. He should be regarded as the shadowing wing of Virginia; for to his valor, skill and judgment in counteracting the subtle policy of the great Powhatan, may she be said to owe her very existence.

There is still another, the beautiful personation of all that is loveliest in woman—the meek, loving child of the forest, whose history seems like a tale of romance, with its sad melancholy close—who rises like a beam of beauty upon the sight, winning the admiration and gratitude of every heart, capable of one solitary response to all that is lovely in woman and heroic in our race. "That blessed POCAHONTAS, the great king's daughter of Virginia," (to quote the admiring, if not loving language of

'Captaine John Smith,') beams forth in those dark and perilous times, like some kindly spirit, hushing the tempest of savage passion, dispensing comfort and succor to the disheartened exile, and with her own gentle bosom warding off all the evils that threaten the infant colony of Jamestown. Blessings ever upon the kindly savage, the loveliest of the Worthies of Virginia!

But we will delay no longer to enter this holy of holies; the temple of American greatness. With hushed breath and reverent footsteps, even with sandals put from off our feet, let us approach the shrine of all that is great in human glory.

WASHINGTON, the great amongst the august of the earth! The son of Virginia; but she may not, she dare not engross him. His fame is the world's. It belongs to the length and breadth of the great country which he was instrumental in redeeming from oppression. His fame has gone forth wherever the stirrings of freedom have been felt. Wherever liberty hath spread her glorious pinions, her word of magic—her watchword from vale and mountain top—hath been and will be forever, WASHINGTON. The deep peal of human voices, like the heavings of the great ocean, resound that one name, from the hoary cliffs of the Oregon still onward to the snow-capt Andes; and the mighty Alps take up the echo from her many peaks and glittering glaciers. Let Virginia exult, that the cradle and the tomb of earth's greatest belong to herself; but let her exult with awe and holiest reverence—for the wide earth shall claim him, and his cenotaph shall be erected in the heart of every freeman.

Let us lay aside the prejudices of party, forget the animosities engendered by political excitement, and look upon the Worthies of Virginia in their simple greatness; not as popular leaders, but far-seeing and profound statesmen, true patriots, zealous and uncompromising advocates for the rights of liberty without license, and republicanism without anarchy and misrule.

JEFFERSON, the sage and the philosopher! He bears in his hand that noblest of all documents not the result of inspired wisdom, the Declaration of American Independence; a document, which, whether we regard it as a specimen of strong and fervid eloquence, of manly remonstrance, or of deep and solemn appeal, is every way sustained and wonderful. The writer speaks as if he felt himself to be the voice of a great and outraged people, giving indignant utterance to its many wrongs and oppressions, and in the face of Heaven, and the whole earth for witnesses, declaring they shall be endured no longer.

Had Thomas Jefferson done nothing more than this, had he no other claims upon the admiration of the country, it were glory enough for one man. Wherever oppression has planted his foot, the indignant freeman spurns him from the soil, in the

very language which the gifted Jefferson adopted for our own aggrieved and insulted country.

JAMES MADISON—the accomplished scholar, the elegant expounder of the constitution! MADISON, HAMILTON and JAY, noble triumvirate! With what assiduous labor did they bend their splendid talents to the task of recommending and elucidating that constitution prepared for their adoption, and that too to a people jealous of their rights, who had toiled and bled in their defence, and were ever on the alert, lest the revolution they had achieved should result only in a change of masters—a people nobly and virtuously resolved to see to it, that they did not exchange the glaring usurpation of a foreign power for the equally to be dreaded tyranny of aspiring demagogues. Such a people would regard the best and wisest institutions with distrust and suspicion; and whatever appeared to throw light upon the proceedings of those they had delegated to legislate for them, was read with avidity. Thus was produced the *Federalist*, a work that will bring imperishable renown upon the great men whose patriotism and public spirit called it into existence.

JAMES MONROE—the upright and modest republican! Others may have been more brilliant, but no man ever more happily illustrated in his own practice, the simple dignity and straight-forward devotion to public duty, so becoming the chief magistrate of a great Republic. At last, as if to affix the final seal of worthiness upon him, he was suffered to depart upon our great day of national jubilee; the day, fatal shall we dare to say, to Presidents! and ever ominous to tyrants.

PATRICK HENRY! The schoolboy as he reads of Demosthenes and Cicero, and feels his blood kindle at their eloquence, instinctively turns to the fervid oratory of our own gifted countrymen, and triumphantly cites the bold, daring Patrick Henry, as worthy to compete with the great Grecian himself. Then, as his eye glows with enthusiasm over the splendid diction and elegant imagery of WIRT, he deems him more than equal to the Roman. Half in wonder, half in dread, he pauses over the keen, cynical RANDOLPH, whose sarcasms were as stinging and adhesive as the nettle on the burr that annoys him in his woodland rambles.

JOHN MARSHALL! Who shall worthily describe this most excellent amongst the Worthies of Virginia! He who wore so meekly the judicial robe. The upright judge. Acute, skilful and profound, let his crowning grace be his *integrity*. Not a stain hath he left upon the spotless ermine. With no rash hand did he presume to touch the ark of our liberties. Woe to him, who shall dare profane, even with a touch, our holiest of holies; yea, though it may shake and tremble amidst the tumults of popular excitement.

But we must forbear. It was but a reverent glance that we wished to take of the few amidst

the many Worthies of Virginia. Let us veil our faces, for we have been with the great of the earth. Rather let us go forth from this inner temple, bearing with us a portion of their own spirit. With lips touched as with a live coal from the pure altar of freedom.

Let Virginia be proud, as she well may, in view of the great men who have risen up in her midst; let her exult in her great glory; but let her see to it, that her march be still onward, that her rising sons be worthy of such fathers. Let her not be content with childish retrospection, looking backward forever upon the radiant scroll of fame, upon which is blazoned the names of so many of the great of the earth who claim her for their parent. But let her go on, pointing to those great names as an incitement to her onward career, glorying in her resplendent heritage, yet ever, with an emulous ambition, resolving that of her it shall never be said—her glory is departed.

New York, Dec. 1839.

THE POWER OF DEATH.

Inexorable death!

Come when thou wilt in thy terrific power,
Thou com'st unbidden—in unwelcome hour—

And all whose life is breath,
At thy approach—the myriads of the sea,
Of earth and air—submissive bow to thee.

All climes confess thy reign—
All tribes and people, civilized and rude,
In busy scene, in peaceful solitude,
And on the bounding main,
Must sink 'neath thy dominion firm and fast,
Like unremembered generations past.

O'er all thou rul'st elate—
In earthquake, avalanche, and lava form,
In fire and famine, pestilence and storm,
And cup inebriate:
In infidel revenge, and bigot zeal,
Thou madly flam'st the pile, or bar'st the steel.

When war awakes in wrath,
Thou ridest furious on the arrow's wing,
And sabre's edge—thou rushest with the sling,
And tread'st the charger's path:
When carnage tires, in sullen state alone
Thou brood'st unseen, to hear the wounded groan.

I've passed through pleasant vales,
And sweet sequestered groves, where smiling peace
Blest sturdy labor with a rich increase—
There, thy recorded tales,
Tell, that the rustic in his humble field,
Thou strik'st as sure as warrior on the field.

The mightiest of the brave—
At whose great bidding nations bend the knee—
Must, at thy summons, yield his life to thee,
Obedient as a slave.
Kings, priests, and sages, like the unlettered clown
Who turns the sod, shall to the grave go down.

Look, where the pious throng
In holy aisle for worship congregate ;
And where the independent crowd, debate
A real or fancied wrong :
Or look, where judges sit, and statesmen stand,
Thou hoverest near, with dart-uplifted hand.

Gaze on the father's face,
When wife and children gather round the hearth ;
While he instructs, she, partial, guides their mirth,---
How happy is the place !
Yet, in the moment of his pride or prayer,
Thou com'st unseen, and strik'st the dearest there.

Around my humble hearth,
A loving wife and prattling children smile,
Whose winning ways my weary cares beguile
With unrestricted mirth.
Destroyer Death ! thy visit there delay---
O spare the loved, till some far future day !

But soon the feeble hand
That vainly pens this ineffectual lay,
Shall passive sink beneath thy awful sway,
And join the spectre band.
Then, Heaven, on thee the father will rely,
To shield his orphans, and their wants supply !

Thou, who from pole to pole
Sustain'st with wond'rous skill earth's mighty round,
And guid'st through space, hast Death in limits bound---
And the immortal soul---
Thy precious gift—he only comes to free,
But dares not touch—it soars unharmed to Thee.

When dawns the day of doom
At the dread trumpet's sound, and sun and skies
Dissolve, the good and guilty shall arise
To judgment from the tomb !
Then, to the King of Kings thou shalt restore
Thy sceptre, Death, and reign on earth no more !

J. L.

THE LATE THEODORE SEDGWICK.

OF STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

[Truly great men, belong exclusively to no section of country—to no party. Talent and patriotism are not thus confined ; they rise above the narrow limits of sectarianism and the heated atmosphere of debate, into clearer and purer air, and become the admiration of all. However much men of this kind may err—liable as they are to the weaknesses of our common nature—you will always find in them the originators of powerful thought, the defenders of important truths, and they leave the achievements of their toil as a priceless inheritance to the race. While living, their peculiar opinions may expose them to attack from those who differ with them—still the hearts of the candid will always bestow upon them the tribute of respect ; and when they die, they will take their places among the laurelled tombs of earth's mighty-ones who have gone before them, and posterity will not fail to

write their epitaph. The particular opinions which they have defended, may perish like all error, or survive like all truth ; but the result will not affect that which was the true element of their greatness—it will burn around their names and they shall be bright and illustrious forever.

We willingly give place to the following notice of Mr. Sedgwick, understood to be from the pen of that accomplished scholar and gentleman, G. A. Worth Esq. of the city of New York. The reputation of Mr. S. is abroad—of his opinions each one will judge for himself—his object, which was to 'do good,' none will fail to commend. We leave further remark to be made in the language of the extract below.]—*Ed. Lit. Mess.*

[From the New-York American.]

Few men have passed through life with more rectitude of mind and purpose, than the late THEODORE SEDGWICK. To a naturally mild and amiable temperament, he added a cultivated intellect, an unaffected benevolence, and great simplicity of manners. His mind was active and enquiring ; his judgment just, his morality pure, and his principles well defined and well reflected.

He enjoyed the great and unspeakable advantage of having but little within his own breast to contend with. He had no latent or secret springs of evil in his nature, which his resolution was called upon to repress. He had none of those dark or violent passions, against which reason and virtue sometimes strive in vain. But, on the contrary, the genial spirit of mildness and of sociality reigned in his bosom. The liveliest sympathies, the warmest affections, the most unsophisticated feelings, were his. He carried their impress in his countenance ; they were manifest in his voice, his air, his manner. Their influence ennobled his conduct, even while they concealed from the superficial observer the character of his talents.

I know of no instance in which *integrity* so vindicated the loftiness of its nature, as in him. The consciousness of rectitude, and the entire freedom from all malignity of thought or purpose, seemed to throw around him an air of ease, of self-respect, and even of dignity, which no rank or talent could confer.

His personal appearance was strikingly plain. He was not only free from the pride of appearance, but negligent in his dress ; while his address was unpretending, simple, and familiar. Nor was there much of elegance or of polish either in his language or style of expression ; and yet the word *gentleman* was written, as it were, in letters of light all over him. No habit, no situation, no circumstance could conceal it. This living impress of character, was, I think, the natural offspring of the purity and manliness of his mind.

I have no great faith in the doctrine of hereditary virtues. Yet there is something in name—something perhaps in blood. The early annals of Massachusetts bear testimony to the character of his ancestors. His father, the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, was distinguished in the Revolutionary war, by his activity and zeal in the cause of the country ; and subsequently by his courage and address in quelling the insurrectionary movements in his native state. He was, however, better known, and more distinguished as a civilian, statesman and jurist, under the administrations of Washington and the elder Adams—having filled in succession the several stations of Speaker of the House of Representatives, President pro tem. of the United States Senate, and Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.

Thus the family of Mr. Sedgwick may be considered as belonging to what would now be termed the *Aristocracy* of

the country ; in other words, as ranking among the friends and framers of the Constitution, and among the enlightened advocates of order and of law. It would have been singular indeed, if Mr. Sedgwick, inheriting the high and gentlemanly qualities of family, had not also imbibed their political principles. I became personally acquainted with Mr. Sedgwick in the year 1806, and certain it is that he belonged not to the Democracy of *that day*—a democracy which, dimmed and adulterated as it was by the visionary theories of its illustrious founder, was yet pure and noble in comparison with the mongrel school that has subsequently usurped its name.

At the period above referred to, Mr. Sedgwick had just commenced the practice of the law in the city of Albany, ranking high in his profession, and still higher in society. Had he been covetous of wealth, his industry alone would have secured it. Had he been ambitious of professional eminence, his talents placed the object within his reach. Had he aimed at political distinction, his personal popularity, the manliness of his mind, and the attractive urbanity of his manners, would have rendered his success certain. But it was not in his nature, I may say it was not in his power, to place his heart upon either of these.

The original foundations of his character were cast too deep—his desires were too moderate, his philosophy too just. Young as he then was, he seemed to have cast his eye over the landscape of life, of men and of things, and to have viewed the scene with doubt and distrust. The great objects of vulgar pursuit, he thought, were not worth the struggle.

Satisfied with a simple competency, which he had slowly and honorably acquired, he retired from his profession while yet in the prime of life, and, with unremitting diligence, devoted himself to *doing good*.

I may be mistaken, but I cannot conceive of a higher or nobler object. The path is a noiseless one to be sure—but the pleasure it must afford is measureless. No reputation of learning—no renown of science—no military glory, can reach it. It is, in truth, realizing the promise and illustrating the precepts of Christianity. I would give more for the exalted sentiments that must fill the breast of him whose rule of life is *to do good to others*, than for all the glory that ever was acquired by a *subserviency to chiefs*, civil or military.

In his efforts to promote the interests of others, Mr. Sedgwick did not confine himself to any particular class, occupation or walk in life. Encouraged, perhaps, by the example of his universally admired and highly gifted sister, he employed his pen upon several subjects, and with ability and success. He gave a portion of his time to the public in the Legislature of his native State, and devoted still more to the agricultural interests of the country in which he resided. Horticulture, literature, and even politics, occupied his leisure hours.

I have already alluded to his early political opinions ; that they underwent some change, and partook, in some degree, of the miscalled reformations of the day, I have reason to believe. But whatever they were, in him they were honest, sincere and perfectly disinterested. Few men are capable of resisting the pressure of opinions that are continually bearing upon them ; and zeal, however honest in periods of excitement, becomes, in some measure, a disease. His political associations in the latter part of his life, were certainly the reverse of those with which he commenced it ; and it is possible that the reiterated pretensions to the greatest philanthropy, the purest benevolence, the largest liberty, &c. &c., may have been considered as sincere, and hence may have produced some influence upon his mind. But a truer patriot, a sincerer friend, a more upright and conscientious man, never lived. An acquaintance of more than thirty years, authorizes me to bear this testimony to his virtues and his memory.

w.

SONGS.

'TIS SWEET WHEN DAILY LABOR O'ER.

'Tis sweet when daily labor o'er,
And all is calm and free,
To tread old Ocean's sounding shore,
And list the murmuring sea :
To catch the low wind's funeral sigh
Above where thousands sleep—
And hear the sea-bird's lonely cry
Upon the far-off deep !
And when on Death's dim, shadowy shore,
At Life's faint twilight driven—
Calm let us view the waters o'er,
And boldly launch for Heaven !

'TIS SWEET AT EVENING'S TRANQUIL HOUR.

'Tis sweet at Evening's tranquil hour,
When all is hushed and still,
To seek some favorite haunt or bower,
And muse at silent will.
No doubts distract, no fears annoy,
To vex the peaceful breast ;
But all is pure and quiet joy,
'Mid slumbering Nature's rest !
And oh, when earthly cares shall cease,
At Life's still evening-close—
How sweet to leave Earth's bower in peace,
For Heaven's secure repose !
No more to sigh 'neath Grief's control—
From friends no more to sever—
While the celestial ages roll
For ever, and for ever !

C. W. E.

North Carolina, Dec. 1839.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Mr. White :—While the present Sovereign of Great Britain is occupying so much of the world's attention, the following account of one of her predecessors may not prove uninteresting to your readers.

Yours,

UDOCH.

A CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY EDMUND BOHUN, ESQ.,

as published in "Nichols's Progresses and Processions."

Before day, every morning, she heard the petitions of those that had any business with her ; and, calling her Secretaries of State, and Masters of Requests, she caused the order of council, proclamations, patents, and all other papers relating to the public, to be read, which were then depending ; and gave such order in each affair as she thought fit, which was set down in short notes, either by herself, or her secretaries. As often as any thing happened that was difficult, she called her great and wise men to her ; and proposing the diversity of opinions, she very attentively considered and

weighed on which side the strongest reason lay—ever preferring that way which seemed most to promote the public welfare and safety. When she was thus wearied with her morning work, she would take a walk, if the sun shined, into her garden; or otherwise in her galleries, especially in windy or rainy weather. She would then cause Stanhope, or Sir Henry Saville, or some other learned man, to be called to walk with her, and entertain her with some learned subject; the rest of the day she spent in private, reading history or some other learning, with great care and attention; not out of ostentation, and a vain ambition of being always learning something, but out of a diligent care to enable herself thereby to live the better, and to avoid sin; and she would commonly have some learned man with her, or near her, to assist her, whose labor and industry she would well reward. Thus she spent her winter.

In the summer time, when she was hungry, she would eat something that was of light and easy digestion, in her chamber, with the windows open to admit the gentle breezes of wind from the gardens or pleasant hills. Sometimes she would do this alone, but more commonly she would have her friends with her then. When she had thus satisfied her hunger and thirst with a moderate repast, she would rest awhile upon an Indian couch, curiously and richly covered. In the winter time she observed the same order, but omitted her noon sleep. When her day was thus spent, she went late to supper, which was ever sparing, and very moderate. At supper she would divert herself with her friends and attendants; and if they made her no answer, she would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would also then admit Tarleton, a famous comedian, and a pleasant talker, and other such like men, to divert her with stories of the town, and the common jests or accidents; but so that they kept within the bounds of modesty and chastity. In the winter time, after supper, she would sometimes hear a song, or a lesson or two, played upon a lute; but she would be much offended if there was any rudeness to any person—any reproach or licentious reflection used. Tarleton, who was then the best comedian in England, had made a pleasant play; and when it was acted before the Queen, he pointed at Sir Walter Rawleigh and said—‘See, the knave commands the Queen;’ for which he was corrected by a frown from the Queen: yet he had the confidence to add, that he was of too much and too intolerable a power; and going on with the same liberty was so universally applauded by all that were present, that she thought fit for the present to bear these reflections with a seeming unconcernedness. But yet she was so offended, that she forbade Tarleton and all her jesters from coming near her table, being inwardly displeased with this impudent and unreasonable liberty. She would talk

with learned men, that had travelled, in the presence of many, and ask them many questions concerning the government, customs, and discipline, used abroad. She loved a natural jester, that would tell a story pleasantly, and humor it with his countenance, and gesture and voice; but she hated all those praters who made bold with other men’s reputations, or defamed them. She detested, as ominous and unfortunate, all dwarfs and monstrous births. She loved little dogs, singing birds, parrots and apes; and when she was in private, she would recreate herself with various discourses—a game at chess, dancing, or singing. Then she would retire into her bed-chamber, where she was attended by married ladies of the nobility, the Marchioness of Winchester, (then a widow,) the Countess of Warwick, and the Lord Scroop’s Lady, whose husband was governor of the West Marshes. She would seldom suffer any one to wait upon her there, except Leicester, Hatton, Essex, Nottingham, and Sir Walter Rawleigh, who were more intimately conversant with her than any other of the Courtiers. She frequently mixed serious things with her jests and her mirth; and upon festival days, and especially in Christmas time, she would play at cards and tables, which was one of her usual pastimes; and if at any time she happened to win, she would be sure to demand the money. When she found herself sleepy, she would take her leave of them that were present with much kindness and gravity, and so betake her to her rest—some lady of good quality, and of her intimate acquaintance, always lying in the same chamber. And besides her guards, that were always upon duty, there was a gentleman of good quality and some others, up in the next chamber, who were to wake her in case any thing extraordinary happened.

Though she was endowed with all the goods of nature and fortune, and adorned with all those things which are valuable and to be desired, yet there were some things in her that were capable of amendment; nor was there ever any mortal, whose virtues were not eclipsed by the neighborhood of some vices and imperfections. She was subject to be vehemently transported with anger; and when she was so, she would show it by her voice, her countenance, and her hands. She would chide her familiar servants so loud, that they that stood afar off might sometimes hear her voice. And it was reported, that for small offences she would strike her Maids of Honor with her hand—but then her anger was short and very innocent; and she learned from Xenophon’s book of the institutions of Cyrus, the method of curbing and correcting this unruly passion. And when her friends acknowledged their offences, she with an appeased mind easily forgave them many things. She was also of opinion that severity was safe, and too much clemency was destructive; and therefore, in her punishments and justice, she was the more severe.

THE EAGLE ON MOUNT HOLYOKE.

[I am aware that the following sketch will fail to produce on the mind, the effect which the scene described made on my own. If I have ever witnessed any thing truly sublime, it was the flight of an Eagle from Mount Holyoke and over the beautiful portion of the Connecticut valley where it is situated.]

I had climbed the mountain to enjoy a view of the celebrated and magnificent scenery which it commands, but the graceful windings of the river, the garden-like cultivation of the valley on either side of it, the location of Hartford in the distance and the silver-spot of river shining beyond, the wild mountain-range, and the romantic village of Northampton lying at my feet, with its fairy-like scenery of "Round Hill"—its costly and tasteful embellishments of Architecture and Horticulture—were quite lost upon me;—my attention was riveted upon the noble bird that soared, as if by the power of magic and without an effort, high over the scene and quite to the clouds.

I watched him with that painful emotion which we feel in contemplating the infinite,—the fathomless sea—the unbounded sky—the endless eternity,—and came down from the mountain about as much profited by my view of the landscape, as I suppose the noble bird himself was.]

Imperial bird! He had a noble wing
That bore him on so—never wearying
And never weak:

With many a blundering step, as best I might,
Gain'd I, with pain, at last, old Holyoke's height—
Rugged and bleak;

And there, with wing half-furl'd and waving slow—
As 'twere an idle thing to stoop so low—
Was he, serene,
And quite at rest—as to an Eagle's eye
'Twere all too tame—so much beneath the sky—
That mountain scene.

I watch'd him, and anon his wing of might
Bore him slow onward, in majestic flight,
High o'er the vale,
Where the Connecticut, in crystal sheen,
Winds gracefully through many an Eden-scene;—
And he did sail

O'er town and tree at such a fearful height,
That my brain whirl'd to watch his wondrous flight,—
While there in pride,
Aloft, he scann'd all that I long'd to see—
And long'd in vain—of that brave scenery
Spread out so wide.

That flight was o'er—'twas but an earthly view—
He turn'd his bright eye to the Heav'n of blue
And spread his wing,
And, like a courier to the realms of light,
He soar'd above the clouds, in fearless flight,
Unwavering.

I thought—I said—it was a wondrous wing
That bore him on so—never wearying
And never weak;
Yet envied I not him his wing of might;
Though worn and weary on old Holyoke's height—
Rugged and bleak.

Could I, with him, on mystic pinion sail,
And trace the windings of that lovely vale
And noble stream,
Mine eye unsatisfied had wander'd still;—
There are no scenes that restless orb to fill
On earth, I ween.

And well my Spirit's wing, faith-plumed, could soar
Where Eagle pinions flag and can no more!
And scenes so bright

Their cloudless view would quench an Eagle's eye,
Cheer and delight like summer's sun-set sky
My Spirit's sight.

But branch and bough around the eyrie stir'd,—
The waiting Eaglets hail'd the parent-bird,—
Then half the prayer
Burst from my yearning heart—"O would that I
Had Eagle's wings!—to my far home I'd fly
And nestle there."

Maine.

ELIZA.

"HOMINES APUD INFERNOS."

The chiefs who formed the court of the "Prince of the Power of the Air" were assembled in council; but there was no excitement in the business for which they were called together, and their debates were languid, not to say dull and tiresome—as is sometimes the case among human law-makers. A demon of small talent and less consideration, was just entering upon the fifth hour of an excessively stupid speech, of the subject of which he had no very clear conception himself, and his hearers had none whatever; and the magnates of the council-chamber were politely manifesting their utter indifference to him and his opinions, some by chatting together in small parties of three or four, some by writing letters, others again by glancing over infernal newspapers, and not a few by yawning drearily, at the full stretch of their jaws, and in the most ostentatious manner imaginable.

Meanwhile, a few of the very highest in rank had withdrawn to the upper part of the council-room where, behind the raised chair of the president, was a sort of withdrawing or lounging place, luxuriously provided with sofas, ottomans, easy chairs and other appliances of comfort—and from their animated looks and gestures, and the eager rapidity of their discourse, it was evident that they were in warm debate upon some question far surpassing in interest the topics under discussion in the more strictly legislative portion of the chamber. It was apparent also, that there was among them great diversity of opinion; for interruptions were frequent, all spoke with vehemence, and all listened impatiently—as men do when hearkening to arguments or doctrines the truth of which they cannot or will not acknowledge.

In the earnestness of their controversy they did not perceive the approach of their great sovereign, the arch-fiend himself, who, with his accustomed and peculiar stealthiness of movement, silently advanced from a door at the farthest extremity of the chamber—which, by the way, was in one of the wings of his infernal palace—and had for some moments been close upon them, listening attentively to their discourse, before either of them discovered his presence. A grim smile, half joyful and half contemptuous, flitted over his blasted features, as

he gathered the subject of their discussion; and with a chuckle of hellish mirth he thus broke in upon their conference.

"Ye say well, noble lords and illustrious councillors. But a thought strikes me that something better than mere words of debate may be elicited from the fruitful topic of your discourse. I have listened with admiring delight to your conflicting opinions, and to the powerful arguments by which they have been supported. Suppose we bring them to the test of experiment. The folly of mankind is a theme worthy indeed of copious illustration. I will not take upon me to say wherein and how it is most richly exhibited; but a plan has occurred to me by which we may draw from it a fund of amusement, and perhaps some instruction. Listen to my idea.

"There is, as you know, a vacant red ribbon at the disposal of my prime minister. It shall be the reward of him who, by the judgment of all his peers, shall produce the most striking exemplification of human absurdity. I give you twenty-four hours for consideration. Let the trial be made at this hour to-morrow, in the great hall of audience; and in the meantime proclamation shall be made, that whosoever will may enter the list of competitors."

The royal proposal was received with a buzz of delight; and the disputants, bowing low to their chief, hastened from the presence to communicate the tidings of the proposed exhibition among their respective retainers, and to prepare themselves for the trial—each confident of success, and proudly anticipating the possession of the coveted prize with which success should be rewarded.

At the appointed hour on the succeeding day, the great hall of audience was thronged with myriads upon myriads of infernal spirits. Lucifer himself was seated in lofty state upon a throne of terrific splendor, and wearing upon his brows a diadem that glowed as with living fire, while from the gems with which it was encrusted shot beams of intolerable radiance. On either hand, in a semicircle, were ranged the peers of his court, all seated likewise upon thrones in triple rank, but lower than that of their dread sovereign; and the vast body of the immense hall, and the galleries around, illimitable as they seemed, were crowded with the multitudes of his populous dominion. Only in the centre of the hall was a space reserved, on which was erected a great platform, supported by gorgeous pillars and hung with crimson drapery; and upon this was no other preparation visible than a single altar of white marble, in form like those whereon the heathen idolaters of old were wont to make their sacrifices, and supporting a small brazier in which scented wood was burning.

The silence that reigned throughout was suddenly broken by the clear loud notes of a trumpet, sounding a royal flourish; and a herald then came

in, who, taking his place on the platform erected in the midst, proclaimed the nature and conditions of the trial.

Then uprose one of Hell's great nobles—a dark fierce spirit, of lofty stature and harsh features, on which was stamped but one expression; that of savage ferocity. His name was Moloch—"horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice." With rapid strides he advanced from his throne of state to the central platform, which he ascended, and waving his hand toward the brazier, there arose immediately therefrom a dense cloud of smoke, which, as it mounted upward, spread itself also to either side until it hung like a vast curtain from the vaulted roof, and so remained. Again the cruel Moloch waved his hand, and the cloudy wall became instinct with life. Thousands of moving figures, as of men and horses, were displayed upon its huge area, in the rush and confusion and horror of a pitched battle. Here were masses advancing in serried phalanx—there squadrons broken, overthrown and scattered by the headlong charge of opposing squadrons, or by the terrible discharges of artillery. Volumes of smoke were rolling upward, from the midst of which shot forth frequent flashes of sulphurous flame. The ground was strewn with gashed and bleeding bodies of the slain, or of the wounded writhing in agony; while the roar of the cannon and musketry, the demoniac shouts of the combatants, the rattle of drums, the sharp clangor of trumpets, and the groans of the dying, united in a chorus of horrors at which even Hell itself might tremble. In one quarter were seen horses, wild with rage and terror, flying over the field masterless, spurning with their iron hoofs the gory corpses, and trampling to agony and death the wounded; in another fresh battalions, marching firmly up to take the place and share the fate of those which had been swept away by the fatal tempest hurled unceasingly from the brazen throats of the artillery; here was seen a charge with bayonets, opposing squadrons rushing upon each other with desperate ferocity, and whole ranks falling in the dreadful shock; there were displayed the terrors of a flight—bands of horsemen urging their steeds in swift pursuit of a routed division, shooting, cutting, stabbing, slaying without pity, even the unarmed and unresisting, as they cast away their weapons and flung themselves upon their knees, with outstretched hands, crying in vain for mercy. And afar off, on a hill that commanded the whole battle-ground, was seen the man at whose behest these dreadful scenes of carnage were enacted, coolly and attentively watching the progress of the fight, and from time to time transmitting orders for bringing up fresh thousands to the slaughter; displaying meanwhile as little emotion as though the actors and sufferers in the terrible reality before him, were but senseless puppets, framed by his own hands, with capacity neither to feel nor to inflict—with no joys

or sorrows of kindred bound up in their fate—and no doom to undergo, in the eternity of existence after death, for the crimes they had committed at the instigation of his evil passions or of their own.

Another wave of Moloch's hand, and the fearful vision passed instantly from sight; the broad and vaporous curtain was again a blank; and turning with a grim and haughty smile, as of assured success, from the horrid pageant he had called up, the war-demon stalked proudly to his throne, while a fierce murmur of approval and enjoyment, mixed with scorn, ran through the myriads of spectators.

Next to the trial came the mocking Rimmon. Of slender form, and features delicate but sharp and well-defined; with small keen sparkling eyes and low broad forehead, wrinkled cheeks and long sharp nose and chin, and ever on his lip a lurking sneer. Ascending the platform, he turned and gazed keenly for a moment on his chief, while the sneer deepened to a malignant and contemptuous smile; then clapped his hands aloud, and with an inclination of the head more scornful than respectful, pointed to the scene that already had begun to picture itself upon the cloudy veil. It was widely different from that which had preceded it.

A regal hall of audience was seen, arrayed in all the splendor of eastern magnificence. The floor was covered with cloth of gold—the lofty ceiling was supported by columns of polished marble—statues of costly material and exquisite workmanship were placed in alcoves at either side—and at the extremity was a throne of carved ivory, inwrought with gold and blazing with jewels, and overshadowed by a canopy of the richest silk and velvet. Upon the throne sat a mighty monarch—mighty as it seemed from the prostrate humility of his thronging courtiers, those nearest to the throne lying at full length upon the floor and those farther removed kneeling reverentially before their lord, with eyes cast down and looks betokening the very extreme of servile reverence and dread. And he, the centre of all this homage, was a bloated old man, with dull watery eyes, and features swollen by gross indulgence—his frame distended and unwieldy, his hands shaking with paralytic debility, and one misshapen limb enwrapped in flannels and supported by cushions of the softest down, while a hollow cough seemed every moment to threaten him with suffocation. Feeble, worn out, racked with pain, tottering upon the verge of the grave, and with intellect almost destroyed by habitual excess, he sat upon his gorgeous throne the absolute and despotic ruler over millions more worthy than himself, and firmly persuaded that the lives and possessions of his people were by Heaven's decree consigned to his caprice; that they were born to be his slaves, and that, as creatures of an inferior race, it was condescension even to let them look upon his regal countenance.

Again the small keen orbs of Rimmon were fixed

upon the countenance of Lucifer, and the same deriding smile gleamed upon his features as he gazed; and, as he turned away, he gathered from the answering glances of his fellows, that with the rapid intelligence of immortals, even though of fallen estate, they recognized and enjoyed the practical sarcasm thus levelled at their monarch, whose pride

"Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set him in glory far above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High."

Again the cloudy veil hung blank, as Rimmon glided to his throne, and Chemos rose to show his scorn of human kind, in competition for the prize—

"Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites which cost them woe."

His was a goodly form, of fair proportions although somewhat gross, and his features would have been comely but for the sensual expression stamped upon them, and the licentious leer of his half-closed twinkling eyes. With the indifferent air of undoubting confidence in his success, he advanced only a few steps toward the platform, and slightly waving his hand, turned and resumed his seat, without pausing to note the vision his mute gesture had called up.

The scene presented was a chamber luxuriously furnished; and in it, upon a couch heaped high with downy pillows, and in a most voluptuous attitude, reclined a woman, young and beautiful—her neck and bosom half concealed and half exposed, by the artful disposition of her thin and all but transparent drapery—her long and flowing hair unbound and streaming in exquisite disorder around her white and polished shoulders, and her lovely limbs cast with studied negligence in attitudes of perfect and most enchanting gracefulness. At her feet, and gazing up into her eyes with looks of enamored devotion, lay a man of noble form and countenance—one whose every feature seemed to speak the hero in battle and the sage in council. Upon the floor, at some distance from the couch, there lay a golden crown and near it a broken sword, as if thrown carelessly away; and, in the half-opened door-way, was seen the figure of an aged man, who with a look of mingled sorrow and reproach, vainly beckoned the infatuated lover from the presence of the syren in whose blandishments he seemed to disregard alike the calls of duty and of fame.

The vision rested but for a moment on its vapory tablet; and as it faded away, a peal of scornful laughter rang through the mighty hall, and told with what contempt the powers of Hell regarded man when become the slave of his most imperious passion.

Him followed next a chief of mean and squalid aspect; low in stature, with ill-shaped limbs and anxious care-worn features; his eyes cast downward, and his movements slow and creeping—powerful in Hell and still more powerful on Earth,

but even among his infernal compeers utterly despised. With stealthy steps he mounted to the altar, and with a reluctant hand placed on it a small piece of gold, which he drew from a pouch concealed within his vesture. Instantly there appeared upon the cloud a scene of varied import, the surface dividing itself as it were into compartments, every one of which exhibited a different group or figure. In one was seen an old man of wretched appearance—meagre and ill-clad—kneeling in a miserable apartment before an iron chest, into which he gazed with looks of intense delight but mingled with apprehension. In another was depicted a large room, destitute of furniture save one large table in the centre, around which stood or sat a group of men, all differing in age and garb, but all eagerly and intently watching the proceedings of one, who alternately threw upon the table and gathered up again a number of small pictured tablets, while another, in seeming connection with the movements of the first, was incessantly employed in changing the arrangement of certain piles of coin, and separate pieces, deposited from time to time by the lookers-on. A third compartment presented the form of a man toiling in a deep and gloomy pit, and at intervals gathering up fragments of stone or earth in which shining particles were imbedded. Here was a figure seen stealing behind one who carried in his hand a bag of coin, and plunging a dagger into his heart; there, a youthful and lovely woman standing before an altar and clasping the hand of an aged and decrepit man, upon whose withered features she cast looks of blandishment through which gleamed an irrepressible emotion of disgust. It would require pages to describe the multifarious images called up by the potent spell of that "least erected spirit;" and as they melted into vacancy, Mammon crept back to his throne, while a sneer of scorn mantled upon the harsh features of his sovereign, and the assembled legions of Hell looked on with contemptuous wonder—so absorbing, that not the faintest voice or movement broke the awful stillness that brooded over them.

At length Belial rose—the fairest seeming, but withal the subtlest of the fallen potentates. Graceful in form and movement, and of most persuasive aspect—eloquent in speech,

"To make the worse appear
The better reason, and perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to noble deeds
Tim'rous and slothful—yet he pleased the ear."

A smile of triumph dwelt upon his attractive features, as he ascended the platform, and poured upon the altar a few drops of liquid from a golden flask suspended at his girdle; and the glance he cast around, seemed to invite the suffrages of his peers in favor of the exhibition created by his skill.

The scene that gradually formed itself upon the cloud, was the interior of a banqueting-room richly

furnished, having in the centre a round table, about which were seated a party of young men enjoying themselves in wassail and festivity.

The viands had been removed, but the table was covered with flagons, cups and glasses, and the guests were stimulating their mirth with frequent draughts of sparkling wine. They were all of goodly appearance—elegantly habited, and their gaiety though animated was decorous and even graceful. One among them seemed to be the master of the revel; for although youngest of them all, the eyes and the discourse of all the rest were chiefly directed to him;—he it was who seemed to do the honors, and it was from him that the attendants, who entered from time to time, bringing new supplies of wine, received their orders.

Even while the legions of Satan's kingdom were gazing upon the scene, it changed; and the same young man was now beheld alone, in a smaller apartment, plainly but comfortably furnished. He sat, or rather reclined upon a couch, in a listless attitude, supporting his head upon one hand, and seemingly buried in painful reflection. A closer observation of his form and features, showed that a few years had been added to his age, but also that some more potent mischief had wrought upon him than time alone could bring. The grace and elegance that once adorned his person had undergone a change, perceptible, yet scarcely to be described in words; his apparel was less *point-de-vice*; his eyes were heavy, and his countenance, though unmarked by the lines of age, yet had neither the freshness of youth nor the calm dignity of perfect manhood.

He sat motionless for a time, and it was easy to perceive that his reflections were more bitter than profound; as if not loss of wealth alone had caused them, but also loss of self-respect. At length he started to his feet, and with a something of desperation in his movement, hastily crossed the room to a sideboard which stood there, and pouring out a goblet of some liquid darker than wine, swallowed it eagerly, as though it were a poison that he loathed yet could not renounce, dashed the empty goblet upon the floor and hurried from the room.

Again the scene was changed. Night was upon the streets of a great city, and silence dwelt among them. The stars looked down upon houses unilluminated, and upon pathways and pavements that echoed to no footstep. But from the distant gloom emerges into the foreground, where a single lamp in the window of some late student cast a feeble gleam, the figure of a man; and as he approaches nearer, it seems that he is afflicted with some strange disease. His steps are devious and irregular—now he pauses as if utterly wearied and ready to sink, and now dashes onward with frantic haste; plunging first to the right hand, then as wildly to the left, and that with movements so unsteady as to bring him more than once in danger of falling headlong to the ground. In his mad career, he

passes before a mansion from the windows of which issues a blaze of light—the token of revelry within—and it is seen that his garments are coarse, ill-fitting, threadbare and discolored—but it is also seen that he is the same who presided at the feast, and who was afterward beheld yielding to a temptation which he loathed and hated. The same, but oh, how fallen! Years of vice and wretchedness have passed over him—mind and body have been debased, desecrated, sacrificed at the shrine of a hideous indulgence—the gay debauchee has become a miserable wreck. He pauses before the dwelling whence proceeds the light that reveals his ruined state; and even amid the stupefaction of his intellect, remembers that it was once his own. He howls forth an execration, and rushes madly onward.

Again a change appears. A wretched hovel is presented, standing alone upon a waste and desolate moor. Within it, cowering over a hearth on which a few small fragments of wood are burning, sits a female—young but of sickly aspect, and more sorrowful than sickly. Her look and attitude betoken misery and despair; and beside her, stretched upon a little heap of rags, lies the attenuated form of a dead child—dead, its fleshless limbs and haggard features tell, of cold and hunger.

Without, the moor lies bleak and covered with snow—the keen wind sweeps over it unchecked by tree or house—the brilliant stars of winter are glittering above—and but a few yards from the door, already half buried in the snow-drift, lies the stiffening body of the drunkard. He had reeled and staggered almost to the presence of the wife whom he had reduced from affluence to destitution, and there falling in his intoxication, passed from sleep to death, alone, unaided and unseen.

Again the surface of the cloud was blank; and as Belial descended from the platform, one universal roar of triumph and of applause burst from the myriads of evil spirits, and the judgment of his peers that he had most perfectly exhibited the folly of mankind, was pealed forth in such a voice of thunder that its echoes reached even Hell's remotest borders.

Yet Lucifer sat silent on his throne; nor by word or look avowed his concurrence in the popular decision. He rolled his glowing eyes around from face to face, with a look of expectation, as if he derived a fiendish pleasure from the efforts of his chiefs, and would have the prize still contended for by other aspirants. Silence meanwhile was restored, and the glance of Satan fell at length upon his greatest follower, the potent and daring Beelzebub,

"Than whom
Satan except, none higher sat. With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraved
Deliberation sat, and public care,
And princely council in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin; sage he stood

With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies. His look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or Summer's noontide air."

His step, as he approached the platform, was grave and stately, and his expression serious yet resolved—as though he felt the hazard of some great enterprize, yet blenched not from its encounter. All eyes were intently fixed upon him, as he stood beside the altar, and, pausing there for a brief space, gazed earnestly upon his monarch. For a moment there was a shade of indecision in his look—it might be of anxiety or alarm—but with a visible effort it passed away, and stretching forth his hand toward the cloud, Beelzebub resolutely fastened his gaze upon the scene which began already to appear upon its surface.

That scene was the arena of an amphitheatre, such as were employed for gladiatorial exhibitions in the palmy days of Rome. At one side was the statue of a heathen divinity—the Jove Omnipotens of classic paganism—and at the other a lofty upright cross; and midway between them stood a group of figures, the principal of which was an aged man meanly habited and with chains upon his limbs. Those around him seemed from their garb to be priests and warriors—most of them wearing helmets and martial trappings, and the others fillets upon their heads, with flowing vestments descending to the ground. At the foot of the statue knelt one bearing in his hands vessels of gold, jewelled collars and various other treasures, which he seemed proffering to the aged prisoner; and near the cross stood a grim and savage figure, exhibiting instruments of torture. The priests were gathered round the captive, and by their looks and gestures might be deemed persuading him to approach and worship the idol-statue; but he, with head averted and looks directed upward, stretched forth his hands as to embrace the cross, and seemed to spurn the bribe thus offered for his apostacy.

The eyes of Satan and all his host, were rivetted upon this scene of what the bold Beelzebub dared to offer as an exhibition of human folly—but suddenly the surface of the cloud was agitated, broken and convulsed; the arena with its figures disappeared; the myriads of lights that blazed in the hall were in a moment extinguished, and pitchy darkness fell like a monstrous pall upon the multitudes convened within it. Then, from the bosom of the cloud, blazed forth the Cross, now glowing as if wrought of celestial fire—peal on peal of thunder bellowed through the vast expanse, and multitudinous lightnings flashed terror to the hearts of the assembled legions. Headlong they fled and howling, their mightiest among the first, nor paused until the lowest deeps of Hell were sought as refuge from the wrath they had provoked, and which too late they found could reach them even in the very citadel of their accursed Empire.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Unto the holy city came
 Judea's hapless sons and daughters,
 The paralytic, blind and lame,
 To seek Bethesda's healing waters---
 The Angel o'er the fountain mov'd
 With kindly power from day to day,
 And he that first its virtues prov'd,
 Was heal'd and forthwith went his way.

Amidst the throng that waited there,
 Judea's sons and daughters,
 A patient Hebrew many a year
 Had watch'd the troubled waters,
 And often at the healing hour
 He feebly toward the fountain bore him;
 But all too late to feel its power,
 For one had always stepp'd before him.

A stranger came and look'd awhile
 On him who there in anguish lay;
 Then kindly said with holy smile,
 'Hebrew, arise and go thy way.'
 As forth into the world that hour,
 With footsteps light, the Hebrew trod,
 'I've felt,' he cried, 'the Almighty's power,
 'I've heard the voice of God.'

WINTER.

[From Howitt's "Book of the Seasons."]

Garvain Douglas, the celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, has given the following most excellent sketch of winter, which Warton has rendered from antiquated Scotch verse into good modern English prose:

"The fern withered on the miry fallows—the brown moors assumed a barren mossy hue; banks, sides of hills and hollows, grey, white, and bare; the cattle looked hoary from the dank weather; the wind made the red reed waver on the dyke. From the crags, and the foreheads of the yellow rocks, hung great icicles in length like a spear. The soil was dusty and grey, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass. In every hold and forest the woods were stripped of their array. Boreas blew his bugle-horn so loud, that the solitary deer withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked to the thick briers, shunning the tempestuous blast, and changing their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roared, and every linden tree whistled and brayed to the sounding of the wind. The poor laborers, wet and weary, dragged in the fen. The sheep and the shepherds lurked under the hanging banks, or wild broom. Warm from the chimney-side, and refreshed with generous cheer, I stole to my bed and laid down to sleep, when I saw the moon shed

through the window her wintry glances and wintry light; I heard the horned bird, the night-owl, shrieking horribly from her cavern. I heard the wild geese, with screaming cries, fly over the city through the silent night. I was soon lulled to sleep till the cock, clapping his wings, crowed thrice and the day peeped. I waked and saw the moon disappear, and heard the jackdaws cackle on the roof of the house. The cranes, prognosticating a tempest, in a firm phalanx, pierced the air with voices sounding like a trumpet. The kite, perched on an old tree, fast by my chamber, cried lamentably—a sign of the dawning day. I rose, and half opening my window, perceived the morning, livid, wan, and hoary; the air overwhelmed with vapor and cloud; the ground stiff, grey, and rough; the branches rattling; the sides of the hill looking black and hard with the driving blasts; the dew-drops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hailstones, deadly cold, hopping on the roof and neighboring causeway."

We are now placed in the midst of such wintry scenes as this. Nature is stripped of all her summer drapery. Her verdure, her foliage, her flowers, have all vanished. The sky is filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles only with a frosty radiance. The earth is spongy with wet, rigid with frost, or buried in snow. The winds that in summer breathed gently over nodding blooms and undulating grass, swaying the leafy boughs with a pleasant murmur, and wafting perfumes all over the world, now hiss like serpents, or howl like wild beasts of the desert—cold, piercing, and cruel. Every thing has drawn as near as possible to the centre of warmth and comfort. The farmer has driven his flocks and cattle into sheltered home-inclosures, where they may receive from his provident care that food which the earth now denies them; or in the farm-yard itself, where some honest Giles piles their cribs plentifully with fodder. It amazes us as we walk abroad, to conceive where can have concealed themselves the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and waters of summer.

Birds, insects, reptiles, whither have they all gone?—the birds that filled the air with their music, and all the showy, varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dragon-flies, beetles, wasps, and warrior-hornets, bees, and cock-chafers, whither have they fled? Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their little bodies, lately so splendid, active, and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings, and propensities, are become part and parcel of the dull and wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollows of trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself; where, with millions of seeds, and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of Nature—ready, at the call of a more auspicious season, to people the world once more with beauty and delight.

TO A LADY,

ON LOSING A GAME OF BACK-GAMMON.

Thou hast won the bet, fair Lady, and the forfeit shall be paid,
 And ever may thy game of life as skilfully be played;
 The world to thy young, ardent hope, is beautiful and bright,
 And in thy dreams, a double six is ever in thy sight;
 Thy heart bows not to this vain world—thou kneelest not to Mammon—
 But dearly thou dost love a *hit*, and better still a *gammon*.
 Though Fortune is a fickle dame, with thee she still doth linger,
 And gives thee *doublets* every throw—when thou the dice dost finger,
 E'en Slander's self on thee the charge of cheating never fixes—
 And yet thou hast a wondrous skill at throwing double sixes,
 And if the dice do not at first assume their proper faces,
 Most coolly thou canst raise the box—and make them double aces.

So say the vanquished: but we know that this is but a slander
 Of those who rail at Fortune's gifts, when they cannot command her;—
 'Twere strange indeed if she were not obedient unto thee—
 Unless the Poets speak the truth, who say *she cannot see*—
 And stranger still if one on whom her rarest gifts she pours,
 Could not at least expect her aid, for a throw of double fours.

Yet, though her gifts are thine, I gaze with sadness on thine eyes,
 For I know that youth is like a morn of blue and cloudless skies;
 Sweet flowers are blooming in its light, and birds are singing there,
 And music like a tone from Heaven is floating on the air—
 And yet how dark those summer skies, how sad those flowers may be,
 Before that morning sun shall seek its rest beyond the sea!

* *

MRS. SHOOTER'S PARTY.

Nothing was spoken of in R—and its vicinity, but Mrs. Shooter's party. "When is it to take place?" inquired one. "Do you expect an invitation?" said another. "Where will be the scene of action—at their town or country-house?"—"Will the Miss Metcalfs be there, do you think?" "What will be the amusements of the night? 'cards?'—'dancing?'—'dramatic exhibitions?'—'tableaux vivans?'—'charade acting?'"—burst from a mob gathered before the door of a fashionable dry-good store in R—.

"I rather think it will be a masked ball," remarked a daddy-long-legged young man.

"Your authority—your authority, Mr. Piper?"

"Why," answered the skeleton, "I saw with my own eyes, Mrs. Shooter's son Peter standing at one of the upper windows of his house, dressed *a la Turc*."

"And I," said another, "saw him this very morning, fitting himself to a pair of French morocco pumps, which must be for some particular occasion."

"He had better attend to his head instead of his heels," remarked an ill-natured old man.

"Indeed, Dr. Tubman, you are too severe—quite cynical I declare," said Mr. Dashwood, (a gay blade of five and twenty, with a handsome income and showy equipage, which half, if not the whole of the anxious widows and connubially disposed young ladies of R— were eager to be part owners of,) "I expect to see you at Mrs. Shooter's, playing off Diogenes in a tub."

"What of that," said Mr. Ketchum, who occasionally committed puns, "you know, he is a *Tubman*—ha! ha! ha!"

"Let us all help to laugh," said the subject of this witticism. "I am afraid Mr. Ketchum will disorder his 'biliary duct,' and not be able to go to Mrs. Shooter's party."

"I have no invitation, as yet," replied Ketchum.

"The fact is, I begin to think there will be no party at all. There has been so much whispering about it, that I should not wonder if it all ended in smoke."

"I care very little about it," said Piper, "unless the Miss Metcalfs attend."

"What Miss Metcalfs—sisters to those big-headed youths, that folks call the two bull-calves?"

"This is the first time I ever heard them so nicknamed," said Piper, with an offended air, "but every one knows you, Dr. Tubman,"—and away he stalked, in high indignation.

"No offence," bawled Tubman after him—"I had not the remotest idea of wounding your feelings," he continued, as Piper returned; "on the contrary, I thought you would secretly rejoice to hear anything in disparagement of the Metcalfs, after the shameful trick Miss Juliana served you."

"What shameful trick, sir?"

"Why jilting you, to be sure."

"Miss Juliana jilt me! whoever says so tells a malicious falsehood."

"Come, do not quarrel about trifles," said Ketchum, "let us forget Miss Juliana and all the bullocks and heifers of the family, and talk of Mrs. Shooter's party. I have not told you why I think it will end in smoke. I asked Peter the other day, when his mother's grand affair was to take place. He said—"

"What did he say?" burst with united energy from the throng, which pressed so vigorously upon Ketchum as to render suffocation probable.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen, stand back, or you will crush me to death—pray do not be so *pressing* and I will tell you all."

At this declaration the impatient crowd only pressed closer, anxious to catch the first word, vociferating all the while—"Tell us—tell us."

Whatever opening there was for a pun, there was certainly none by which Mr. Ketchum could escape. The resolute manner in which he was hemmed in, caused an uproar, which brought the obsequious Mr. Snipper to the door of his establishment, where he stood bowing and waving his hand, like the manager of a theatre, desirous of gaining the attention of a riotous audience before making any useless expenditure of breath.

"Gentlemen," he began, "excuse the liberty I take in requesting you will give over this strife—I am fearful it may lead to consequences injurious to some of you, and detrimental to my credit—I entreat as a favor that you will disperse."

While Mr. Snipper was delivering this address, Mr. Ketchum had by some means made his escape, and his figure presented a ludicrous appearance,—scarcely a button being left on his coat. Mr. Snipper beckoned him into the shop, where he remained.

By this time the crowd began to discover that they had committed themselves by their over-anxiety, and a stillness as of death reigned among them, occasionally broken by a whispered sentence, audible alone to the ear to which it was directed. Mr. Snipper fearing that the re-appearance of Ketchum might create a re-action, earnestly requested him to decamp by the back-way. Before urging this advice however, he began untying a parcel of "the freshest, softest, and most elastic articles, in the way of gloves," he had ever met with, and which, he solemnly assured Mr. Ketchum, "he would sell to him lower than he could afford them to any one else."

While this bargain was in operation at one end of the store, at the other, standing before the counter, which was piled with fancy goods of all colors and descriptions, were stationed Mrs. Peabody and her daughter, carrying on a dialogue which they intended to be in a whisper.

"You had better not be in a hurry my dear; wait until you are invited."

"O I am sure Mrs. Shooter will invite me," answered Priscilla, "she bowed very pointedly to me this morning."

"Well, I don't know," said the cautious old matron, "but I think I would wait. You cannot afford to throw away money at this rate. If you are resolved upon buying, get something cheap."

"If I don't get the white satin and yellow crape," said Priscilla sullenly, "I'll just march off without any thing at all."

The wheels of a carriage at this moment rattled over the pavement, and stopped before Mr. Snipper's store. A face radiant and lovely as that of the Queen of Love, appeared from one of the windows, and a voice soft as the tones of an Eolian harp, asked Mr. Snipper's young man, who had skipped to the door, for "white gauze."

"Miss Juliana Metcalf, and her sisters!"—ran

in audible whispers round the throng, which had receded to give place to the equipage of the beauties. Piper extended one long leg towards it, but bashfulness, or some equally potent cause, arrested the natural impulse of bringing up the other, and there he stood, like a gigantic pair of compasses, ready to describe some geometrical figure.

Miss Juliana next inquired for "gloves."

"What color?"

"White."

"I'll swear," cried Piper, changing his position of extension, "she's going to Mrs. Shooter's party—'white gloves!'—does not that look suspicious?"

A long enumeration of articles, all 'white,' succeeded.

"She is evidently preparing for Mrs. Shooter's party," again exclaimed Piper—"I see it all—she is to appear as Innocence—white-robed Innocence."

"Her choice is judicious," remarked Tubman, "for let her, or any young woman of the present day, assume that character, and she will be completely in-cog."

Piper looked as if he could have demolished the speaker, and said to some one near him, that it "was fortunate that Dr. Tubman's observation was general, for had it been applied solely to Miss Metcalf he would have called him to an account for it."

Miss Juliana's taste was fastidious—the clerk's arms were ready to succumb to the effort of elevating heaps of goods to the carriage window for the inspection of the young beauty, who at last consented to alight and suit herself from a more extensive assortment, than could be otherwise shown her; and followed by her sisters, she proceeded to the store.

The younger ladies appeared to shrink at view of the crowd, but Juliana's eyes, as they ran hastily over it, rested an instant on Piper, and a slight smile of recognition passed over her features. Piper not emboldened by this flattering distinction, stood with his back to a sign-post, shivering all over.

"Here come the Miss Metcalfs," said an acquaintance to Priscilla, "let us see what *they* will buy, before you have that yellow crape cut!"—and the friends placed themselves like guard-ships close to the fashionable trio.

"Twenty yards, did you say ma'am?" repeated the shopman after Miss Juliana, in order that any error made by his auricular organs might be rectified.

"Yes, sir."

"And twenty of the pink"—"And as many of the violet," added the younger sisters:—"Not one of them has chosen yellow," said Priscilla, casting upon her privy counsellor a look of unutterable gratitude, at having been spared the misfortune of buying a dress, neither white, pink or violet.

"What ladies are those?" asked Ketchum, as they went out.

"Is it possible you do not know," said Snipper—"Is it possible!—Why the Miss Metcalfs—the three graces—as they are called," and Mr. Snipper continued in a strain of encomium that might have awakened the jealous fears of Mrs. Snipper, had she been present.

As it had been foreseen, the re-appearance of Ketchum at the door acted like fire upon gunpowder. There was an instant explosion, and a general rush towards him. Mr. Snipper's doors flew forward on their hinges, and were locked and barred in a moment.

Whether Mr. Ketchum was, or was not in the possession of any thing calculated to throw light on 'the clouds and darkness' resting on Mrs. Shooter's party, is uncertain, but he declared, "*sink or swim*," he would keep the secret."

Night began to spread itself over the streets of R—, without the crowd showing any disposition to disperse. Like an army under an experienced general, they had planted posts and taken up positions.

Mr. Snipper's decoy flags, comprising remnants of calicoes, bombazines, and bombasettes, still remained floating to the breeze, while Mrs. Snipper's head thrust through an upper window, like a great gun from the embrasure of a beleaguered fortress, was ready to discharge a volley at the first who should attempt violence, "to the banners of her lord."

A *ruse de guerre* seemed the only alternative in effecting the escape of Ketchum; and while a council of war was holding on the occasion, an unexpected circumstance at once changed the aspect of affairs.

The scattered fragments of the crowd were seen flying in the various directions of their homes, as the liveried lacquey of Mrs. Shooter, mounted on horseback, trotted past Snipper & Co's. dry-good store, bearing on his arm a basket, from which peeped, something, resembling billets.

Here then was sufficient proof to have hung Mrs. Shooter, had the affair been of a criminal nature; for that these were notes of invitation there could be no doubt. Some even ventured to affirm having seen their fold and superscription—others, the strands of silk confining the important documents. According to the common propensity of mankind to store futurity with that most agreeable to their hopes and wishes, all who had the slightest acquaintance with Mrs. Shooter, had fixed in their minds the certainty of an invitation. No wonder then, that the crowd which had lately been almost ready to cover the premises of Mr. Snipper with redoubts and entrenchments, should have so abruptly disbanded; for each individual, in imagination, was hastening to receive the confirmation of his long-indulged expectations. Similar feelings actuated

Ketchum, as hastening from the shop, he returned to his lodgings.

The blank faces seen the following morning in R—, were neither 'few, nor far between.' Embarrassed salutations were exchanged among acquaintances; for those whose bosoms harbored the dread secret of not having an invitation, shrunk from the fear of exposure, and from the triumph and exultation that must announce the more fortunate aspirants. Poor Piper was thrown into such an agitation at seeing Dr. Tubman advance with a scrap of paper in his hand, that his legs formed obtuse angles, and his arms horizontal lines, as they were stretched forth to claim the aid of a neighboring wall.

"I am a little unstrung this morning," he said to Tubman.

"Yes," returned he, "I perceive your legs are not screwed up to concert pitch."

"To be candid with you," said Piper, whose sensations of mortification yielded to the necessity of unburdening himself of the weight of his sorrow, "I have not received an invitation to Mrs. Shooter's party, and I thought that perhaps you held one in your hand."

"And do you think that I would run about with it like a madman, if I had received one? What care I for Mrs. Shooter's or Mrs. any-body's party!—there are fools to be met with at every step, without the need of a special summons to meet them,"—and he walked off, muttering as he went, that he "never saw a man make such an idiot of himself, in all his life."

"Well," said Piper, assuming a brisk air, and addressing every one that passed, "I suppose you are in the heat of preparation?"

"Not I"—and "not I"—were successively answered.

Piper began to breathe again, and, as he felt the buddings of hope, his figure gradually assumed the perpendicular. Mr. Dashwood's assurance of knowing nothing about the party, was a final quietus to his fears, and he experienced sensations akin to those of a condemned malefactor, whose sentence of death has been unexpectedly revoked.

Mrs. Shooter's party continued to be the undying theme of conversation. Neither the sun nor moon in eclipse were ever scrutinized with more curiosity, than were the movements of that lady's servants. In short, the town of R— had become a complete nest of Paul Prys. The toils of its industry, the efforts of its talent, the soarings of its genius, alike forgetful of their legitimate ends, approximated to one common centre.

Those of the female part of the community at that period of life when imagination is brightest and hope the most ardent, had already commenced the work of extravagant preparation. Band-boxes filled with every species of finery with which young

women take pride in adorning themselves, were seen flying in every direction; so that the ladies, as Ketchum remarked, were actually "*boxing the compass*."

The apparition of the tickets of invitation still remained a riddle; but the human mind, ever fruitful in conjecture, found no difficulty in assigning causes for the non-distribution of the contents of the basket.

Dashwood, who all along had predicted a "*Fancy Ball*," was seen at the milliner's, hung round with silks and satins, in order to decide which would become him most, in the gorgeous dress of the "*Great Cham of Tartary*."

Envy, that bane of society, began its work in breasts hitherto strangers to the passion, and several young men, whose liberal taste for expense was restrained by their narrow fortunes, aroused themselves like lions, determined to dispute the prize with every competitor for fine effect and dazzling magnificence.

At the corners of every street, knots of persons might be heard canvassing the merits of different costumes, or balancing the probabilities of when these costumes might be required. As one of these groups moved slowly forward, Piper, who made part of it, halted, with the sudden exclamation—"By Gracious! there come the Metcalfs—I feel as if I had not courage to meet them to day."

"Why not?" said Ketchum—"I am sure we have all *met calves* before."

"You had better leave off sir," said Piper, "if you know when you are well."

"Now in Heaven's name, my dear fellow, what, have you to do with the Miss Metcalfs!—something more than friendship must be at the bottom of this—come, confess."

"He has nothing more to confess," said Dr. Tubman, "than that Miss Juliana, besides having great expectations, is an heiress in her own right—a subject on which few gentlemen are sane; and his head is so filled with odd fancies about it, that it is quite surprising"—

"Not at all surprising," said Ketchum, "that a *Piper's* head should run upon *crotchets*. But see, the ladies have gone into the jeweller's—another sign of the times."

But where was Mrs. Shooter? Like royalty, she was seldom visible to vulgar eyes; but when she did appear, no sovereign, ancient or modern, was ever attended by a stronger body-guard. In alighting from her carriage, her feet were rarely permitted to touch the ground; for, like a citadel ready on every emergency—she was continually *under arms*. If she dropped her handkerchief or glove, gladiatorial feats ensued for the prize, and for the unspeakable felicity of restoring it to its owner; and the echoes on the lake of Killarney were less wonderfully multiplied, than were her sayings and opinions.

"There goes *the* carriage," said Miss Peabody to her mother, who instantly comprehending why the definite article was used, hobbled to the window to get a peep at it; but before her high backed chair was left three steps in the rear, Mrs. Shooter's fiery-footed steeds had whirled their gay burden out of sight.

"Good morning, Miss Priscilla," said Ketchum, penetrating the disguise of the poke bonnet and old cloak belonging to her mother, in which the former had ensconced herself before leaving the house to make some final purchases,—"*how do you do, this fine morning?*"

The only reply to this salutation, was a quick step—but Ketchum overtaking her, again repeated it. Priscilla finding there was no reliance to be placed on her strong holds, looked up and bowed.

"Well, how come on your preparations? I hear you are to be '*Iris*,' arrayed in the seven primary colors."

"Seven," re-echoed she. "I have only three colors in my dress, violet, pink, and white."

"White! that's no color at all—there's no white in the rainbow."

"I should like to hear you prove white is no color—at any rate it is the color Miss Juliana is to wear."

"Oh, if not to be found with the *beau*, it may with the *belle*—the argument is unanswerable. Good morning, Miss—Peabody."

Dashwood beckoned Ketchum across the street.

"What's in the wind now?" said the latter, as they shook hands.

"There is something deuced strange about this party of Mrs. Shooter's," said Dashwood. "Though not disposed to view small things with the microscopic eye of Piper, yet I own, there are circumstances which puzzle me—this one, for instance—(though as Piper is my authority I ought not perhaps to place much reliance on it,) I met the fellow shortly since, in such a trepidation, that if he reaches home without breaking his neck, I shall wonder. He is always on the *qui vive* you know, and this morning he discovered Delanoy overwhelmed in preparing the costliest and most exquisite confectionary. Piper immediately smelt a rat, and began questioning him, but could obtain no satisfaction, and was hurried out with no over-abundant share of ceremony, though not before he had caught a view of Mrs. Shooter's trays. Piper says he would swear to the trays in a court of justice."

"These are really omens, and may lead to discovery," said Ketchum.

"That is just what I was going to remark. Let us undertake the enterprize, without enlisting any other in it."

"Agreed."

"In truth," proceeded Dashwood, "as for the simple matter of a night's amusement, I care very little about this party; and, to speak in confidence to

you, the interest I have taken in it from first to last and the great expense I have been at, have resulted from motives foreign to the ambition of being one of the most striking objects of the great whole. It is at Mrs. Shooter's, that I expect the happiness or misery of my life to be decided."

"How! in Heaven's name!"

"Remember, Ketchum, this is confidential; and to deal no longer in oblique hints, I purpose on that night—to address Juliana Metcalf."

"And to win her by dazzling her senses," said Ketchum, with a sneer quite unusual to him.

"I have," said Dashwood, without seeming to notice his ill-nature, "reason to hope I shall be successful. However, I ought not to boast while putting on my armor, but wait till I am throwing it off."

"That I would advise—and since you have been so frank with me, I will be equally so with you. It was *my* fixed purpose to have offered myself to Miss Juliana on that very same night."

"You!—but you are not serious, Ketchum!"

"Indeed I am. Though our acquaintance is of brief date, it contains as many incidents in the history of love-making as would fill a volume."

Dashwood started, and looked aghast.

"I plainly perceive she has been trifling with you," he said.

"Why not with *you*, sir?"

Dashwood's eyes were instantly rivetted on Ketchum, and the reality of his being handsome both in face and figure, occurred to him for the first time. But then his unceasing folly and laughter—surely Juliana could not be so deficient in judgment, as to think of him.

"Mr. Ketchum," he began rather warmly, "there must be some strange misapprehension on your part, or, if this be only an attempt to play upon my feelings, I shall think my confidence badly requited. I have the firmest reliance on Miss Metcalf's sincerity, and shall resent any liberty taken with her name."

"As you please, sir," said Ketchum, also growing warm, "though I rather suspect, if you will coolly investigate the matter, you will find that I am as much entitled to act the part of Miss Metcalf's champion, as yourself. Let us not quarrel—she is evidently a coquette. You say you stand high in her good graces—I was foolish enough to think I did. You have undeceived *me*, allow *me* to undeceive *you*,"—and as he spoke he drew forth a note, which he presented to him.

Dashwood read it, and changed color; then rallying, also produced one fraught with equally as many flattering words. "Courage, my friend," cried Ketchum, slapping him on the shoulder, "'faint heart,' you know—we will run a race for the hundred thousand."

"You are avaricious," remarked Dashwood, gravely.

"Not exactly, but 'France wants money, and must have it.'"

"May the divine Juliana never be the victim of sordid avarice!"

"Don't pray against yourself," said Ketchum, laughing.

"By heaven, I do not—my affection for Juliana was sincere and disinterested."

"Oh, confound sentiment; I confess I went for the money—love in a castle. She is playing a strange game. I came to the knowledge of a curious secret this morning;—I am not at liberty to say in what manner. Do you know that Piper has a billet from the same fair lady, leading him to believe that at Mrs. Shooter's party she will give him some public proof of her preference? Piper has it stitched to his flannel dicky next his person—perhaps as an amulet against that 'hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick.'"

"Cease, I beg you," interrupted Dashwood, impatiently, "let us leave the subject for the present, and devise means to get the secret of the party from Delanoy. Bribery, I think will do."

"Yes, it has unlocked stronger things than the jaws of Delanoy;" and the rivals, arm in arm, bent their steps to the confectioner's—Dashwood, with renovated hopes since the communication about Piper, convinced that the young beauty was only gathering the laurels of her numerous conquests to wreath them around his triumphant brow.

"Delanoy, you are like a bee, surrounded by sweets of your own making," said Dashwood, as they entered *sans ceremonie* into the back room of the shop—the sanctum sanctorum of the confectioner.

"And bless me, my good girl," said Ketchum, to one of the assisting handmaids, (who at the moment of their entrance was vainly trying with outspread petticoats to conceal an artificial nest of eggs,) "Are you hatching those eggs, you are striding over like a flamingo? Why, Delanoy, there has been *foul* play here."

"Can I serve you to any thing, gentlemen?" said the confectioner, endeavoring to usher them to the front of the shop, where customers were usually served—but regardless of his gestures they kept possession of their vantage-ground.

"You have excelled yourself," said Dashwood. "This tree is beautiful, and bears fruit that would not shame the garden of Hesperides. For whom are all these preparations?" The operative looked disconcerted, and still tried to draw them away; while the confectionary began hastily to disappear, through the active exertions of the attendants to remove it from further inspection. At this moment the young men caught a glimpse of a lady richly dressed in an adjoining apartment.

"Who is that?" said Ketchum. "Not Mrs. Shooter, I trust."

These words were uttered in a stage-whisper;

and forthwith emerged the stately form of that very identical personage.

Dashwood and Ketchum could not forbear starting.

"Your curiosity is unbounded, gentlemen," she said, with a ghastly smile. "If you were to exercise it upon a more laudable object, you would doubtless derive advantage from it."

"I confess," said Dashwood, endeavoring to assume an air of nonchalance, "that I am a little curious about the preparations that are in progress here."

"How uncommonly well you look to-day, madam," said Ketchum. But his flattery, successful at other times, was too shallow for the present occasion.

"Thank you, sir," answered Mrs. Shooter, "I generally enjoy good health. If you are under the impression that these things are ordered for me, you are vastly mistaken"—and bridling up, she made her exit.

Dashwood and Ketchum stood gazing at each other after her departure.

"We have done for ourselves," said the former.

"Completely so," replied the other; "I can give you no consolation—I need it myself."

"But she will not surely leave us out of her party for this?" said Dashwood.

"Yes, she will though. I saw vengeance flashing from her eyes. Depend upon it, neither of us will escape, but we must keep our own counsel. This will make a fine laugh at our expense should it leak out; and how Piper would chuckle at it, for he fears you, and hates me, as he does the devil."

The crest-fallen pair then separated.

Since the mania of Mrs. Shooter's party had spread abroad, there was scarcely an individual in the lower ranks of life, who did not repine at their lot, and envy their superiors the happiness in perspective of being guests at the approaching fête. While these humble denizens were indulging in these unamiable feelings, the objects of them were no less racked with care and disquietude. Even the wealthy Dashwood, the star of fashion, was not exempt from either. He had never doubted that his pre-eminent advantages would secure him an invitation, but since the mal-apropos rencontre at Delanoy's, assurance had yielded to apprehension. As for the poor confectioner, he had to barricade his doors and windows, and work like a miner by lamp-light.

At last, surmises, anticipations, and expectations, were put an end to by the actual announcement, through cards of invitation, of the great event which had so long been "casting its shadows before." Dr. Tubman was the first on the list of single men who received one, and chancing to meet Piper showed it to him.

"Great, gracious Jupiter!" he exclaimed, and

prancing off to his lodgings to see if an invitation had been left there for him, his feet flew up and down he came, in a sitting posture, on the hard pavement, which showed him little mercy.

Spite of his excitement, Piper felt the pain; and a passenger who assisted him in rising, inquired if "he was much hurt?"

"I'll warrant his os coxeygis has felt the shock," said Tubman; "but it's no matter, he has an invitation to Mrs. Shooter's, which is a salve for all bruises."

"You don't say so!" said Piper. "Where?—when?—but I cannot stop to hear;" and off he ran, and in less than a minute returned, clutching the delicate note as if fearful of its taking wings. The invitations to Mrs. Shooter's party were very general. All who were included in, or approached the pale of gentility, were thus honored. Ketchum was among the sufferers. Unprotected by the golden shield which had turned aside the shafts of Mrs. Shooter's malice from Dashwood, he was left to rue the fatal consequences of his curiosity. Not all his puns could avail him, and he had made two excellent ones in that lady's hearing only on the previous day. Piper could not disguise his satisfaction at the disappointment of Ketchum, who was restrained by policy from seeming to notice it, as he wished to appear cool and indifferent on the occasion.

The company were requested to come in "fancy costume." Tubman and Ketchum—fortunately for the latter—had not provided themselves with dresses—the rest, were complete minute-men.

"You have the consolation of not having thrown away your money for nothing," said Piper, looking as if he grudged the disappointed man the solitary remnant of which he had reminded him.

The entertainment was to take place at Mr. Peter Shooter's new house, by far the largest and most splendid that had ever been erected in the town. Artists and upholsterers were putting the last finish to it. The floors were painted in fairy scenes and mimic flowers, and the walls and ceilings decorated in a style of elegance the most perfect that taste and art could devise. Tray after tray, and basket upon basket, poured from the luxurious hoards of Delanoy, and were borne in the direction of the anticipated scene of festivity.

Thursday was the appointed day, and there wanted only two to pass before its arrival. Yet each of these seemed equal in duration to those of the hyperborean regions. But however wearily time appeared to lag, Thursday at length broke over the impatient expectants in floods of golden light. The weather was indeed delightful, and the air cool and refreshing.

The spirits of Dashwood rose to fever-heat, while those of Ketchum sunk below zero. The latter thought at one time of pretending urgent business from town, but reflecting how transparent

this stratagem would appear, he abandoned the idea, and determined to stay and brave it out.

Piper, who had chosen to personate "Time," employed most of the intervening hours in scrutinizing his slender form, equipped in costume, before a full-length mirror which hung in his bed-room, and in practising the feats he was to perform.

He had provided himself with a scythe, which, whatever destruction it might effect on the fragile, threatened little to the sturdy and corpulent, as it was not thicker than a bonnet-wire. That there might "be no mistaking him," as he said, "he had woven for himself a luxuriant wreath of—*thyme*—which was to be placed upon his head." Numberless were the antics he executed. With his long arms extended under his artificial wings, he would first move slow—then fast—next with the utmost rapidity—illustrative of the irregular movements (at least as they *appear* to mortals) of that invaluable, but much-abused treasure. Bearing in remembrance that dancing generally made part of the diversions at fancy balls, he waltzed, gavotted and galloped so furiously with the chairs, as scarcely to leave them a leg to stand upon. The bolster, was Miss Juliana; and never in reality or imagination, had that gay belle been so whirled about. The appointed hour of nine at last struck; carriages rattled over the pavements, and lights were seen streaming from many an upper story, where numbers were engaged in the same important act—dressing for Mrs. Shooter's party.

Dashwood, whose lodgings were a few doors from Piper's, had not yet left his room. This Piper had assured himself of by having kept a look out from his window, whence he watched the transit of the beau;—his eagerness to be at the party restrained by the determination of arriving at the same instant with one of the fashionables. As he stood thus quivering in every fibre, what was his surprise on seeing Dashwood issue from his hotel, dressed in his usual habiliments; and his surprise amounted to astonishment, on hearing him say to his servant, "Are you sure that the boat departs so soon?"

"Yes, sir, it will leave in ten minutes," was the reply.

"Then I am with it," said Dashwood, springing into a carriage, which drove off in the direction of the river.

"What *can* all this mean?" ejaculated Piper—a horrible presentiment rushing through his brain—"I do believe there is to be no party after all." And as thoughts similar to this occurred, his room door was thrown open and Ketchum entered, bursting with laughter.

"Piper," he said, redoubling his mirth, "let me divest you of your garland; but I must take care," added he, dodging, "'*Time*, cuts down all, both great and small.'" Huzza for Mrs. Shooter's party—Mrs. Peter Shooter's party—the mystery is unra-

velled. Juliana Metcalf was married to Mr. Peter Shooter about a quarter of an hour since. The bridal train of carriages has been flambeaued to the bridegroom's new house, where they are waiting to receive their guests."

"Miss Juliana wedded to Peter!" gasped Piper, and fell fainting to the floor.

Seated at the further end of one of the spacious rooms, was the young bride, arrayed as "Nourmahal, The Light of the Harem," blazing in all the pride of beauty and jewels. By her side, sat the groom in a magnificent Eastern dress; and on either hand were arranged their attendants, attired in various and striking oriental costumes. Crowds continued to pour in, and among them the fair and false Juliana had the unnatural satisfaction of beholding numbers of her deluded victims, assembled to play a deceitful part—to hide their chagrin and disappointment. Never before had coquetry been practised on so extensive a scale; never was the triumph of the coquette more complete. Yet Dashwood and Piper were not there—she longed to enjoy the wounded vanity of the one, and to laugh at the fooleries of the other. Bands of music swelled the concert, and the dancing continued for some time, and still they came not—one, was receding from the shores of R—as fast as a favorable tide and engine of forty-horse-power could propel the steamer in which he had embarked—the other, was just recovering from the deathlike trance into which the intelligence of Ketchum had thrown him.

Though this long expected party had proved a death-blow to the hopes of many who had thought to reimburse themselves for their great expenditures, from the fortune of Juliana, yet the majority of the company, who were females and married men, had no such feelings of disappointment to mar the pleasure of being at Mrs. Shooter's party. In the midst of the mirth, real and fictitious, a figure rushed in. It was Piper, partly despoiled of his fancy dress, bare-legged and bare-footed.

"There—take *that*—and *that*—and *that*!" he cried, frantically, throwing towards the bride first a pocket of billets, next a sprig of myrtle, and lastly a long tress of fair hair—"take them all, deceitful, cruel woman—you have worked me up to desperation—I don't know what I may do!"

"Time, must be taken by the forelock," said Tubman, who was there, dressed as an officer of the Inquisition; and seizing him by his wreath, and aided by others, Piper was thrust out of the doors amid the laughter of the company, in which the bride joined.

And where was Miss Peabody, all this while—her dress quite prepared—not the most trivial article omitted!—Among the list of wounded.

"I told you, my dear," said her mother, "not to be too cocksure, but to wait until you were invited—but you would not listen to me."

"Oh, let me alone—let me alone!" screamed Priscilla—"you have no more feeling for me, than if I were a stone."

"Well," said the old lady kindly, "I did not mean to make you feel any worse. I was only saying, that if you had taken my advice, and not been so cocksure——"

"There you go again," said Priscilla—"you will drive me crazy!"—and springing up to leave the room, she fell down in strong hysterics.

The mellow notes of the wind instruments, and the merry sound of the violins, continued until a late hour, and still the shrieks of Priscilla were heard, like the diapason of an organ, far above all.

After the dancing had been discontinued through weariness, the company still lingered, as if unwilling to leave a scene of such unrivalled splendor.

At an early hour the following morning, the bridal party set out for Shooter-dale—the country-seat of the Shooter family—leaving ninety-nine youths of the flower of R——, to chew the cud of bitter retrospection.

M. G. M.

MILITARY GLORY.

The bones of the soldiers who fell at Waterloo, have been dug up and transported to Hull in England, to be ground into manure and sold to the farmers.—*English paper.*

I.

Alas! what a picture is here,
And what shadows we vainly pursue!
Ye lovers of Glory! come near—

Lo, the field where in triumph the British flag flew!
The great Aceldama! the far fam'd Waterloo!

II.

Behold what of Glory survives!—
Here are wretches, exhuming the bones
Of Heroes, who peril'd their lives,

And who fell amidst carnage, commingling their groans,
That the Scourgers of Earth might be seated on thrones.

III.

To England they bear them, to grind
Unto powder, to fertilize land—
To her who hath borne them, consign'd;

And the dust of the Son who died wielding his brand,
To be scatter'd on earth by a parent's own hand!!

IV.

Ambition! sit then on this plain,
Like the prophet Ezekiel, of yore;
"Dry bones" are here "shaking" again—

"Will the flesh and the sinews come on them once more?"
"Or the breath come again, when they hear the winds roar?"*

V.

Ah, yes, when that Trumpet shall sound,
At whose summons the boldest heart faints!
But will they with laurels be crown'd?

No—the glory no tarnish from earth ever taints
Shall be theirs—"The great army of Martyrs and Saints."

VI.

The Soldiers of Christ shall be crown'd,
When that Trumpet shall rouse them from sleep;
Where then will Earth's Heroes be found?—

O'er this field and the fallen what heart but must weep?
For "who soweth the wind, he the whirlwind must reap."†

* Ezekiel, Chap. 37.

† Hosea, Chap. 8.

SONNET.

A BIRTH-DAY'S ASPIRATION.

As one who pausing on the tedious slope
Of some high mountain, thoughtfully looks back
On the long, painful, and uncertain track
His feet have trodden :—then, with awe and hope
Commingled, gazes where, beyond the scope
Of utmost vision, majestically dread,
Its 'cloud-capt' summit rises over-head—
So stand I now!—Henceforward I must cope
With greater perils, with less outward aid.
Father! who hast in mercy hitherto,
And love and pity guided, bear me through!
Well may I, when I ponder, be dismayed;
My purity is sin—my strength is dust—
Nor dare I but in Thine own promise trust!

A.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

The wind sung in an under-tone,—
Its song was wild and free;
And in its pause was heard alone,
The surging of the Sea.—

"I have compassed the earth,
Now in wailing, now in mirth;
I have wander'd in the mountains,
Traced the rivers to their fountains,
Swept across the pathless steep,
Howled in hollow caverns deep,
Sounded through the forest wide
Like the rushing of the tide,
And, with wild and gleesome shout,
Whirled the autumn leaves about;
Drank the warm breath of the lime,
Sweetbrier, violet, and thyme;
Coursed the shadow of the cloud,
Sported with the waters proud;
Power, and joy, and restless speed
Have my journeyings been indeed!"

And then the 'many-sounding' Sea
In all its depths awoke;
And in a murmur solemnly
Thus to the night-wind spoke :—
"There's not a shadowy mountain's height,
Or desert lone and vast,
But in the glory of my might,
I, too, have overpast.
For to these bounds, can One alone
My goings forth confine—
And I a rule and range have known,
As limitless as thine.
But say—for this I fain would hear—
In all its mingled strife
Of doubt, and mystery, and fear,
What hast thou seen of Life?"

"I've swept where all besides was still,
O'er ruin'd arch and tower,
And mark'd how far man's lordly will
Hath overstepp'd his power.
And many a household found I sad,
Where, when I came before,
The roof-tree rang to voices glad
That now are heard no more.
And silent sorrow doth express
How mournfully the worth,
The glory, and the levelness,

Have faded from the earth.
Yet still there is a toiling on
With weariness at heart,
As if all ties but one were gone
And that was ne'er to part.
The stars shine as they ever shone
Since they have had their birth;
But change, wherever I have gone,
Has passed upon the earth."

"Tis even so—to one intent—
Above, beneath, around,
From every separate element,
Like answer have I found.
Yet, though man measureth his strength
In vain against earth's powers,
There is reserv'd for him at length
A loftier doom than ours.
This heaven and earth shall pass away—
So hath the sentence been—
But of the coming of that day
Hast thou no signal seen.
Yes! never more to be renewed,
The sun himself shall fade,
And one dark, silent solitude,
This universe be made.
The mighty stars shall not endure,
But one by one grow dim,
Yet thought and being be as sure
As now they are to *Him*."

F. H. E.

RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.

The rights of authors—who cares for them? What rights can authors claim? Are they not predestined to starvation and wretchedness through life, to be repaid by honor and fame to their unconscious ashes? Are not the penury and contumely of their whole existence often recompensed by a world-wide renown and a lordly cenotaph? Are not the tombs of the prophets reared by those whose fathers killed them? Why, then, should authors talk of rights, and seem to claim exemption from the fate decreed them?

But what use, says a careless reader, in heaping bounties upon those who are improvident and wasteful, to a proverb?—Hold, sir! we plead not for mercy, but justice! Grant the ministrants to your intellectual gratification and improvement the simple reward of their labor, and then sneer at their calamities if you may. But, so long as our laws are calculated to rob them of that reward, or to secure impunity to those who do, how shall we dare to reproach them with their misfortunes? That our existing laws *do* so rob them, I shall now endeavor to demonstrate.

An important question of national policy now demands the attention of the American people—a question not only involving in its settlement the rights of individuals, but testing directly the moral sense of the nation. Reduced to its simple and

true elements, it reads—'Is the laborer worthy of his hire?'—or more succinctly—'Shall he who arduously and nobly toils, be allowed to reap the fruits of his industry?' These are problems which ought to admit of easy solution. Yet the requisitions of naked justice are refused, evaded, shuffled off, from day to day and year to year, and each of us consoles himself with the idea that the responsibility and the wrong are not his. 'Thou canst not say I did it!'—This is a great mistake. In a republic, every man is responsible to God and his fellow men for all the unjust and injurious acts of the government, except those against which he has exerted his whole moral and constitutional power. When he has opposed a public wrong, manfully, ardently, and up to the extreme limit of his constitutional sphere of action, he stands absolved from all blame in regard to it. It is not his act. The responsibility rests alone upon those who have advocated and those who have failed to resist it. Such is the general principle. Let us now seek its bearing on the copy-right question.

Government is primarily instituted for two ends: first, to protect the persons of those living under it from violence and injury; secondly, to protect their property from the rapacity and villainy of the covetous and unprincipled. The first right, therefore, of a citizen under the law, is to be protected from personal injury; the second, that his property—the fruit of his own industry, or that of those who have given or bequeathed it to him—shall be fully secured to his use and benefit. In a state of nature, the will of the strongest is law, which it were dangerous to question and fatal to resist. In that state, few will plant fruit trees which any one may with impunity pull up for walking sticks or cut down for fuel; none will plant corn which any strong-armed passer-by may turn his horse into. The consequence is that neither tree nor corn is planted, and men drag out a miserable existence on a soil which might yield them abundance—tortured by famine, by destitution and misery of every kind, in the midst of all the natural elements of plenty and happiness. To obtain that plenty and secure that happiness, it is primarily requisite that each individual shall be guaranteed the full and undisturbed enjoyment of the products of his own talent and toil—no matter of what character are those products, so long as he shall deem them valuable to himself. Originally, a sense of common necessity and common interest, induces a number of individuals to unite in some tacit or formal compact to act in concert against any injurer of the person, or depredator on the property, of any among them. The first steps in this important procedure may be calculated only for some immediate exigency, but the end is the formation of a government.

Having established, as we trust, that the first great end of government is the securing every person in the peaceful possession of whatever he

may justly regard as his own, we proceed now to a minuter analysis. The farmer produces corn; the founder iron-ware; the mechanic boots, hats, furniture, or whatever article may be in his particular line. Are not these, until disposed of, the absolute property of their respective producers? Most certainly. Who ever doubted it but the wildest reveller in agrarian fantasies! To deny this, is to deny all rights of property whatever. But no man in the social state produces solely for his own use; some of his products each expects to exchange for a portion of those of other producers, as he shall deem conducive to his advantage and comfort. But this does not, cannot, in any way interfere with his right. A man may employ his time wholly in the production of articles of which he can make no use whatever except to sell them to others, and yet his right to them, until transferred, is perfect. You may prove that the producer is totally ignorant of the value of an article he has constructed—that it *has* no value, except in the fancy or false estimate of others—and yet his right remains wholly unimpaired. The thing belongs absolutely to the maker, until he chooses to divest himself of it.

We are now ready to advance a step. Mankind have intellectual desires and necessities, as well as physical. To gratify these is proper and laudable; he who permanently ministers to their satisfaction, is as much entitled to recompense as though he sought to live by raising grain. In either case, the *amount* of remuneration remains to be fixed by contract, but the *right* to demand and receive such remuneration of those who enjoy the benefits of the labor, is palpable—undeniable—settled. A. has sold his neighbor B. five bushels of corn, while B. has been teaching A.'s child or children to read. In either case, the one has an indubitable claim on the other for the current or stipulated value of what he has furnished. The mere intellectual labor may be worth more or less than the physical, but whatever it is worth is as truly due the teacher as the value of the corn is the farmer.

We have labored thus far to prove analytically, what the naked sense of justice inherent in every unperverted heart ought to teach intuitively—viz. that the author of a poem, a history, or a scientific treatise, is just as clearly and completely the owner of his work as he would be of a windmill, if he had spent the same time in constructing one. Can there be any doubt on this point? Is there room for a cavil? If the Astor House in New York is (or was) John Jacob Astor's, is (or was) not 'Astoria,' just as truly Washington Irving's? If James Fenimore Cooper has a clear right to the mansion and estate left him by his father, has he not a right as indefeasible to "The Pilot," and "The Last of the Mohicans," if he has not sold them? To say that these rights may be alienated, is to say just what we are more than willing to ad-

mit. It proves precisely what we are laboring to establish—viz: that literary property is subject to the same general laws as all other property, and implies exactly the same rights. The Boydens may hire the Astor House for a year, or a term of years; I may hire an apartment in it for a night, or a lifetime; but the right accruing to the owner from the process of construction at his charge remains unaffected, or is only confirmed. So I may purchase a copy of 'Astoria,' and justly exercise all the rights which that purchase was intended or expected on either hand to give me. But if I use that copy to print an edition from it, I commit an act unjust and perfidious—not contemplated in the sale of the copy to me, and in violation of morality and amity. It is just as though I had hired a room in the Astor House for the night, and at once proceeded to deface and defile it in every way possible. The slightest consideration must convince every reflecting mind, that the mere act of purchasing a copy can give no man a right to pirate an edition from it. As well might it be contended that the holder of a good bank-note, became by such possession entitled to manufacture and issue counterfeits of it to any extent. The well-understood intent of the seller would in any case govern the right of the buyer. The author, or the purchaser of the copy-right from him, in selling me a copy, has by no means intended to perfect or vitiate his naturally exclusive right to publish and sell copies. That still stands on its original and impregnable ground of production—the same which secures to every one else the just and full reward of his own industry. Need one word be added with respect to the absolute right of the case? Who can own anything if Washington Irving (or the purchaser of the copy-right from him) does not justly own "Knickerbocker's History of New York?"

We maintain, then, that the whole subject of copy-right is treated wrongly by our legislators—or rather, that it should not be treated at all. Our present law is just as though a legislature should enact that no one should steal water-melons, except one should grow three feet from the hill whence the vine started,—in which case it should be lawful plunder. The consequences of such legislation need not be portrayed. Equally immoral and mistaken is that policy which governs our laws enacted ostensibly for the protection and security of literary property, but in effect for its subversion. There should be no copy-right law at all—but the provisions of the common law should be construed to protect, in accordance with their spirit, the rights of authors precisely as they do those of producers and property-holders in general. Then if any publisher wishes to print an edition of any work, American or foreign, let him obtain the consent of the author, his heirs or assigns; and if the privilege be worth anything, let him pay for it. If any

one prefer piracy, let him be punished like any other man who ventures to 'convey' what belongs to his neighbor. This is the way in which the copy-right question should be settled.

But we have begun at the wrong end, and must probably go on as we have begun. Instead of protecting an author under common-law provisions in the possession and use of his works, just as we protect a farmer in the possession of the horse he has reared and trained—punishing the plunderer of the one as of the other, inflexibly, signally, universally—we graciously extend to the author the inestimable privilege of enjoying a part of the fruits of his labor for a few years! We tell him that, during those years and within a narrow section of the earth's surface, his production may have a chance to bring bread to his children and comfort to his usually humble home; but, out of those bounds, it shall be a waif and an outlaw—any one may appropriate it with impunity. The natural tendency of this law against justice is, like that of all bad laws, grossly pernicious, regarded in the light of policy only. By telling an author that his right to the fruits of his own labor (not of the printer's and book-binder's—they are protected) shall accrue to him only within his own country and for a brief term of years, we morally constrain him to write trash for the hour, instead of instruction for all ages,—and to humor the prejudices and self-conceit, however gross and pernicious, of the people among whom his lot happens to be cast. He cannot write for mankind and all time, like a Newton or a Wordsworth, unless he is prepared to encounter a life of uncheered toil and privation in the service of those who deny him the reward of his labor. One in a thousand may do so; the remainder become the mere Marryats and Ainsworths of the hour—and who has a right to complain? Surely not the community, which has done all in its power to produce this very result.

Sound policy, then, concurs with strict justice in the requisition that an author's productions be treated just like those of other men—their use and benefit secured to him by law, not only in his own country, but wherever they may be read. Maciel's Automaton, or any body's puppet-show, comes across the Atlantic, and who deems it free plunder!—but Mrs. Hemans' poems and Nicholas Nickleby come to us—and though the American copy-right, if protected by the law, is worth thousands—yet they are left to the mercy of those who show no mercy; to the honesty of those who are just as honest as the laws compel them to be, and would laugh at the idea of being more so. Their publishers pocket half the booty and allow the public the residue; and the author is turned off without a farthing! Who can defend this? If a single copy were stolen from the English publisher, our laws would mete out summary justice to the culprit; but the English author is stripped naked, so far as

America is concerned, and the law stands tamely by and winks at the robbery.—Shame! Shame!

There is, we fear, little hope that full justice will be done by our legislators at present; but we are not without hope that the country may be awakened to the necessity of doing something. We insist on some action which will put the protection of the author in the enjoyment of the fruit of his own labor, on the true ground of general right, and not on that of special favor. But, as the point of greatest moment, we ask at any rate such a modification of the copy-right law, as will extend to foreign authors the partial protection now accorded to our own. Our laws, whether in dispensing justice or stimulating well-directed talent, should know no difference of country. In every point of view, the establishment of International copy-right would be beneficial. If an English book be a good one, the author richly deserves whatever recompense its republication here might bring him, if protected; if bad, copy-right will greatly limit, if not prevent its dissemination. If foreign novel-writers, as a class, are doing good in this country, they have a right to reap the natural reward of their labors; but if, as we most devoutly believe, their writings are mainly most pestiferous trash, corrupting the morals, debilitating the intellects, and perverting the manners of our rising generation, then a copy-right which would increase their price and keep two-thirds of them out of the market, would be a great public benefit. We care not whether they are pronounced good or bad—the argument for international copy-right is in either case irresistible.

Our law, as it stands, inflicts the most cruel wrong on American authors. Great Britain has been accustomed to protect foreign equally with native authors; but our systematic piracy has forced her into a new attitude. Now she protects the authors of those countries only, which extend the same justice to hers.—Of course, ours are not included, and their writings produce them not a dollar out of their own country. But even here, their works are met at all points by the stolen and wretchedly got-up (pirated) editions of their British rivals, and almost driven out of what should be their own market. The American volume may be good in every sense, but then it costs a dollar; while the British (stolen) one is so manufactured as to sell for a few shillings. The consequence is precisely what might be expected. The latter may be a miserable farrago of inane absurdity about Lord Zany, the Countess of Frippery, and so forth, which few can care to read and none ought to—but then, it is wondrous cheap!—and there are few who can distinguish a good book from a bad one at sight, to many who know right well the difference between dollars and shillings. The British author enjoys the honor of being plundered and read; the American is not so directly robbed, but the result is the same—he starves.

A simple extension of copy-right to all who may hereafter write is the extent of the present demand, and its concession would hardly be more beneficently just to authors—alike of our own and foreign countries—than salutary in its general bearings and advantageous to the reading community. There are a few cases in which it would conflict temporarily with existing interests—not half so widely or so grievously as did the Abolition of the African slave-trade. No general provision can escape this, or the hostility which it naturally engenders. But, weighed in the scales of justice, morality, enlightened patriotism and sound policy, there cannot be a reasonable doubt of the expediency and urgency of the extension of copy-right prayed for. Who will not lend his influence and his exertions to effect so desirable and just a consummation?

H. G.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE BARD AND HIS SHADOW AT SUNSET.

[Translated from the Welsh of *Davyth Ap Gwilym*, who was a contemporary of Chaucer.]

As I lingered yesterday,
Underneath the forest spray,
Waiting for the beauteous Ellen—
Maid in loveliness excelling—
By the birch's verdant cowl
Shelter'd from the passing rain—
Lo! a phantom grim and foul
(Bowing o'er and o'er again,
Like a vastly courteous man)
Right across my pathway ran!—
I with ague-tremor faint,
With the name of every Saint,
Crossed myself, and thus began
To accost the polished man:

BARD.

If thou art of mortal mould
Tell me who thou art?

SHADOW.

Behold
In this spectre-form thy shade—
Why then, gentle bard, afraid?

BARD.

By the Virgin, tell me true,
On what errand?

SHADOW.

To pursue!—
Thus, all nakedly, to glide,
Lovely poet, by thy side,
Is my task, my heart's desire—
I have feet that never tire;
And am bound by secret spell,
All thy wanderings to tell;
To espy each wile and art,
Fairest jewel of my heart!

BARD.

Vagrant, without home and shelter,
Man of limbs all helter-skelter!
Crooked, lank-shank'd, luckless shade—
Shape of rainbow, hue of mire,
Art thou then a bailiff paid
By the wolf-tongued Elthig's hire,

Into all my paths to pry?
Skulking, mercenary spy!

SHADOW.

That, Sir Minstrel, I deny!

BARD.

Whence then art thou, giant's child?
Shape of darkness, huge and wild;
Bald of brow as aged bear,
Bloated, uncouth form of air;
More like images that scud
Through our dreams, than flesh and blood;
Shaped like stork on frozen pool,
Thin as palmer (wand'ring fool!),
Long-shanked as a crane that feeds
Greedy among the reeds;
Like a black and shaven monk
Is thy dark and spectral trunk,
Or a corpse in winding sheet.

SHADOW.

I have followed sure and fleet
On thy steps.—Were I to tell
But one-half—thou knowest well.

BARD.

Thou may'st tell, and thou may'st scan,
Pitcher-neck'd, censorious man!
Nought of me thou can'st disclose,
More than every neighbor knows;
I have never falsely sworn
In the Crowded Court, or torn
Lambs to death—have never thrown
At the hens with pebble-stone;
Never have the spectre play'd,
To make little babes afraid;
Never yet have terrified,
Stranger maid, or stranger's bride!

SHADOW.

Gentle bard, were I to tell
Half thy tricks, thou knowest well,
Soon the dainty bard might be
Swinging from the gallows-tree!

MURRAY'S TRAVELS.*

"This is just the book we wished to see," was the exclamation of the Quarterly, when about to notice Mrs. TROLLOPE's clever, but malicious, caricature of the domestic manners of the Americans. It would indicate more sensibility to the opinions of others than we really feel, were we to hail the work before us in a similar manner. We may not, however, refrain from the expression of the surprise and gratification which attended its perusal. In its tone of liberality and good feeling, it differs as widely from the ordinary books of travels in this country, as do the social position and other adventitious advantages of the author from those of most of his predecessors. We do not assert, that Mr. MURRAY is the only English gentleman, who has published his opinions upon our country—but he

* Travels in North America during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, including a summer residence with the Pawnee tribe of Indians in the remote prairies of the Missouri, and a visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray—2 vols. 8mo. New York: Harper & Brothers: 1839.

certainly is the author who best maintains that enviable character throughout his book. It would have been an easy matter for him to season his narrative and reflections with the usual quantity of ill-nature and sarcasm; to vindicate his claims to gentility at home by the exhibition of a supercilious disdain of all the usages of society here; and to number with the deadly sins the slightest departure, in the Americans, from the conventionalities of his countrymen. We are very sure that, in refraining from these piquant animadversions, which are expected as a matter of course, Mr. MURRAY has not had the fear of his publisher's account before his eyes. The sale of the book in England, we dare say, is lessened by these unusual omissions.

It would be natural to suppose that Englishmen feel a deep interest in this country, and with promptness avail themselves of every facility of acquiring an accurate knowledge of its actual condition. The lapse of half a century, one might think, would have sufficed to heal the wounds caused by the disruption of political ties by the revolution; and, as to the bad feelings, engendered by subsequent commercial collisions and a second appeal to arms, they are not, surely, more deeply seated, nor more inveterate, than those which John Bull, for many years, entertained towards his neighbor over the channel. Yet we have seen the hate for a Frenchman, which once was inculcated as a sacred duty upon the English, in the course of events give place to a better and more creditable feeling, and France become the chosen residence of thousands of loyal Britons, who, from various considerations, forego the substantial comforts of their ancestral homes, for the tinsel, hollowness and depravity of continental society. This change of feeling has been wrought by better acquaintance with their neighbors, and, without estimating too highly the claims of blood, we believe that John Bull would not be found more implacable towards his own offspring than towards the French, provided his ignorance with respect to them could, in like manner, be dissipated. Certain it is, that of no country in the civilized world, of any thing like the same population or importance, are the mass of intelligent Englishmen so profoundly ignorant. No American can pass a fortnight in England, without having his surprise and risibility—and it may be his indignation—excited by the mistakes he hears made, by men of information, on all American subjects—geography, politics, institutions and manners. The object of most of their travellers seems not to have been the enlightenment of their countrymen. Some, with good intentions, saw too little of our country to qualify them for the task—others came here possessed by certain theories, to which they made every thing bend. It would swell this notice beyond our assigned limits, to sketch, however slightly, the various tourists, from TOM MOORE and ASHE down to Capt. MAR-

RYATT, who have been more anxious to say something witty and malicious at our expense, than to give correct notions of a young and growing nation, with which their countrymen must, of necessity, have the closest relations. We have paid some attention to these various publications, as well as to the manner in which they were successively noticed by the leading reviews in Great Britain, and we hazard little in saying, that nothing can be conceived more unphilosophical, uncharitable, false and malicious, than the mass of what has been written by Englishmen upon this country. Take all the tours that have been written, and all the reviews which they have elicited, and then compare the aggregate with the work of M. DE TOCQUEVILLE—How immeasurably superior the lucubrations of the Frenchman! There is no American who may not learn something about his own country and institutions from this philosophical work.

When we wince under the multiplied misrepresentations alluded to, we are accused of being oversensitive. There is truth in the charge—but it comes with a bad grace from the English, who have displayed, at all times, the liveliest sensibility to animadversions by foreign tourists upon their peculiarities. The works of Prince PUCKLER MUSKAU, Baron D'HAUSSEZ, Professor RAUMER, &c. were of precisely the same gossiping stamp with those of Captains HALL and HAMILTON, and Mrs. TROLLOPE. These foreigners wounded the self-love of John Bull, by drawing invidious comparisons between the refinements of society on the Continent and in England. They ridiculed, or compassionated, deficiencies on those very points in which the English think themselves invulnerable. We refer to the periodicals to show that the nation writhed under these inflictions, quite as much as our countrymen have done under the malicious and disparaging remarks of English travellers. It is, moreover, worthy of notice, that many of the allegations of these continental travellers against the English differ little, and but in degree, from those which the English are in the habit of making against our society and manners. We could take an article in the Edinburgh, on Prince PUCKLER MUSKAU's book, and, *mutatis mutandis*, make it answer for a slashing critique on Mr. HAMILTON or Mrs. TROLLOPE.

But it is time to return to Mr. MURRAY's book. There are some who, to appreciate a work, must know all about the author. With respect to a book of travels, this is more than mere curiosity. The importance to be attached to his opinions depends upon his social position, his feelings, and the influences to which he has been subjected, as much as the credibility of his statements does upon his personal and moral qualities. In this view, we may inform our readers, that Mr. MURRAY is the second son of the Earl of DUNMORE, and grandson of the Lord DUNMORE, whose name is familiar to us

all as the last Colonial Governor of Virginia—that he is a young gentleman of good education and considerable attainments—has travelled extensively on the continent—is master of several modern languages, and is a capital shot and keen sportsman. A highland nurturing, and subsequent athletic exercises, have given him a hardihood of constitution and physical capabilities, suited to the vicissitudes of travel, and admirably qualifying him for the fatigues and privations to which he was subjected during his summer campaign on the prairies. A fine, manly person—an engaging address—the simple, unaffected manners of a well-bred gentleman, and the political sentiments of an English Whig—an indomitable spirit of adventure—good temper and a knowledge of the world—complete his qualifications as a traveller.

Mr. MURRAY embarked on the 18th April, 1834, at Liverpool, in the ship *Waverley*, for New York. Besides the usual assortment of cabin passengers, there were in the steerage one hundred and fifty of the poorest class of Irish. On the 1st May, when twelve hundred miles from Liverpool, the vessel sprung a-leak. The weather continuing dreadful, the captain bore up for the Azores. By the exertions of the steerage passengers at the pumps, the vessel was kept afloat; and, after throwing overboard the greater part of the cargo, the *Waverley* arrived on the 8th, at Fayal. The description of these islands, and the incidents of the month spent there, are not the least attractive parts of the work. We give an extract, descriptive of a curious custom:

“On the evening after our arrival I witnessed a curious procession, the origin and description of which may be so far interesting, as throwing some light upon the habits and religious prejudices of the inhabitants. The island of Fayal is divided into eight parishes, of which three are in the town. In each of these are chosen, on every successive Sunday between Easter and Whitsunday, an Emperor and an Empress; they are elected by universal suffrage of their fellow parishioners, from the middle and lower orders, their office lasting, of course, one week: they may or may not be related to each other, and have no power, authority, or privilege of any kind; on the contrary, they are obliged to furnish wax candles for the churches on the day of their inauguration, and to provide a certain quantity of food for the poor, and a treat of wine and other drink to their companions. The ceremony may probably cost them from twenty to thirty dollars; and yet, such is the force of prejudice and habit, that even in the present depressed and impoverished state of the island, this empty distinction is sought with the greatest avidity by men who can scarcely find wherewithal to feed or clothe themselves and their families. I am assured, it is by no means uncommon for their imperial honors to be preceded, or followed, by a few weeks' imprisonment for debt.

“On the day of their installation they go in procession through the streets with flags and banners, discordant music, and still more discordant cries, to the church, where the priest places a silver tinsel crown upon their heads and performs other trifling ceremonies. As they pass along, they receive from many houses tribute of a small donation, which is offered by them at the church, for the Holy Ghost, in honor of whom the festival is said to have been originally instituted: a collection is always made, because it appears to be the custom of the lower orders when attacked by sickness or disease, to go to bed, and, taking neither remedy nor medical advice, to vow so many farthings to the Holy Ghost on this occasion, in the event of their recovery. The

evening is closed by drinking and dancing to a jingling guitar, until fatigue and intoxication terminate the feast.”

The vessel, having refitted, sailed; and, after a tedious voyage of six weeks, reached New York—the passengers and crew having been, for ten days, on short allowance. The only incident of the voyage was one, which, the author says, he would be afraid to relate, had it not been witnessed by a whole ship's company.

“On the evening of the 22d June, several whales were playing round the ship. I was on deck with my double-barrelled rifle, and was talking near the bows of the ship with an old sailor who had served many years on board a whaler. As one of the whales came up above the water, not more than thirty or forty yards distant, he directed me to aim about three feet behind the head, and rather low in the body; I obeyed his instructions, and lodged both the balls within a few inches of each other in the part he had pointed out. They pierced the thick coat of blubber, and both probably entered the heart; for after a few convulsive struggles, which discolored the water with blood and fat for many yards around, the unfortunate whale turned upon his back, and ere he had floated past the stern of the ship was perfectly dead. We had no tackle on board proper for heaving him up, and the evening being too far advanced to permit the captain to lower his boats, no advantage could be derived from this accidental shot, which might otherwise have furnished us with several barrels of oil. I had, on several other occasions, struck the whales and black fish which played round the ship, with balls from the same rifle, but without any other apparent effect than making them lash the water with their tail and go down for a few seconds, after which they appeared again on the surface, pursuing their pastime as if nothing had occurred to disturb it.”

On landing in New York, he was cheated by a hackney coachman, who charged him three or four prices for carrying him from the wharf to the “American.” Here was an incident, which a traveller of the old school would have turned to account. We might have had a dissertation upon the demoralizing influence of republican institutions, and the inference that all the citizens of the commercial emporium were sharpers. Mr. MURRAY contents himself by saying—“In justice to America, I must subjoin two observations: first, that this class of street plunderers is common to every city in Europe; and, secondly, that the individual in question was evidently from that ‘first gem of the sea,’ whose sons perform the greater portion of laborious and domestic service throughout the Atlantic cities.”

The inns of this country are standing subjects of comment with travellers of the silver-fork school. Mr. MURRAY can dine at a hotel and not make an invidious remark:

“At five o'clock I dined for the first time at an American *table d'hôte*, and I certainly never saw, at any hotel in Europe, a dinner for so large a party served in better style, or with less confusion. The dishes were very numerous, and the cookery respectable. I observed also that the knives, glasses, plates, &c. were remarkably clean, the table-cloth of the finest quality, and that ice was applied in a profusion not less unexpected than agreeable to the water, salad, cucumbers, butter, &c.

“In answer to my inquiries, I learnt from one of my neighbors that this was called the ladies' ordinary being attended by the families resident in the house, and that the usual public *table d'hôte* was daily at two o'clock, so that if I chose to attend it, I should witness a very different scene from the well-conducted table now before me. I cer-

tainly remarked that there was less conversation than at a German *table d'hôte*, perhaps even less than at an English public table; and although the dinner was a ceremony quickly despatched, there was neither haste nor scrambling, such as travellers are led to expect.*

The first night gave him experience of the heat of the weather, and a walk the next morning enabled him to add his testimony to that of most other travellers in favor of the beauty of American women. He repaired to Rockaway to visit his friend, the British Minister, Sir CHARLES VAUGHAN, who received him as one from the dead, in consequence of the report of the loss of the Waverley. It was here he first tasted "Mint Julep," the apostrophe to which, as well as other laudations of strong drink, scattered through the book, are not in good taste, and are calculated to give an erroneous impression of his habits.

From New York, he ascends the Hudson—visits West Point, Albany, Saratoga, Auburn, Canandaigua. We give the following account of his visit to Mr. WADSWORTH:

"From Canandaigua, which I left with much reluctance, we passed through a thriving and well cultivated country to Genesee, where I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. W——, the owner of a magnificent estate in the Genesee flats. Fortune seemed not yet wearied of being bountiful, and allowed us to see this most beautiful valley, with the advantage of residing in one of the most hospitable and agreeable houses that I ever entered. Mr. W——'s son accompanied us through his extensive farms, which are formed to delight equally the eye of a Poussin or a Sir J. Sinclair. The broad meadows of an alluvial soil, covered with the richest grasses, as watered by the winding Genesee, are studded with trees, beautifully and negligently grouped, among which are scattered large herds of cattle of various breeds and kinds, both English and American; the meadows are here and there interspersed with fields of Indian corn and wheat, while the hills that rise on each side are crowned with timber, excepting spots where the encroaching hand of improvement has begun to girdle some of the tall sons of the forest, whose scathed tops and black bare arms, betokening their approaching fall, give a picturesque variety to the scene.

"Yet this scene, extraordinary and interesting as it was, possessed less interest to a contemplative and musing mind, than the venerable and excellent gentleman who had almost created it; for it was now forty-four years since Mr. W—— came as the first settler to this spot, with an axe on his shoulder, and slept the first night under a tree. After this,

*It must not be supposed that the foregoing account is intended to impugn the accuracy of the statements which have been so often laid before the public, of the greedy haste and confusion which are usually observable at American tavern dinners: on the contrary, these are deserving of all the strong animadversions which have been bestowed upon them. I should probably be accused of entertaining the prejudices universally attributed to British travellers in the United States, if I were to express myself in terms only half as strong as those contained in the subjoined extract from the *National Intelligencer*, published at Washington, Nov. 20, 1836.—"Several persons have died in New York lately, by being choked with edibles, at their meals. This is the result of the bolting system, which is so generally adopted among our people. We wonder that disasters of this kind are not more frequent than they are. A practice so pernicious and so detrimental to health as quick eating—to say nothing of its positive danger—does not exist in the country. At the *table d'hôte* of an inn, where great numbers convene together, the process of bolting would seem to be done by steam, and those who perform it jaw-moving automata. They sit down and rise up simultaneously, accompanied by the quick-time music of knives and forks, rallying forth on the instant to use their quills, and smoke their segars at leisure. The habit is a bad one."

he lodged in a log-house; subsequently in a cottage; and he is now the universally esteemed and respected possessor of a demesne, which many of the proudest nobility of Europe might look upon with envy, where he exercises the rites of hospitality, in the midst of his amiable family, with a sincerity and kindness that I shall not easily forget."

After visiting the Falls, he made a short visit to Toronto, intending to proceed to Montreal, but was prevented by the prevalence of the cholera there. From Ogdensburg, a drive of one hundred and fifty miles, through the most wild and uncultivated country he had ever seen, brought him to Plattsburg. Mr. MURRAY, like all other travellers, is struck by the gloom and silence of our primeval forests. There is, indeed, something appalling in their monotonous grandeur. "I do not know," says he, "from what principle of our nature it proceeds, but it is undoubtedly true that the mind feels more oppressed by the unvarying loneliness and silence of a vast American forest, than by the barren desolation of the wildest moor or plain; nay, even than by the waste of waters in a calm at sea."

We give the following incidents, as creditable alike to the landlords and to him, who could thus inspire such confidence:

"Here I cannot help making a few remarks upon a subject on which I think the general opinion in Britain is erroneous. We are taught to believe that the Yankee is invariably a suspicious and avaricious man in his money transactions, and incapable of those feelings and acts of liberality for which the British character is distinguished. I shall mention two instances that occurred to me in the space of four days, which showed a very different character from that of which the New Englanders are accused. The change in the route which the prevalence of the cholera at Montreal induced me to adopt, had prevented me from drawing any of the money which I intended to get in that city, and my finances were, therefore, so much reduced as to leave me only just sufficient to take me as far as Boston. Upon my mentioning the circumstance to Mr. T——, my landlord at Burlington, as my reason for not making some trifling purchases in that town, he at once advanced me fifty dollars, by endorsing my draft on New York, and presenting the bill to the Burlington Bank.

"The second instance which I shall quote was in the purchase of the Indian pony. Mr. C—— of Montpelier, understanding that it would be inconvenient for me to pay his price out of my travelling pocket-money, offered at once to accept my draft on New York for the sum, in which manner the purchase was made. Neither of these gentlemen had ever seen or heard of me before, neither of them asked even for a letter of introduction or other papers to satisfy them as to any particulars respecting me; and with all due and modest allowance for my own gentlemanly appearance, I very much doubt whether I should have met with the same liberal treatment, under similar circumstances, at a country town in Yorkshire or Lancashire."

He traversed Vermont and New Hampshire, and made a short visit to Boston, and thence returned to New York. He then proceeded to Philadelphia and Washington. From the latter city, he made excursions into Loudoun and Hampshire counties, in Virginia, on business connected with certain land claims. His adventures, in these excursions, are narrated in a pleasing manner, and his reflections evince observation and good humor. He constantly bears testimony to the hospitality and kindness of the hardy mountaineers, with whom he had intercourse, and with whom he was occasionally domesticated for weeks. He visited the

"Glades" of the Alleghany, and we have the following pleasing incident :

"One of my long rambles led me to the house of Mr. Chisholm, one of a large and respectable family who emigrated from the neighborhood of Inverness, and are now among the most wealthy and thriving tenants of the Glades. As I drew near to the farm I overtook a man whom I immediately guessed by his appearance to be the laird. He did not hear me coming along the grass, and when close behind him I called out, in Gaelic, 'It is a fine day, to-day.' He started with surprise at this salutation, answered it by welcoming me to his house, and soon made me regret that my knowledge of Gaelic, confined as it was to a few phrases, did not enable me to carry on the conversation in that language; however, we 'cracked' long over scenes of mutual interest and recollection—the wilds of Badenoch, the woodlands of Inverishie, and the ducal mansion of Kinrara, and the neighboring abode of Rothiemurkes.

"With many mingled emotions did I listen to the tongue that, in native accents, spoke of these well-known scenes. They may be of little interest to others, they may be unknown to fame; but when one who has highland blood in his veins,—whose early foot has trodden the heath-covered mountain—whose young memory was impregnated with the wheeling flight of the eagle, the timid eye and free bound of the roe, the hoarse plash of the waterfall and the slumbering loch, its pebbled margin fringed with weeping birch, and its bosom reflecting the rugged and dusky forms of the cliffs and promontories by which it is indented—when such a one feels his heart unmoved, his spirit unstirred by these recollections, let him doff that tartan which has well-earned its green and crimson glory in many a field from Bannockburn to Waterloo—let him doff it,

'and hang a calf-skin on his recreant limbs!'

"In no other part of the world has my national pride been more gratified than in this country, which abounding as it does in settlers from every nation in Europe, affords a fairer opportunity than can be found at home of comparing their respective characters under similar circumstances. I think I can affirm with equal truth and pleasure, that the Scotchmen who have settled in the United States, have earned for themselves a higher average character for honesty, perseverance and enterprise, than their rival settlers from any other part of the old world."

Mr. MURRAY remained in Washington, attending the debates, and mixing freely in the society of the capital. His observations are marked by his usual candor and moderation. He then proceeded to Richmond, where he was received with hospitality and kindness. He pays a beautiful tribute to the character of the late Chief Justice.

We now approach the only part of the book, perhaps, which is calculated to wound the feelings of any one whose name is mentioned, or who is so described as to be quickly recognized. In justice to Mr. MURRAY we quote at length :

"I availed myself with much pleasure of the hospitable offers of one or two gentlemen, whose acquaintance I had made in Richmond, of paying them a visit. I disembarked accordingly about sixty miles down the river, and received a kind welcome in the house of one of the oldest families in the state. Here I remained four or five days; and if the wishes of the friendly and excellent host, or of his guest, had been alone to be consulted, I might have remained there as many weeks, so agreeable was the domestic circle in which I found myself, and so pressing were the invitations to prolong my stay. In Virginia, as in England, a country-house is a very hot-house of acquaintance, and ripens it much earlier than the common garden of society; and the hospitality of Virginia is deservedly celebrated.

"Proceeding down the river about fifteen miles, I paid another visit to two gentlemen, brothers, who were connections of my former host. Indeed, a great many of the residents on the James river are, from intermarriage and division of old estates, mutually connected; and the cousinship of the old families of the Byrds, Carters, Randolphs,

and Harrisons, is almost as widely extended as a similar relation in the highlands of Scotland. They seem upon the most friendly terms—are constantly interchanging visits, without ceremony or invitation; and their hospitality to strangers is not surpassed in any country that I have seen. Here, too, I saw again walls adorned with the powdered heads and laced coats of our common ancestors. I sat at dinner beneath the sweet smile of Pope's Miss Blount, from the pencil of Sir G. Kneller; while Lord Orrery, Lord Albemarle, and the Duke of Argyle, frowned from canvasses of respectable antiquity. The illusion was carried yet farther by the Anglicism of the names of their residences—such as Shirley, Brandon, Berkeley, &c.

"As these were the first plantations, or farms, which I had as yet seen cultivated on a large scale by slave-labor, I naturally paid much attention to the appearance of the land and its cultivators. I shall not interrupt this narrative portion of my journal by any remarks on the general question of slavery, but shall confine myself to a simple record of the facts which came under my observation during this excursion—reserving to another occasion the discussion of a subject which is confessedly the most important, the most disagreeable, and the most difficult that can engage the attention either of the politician or the moralist in the United States.

"From what I had already seen of the social qualities of the gentlemen at whose houses I was a visitor, I was rather gratified than surprised to witness the comparative comfort and good usage enjoyed by their slaves. The huts in which they reside are constructed of wood, and divided in the centre by a compartment, in which is fixed a chimney, to convey the smoke from each division; their food (consisting chiefly of fish, broth, maize cooked after various fashions, bacon, &c.) is wholesome and sufficient: their clothing, coarse, but suited to their necessities, and to the climate: their labor compulsory and constant, but not beyond their power. During the days that I spent in the neighborhood, I did not see any corporal punishment; but each overseer was armed with a cowhide; and one, with whom I held a long conversation regarding the detail of his occupation, informed me, that he was obliged constantly to use the lash, both to the men and women: that some he whipped four or five times a-week, some only twice or thrice a-month; that all attempts to make them work regularly by advice or kindness were unavailing, for their general character was stubborn idleness; and that many who were cheerful, and even appeared attached to the family, would not work without occasional hints from the cowhide. He owned he was extremely sorry that the race existed in Virginia, destroying as they must the market for the white man's labor; adding his conviction that his employer's estate would produce more clear revenue if every negro were removed from the state, and the property divided into farms under lease. The grounds for this opinion, were the heavy original outlay in the purchase of slaves (the price of an able-bodied male being, at an average, 150*l.*)—the expense of their maintenance—the perpetual losses incurred by their dying, running away, falling sick, and other casualties, the weight of which in free countries falls upon the laborer."

Now, we believe there never was traveller more anxious to avoid whatever might give offence—consistently with the higher obligations to speak the truth—than our author. His character as a gentleman forbids the idea, that he did not believe every word of the foregoing to be strictly true; and we feel confident, that, had he supposed any thing in this statement calculated to wound any of the gentlemen, whose kindness and hospitality he so gratefully acknowledges, he would have cancelled the whole. The paragraph we have quoted, as well as subsequent ones in which he alludes to the slaves, are calculated to give an erroneous idea of their treatment on the James river. We call attention, however, particularly to the allegations which we have italicised. We have no doubt Mr. MURRAY understood the overseer so to speak—if he did not misapprehend him, then it is evident that functionary was exaggerating, to enhance the idea of his own importance and authority; or, not less

probably, was disposed to quiz one whom he perhaps thought, from his questions, no better than an abolitionist. However this may be, we assert confidently that, with reference to no estate in Virginia, however large, would the assertion even approximate to the truth. We do not believe it would hold good as to any estate in the south or southwest, where slavery exists under a more unmitigated form than in Virginia. The sensibility of the parties implicated in the charge, shows the public sentiment in regard to the humane treatment of slaves.*

Mr. MURRAY visited Williamsburg and the remains of the palace where his grandfather had lived

* We find by the papers that one of the gentlemen has come forward to deny, so far as he is concerned, the statements alluded to. Mr. B. Harrison speaks for himself. For his relatives, we may say that, in the considerate and humane treatment of their slaves, and in conscientious regard to their physical comforts and spiritual interests, the proprietors of Brandon are not excelled by any gentlemen in the country. We have no right—even to repel aspersions—to go into details to establish these facts. Suffice it to say, that to no estate would we more readily refer the Trans-Atlantic or Northern Abolitionist.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ENQUIRER."

"Clarke Co., Virginia, September 6th, 1839.

"Dear Sir,—In the connexion which so lately existed between yourself and my friend, George E. Harrison of Brandon, will be found my apology for troubling you with this letter. In a Book of Travels in America, recently published, by the Hon. C. A. Murray, is contained an account of his visit to the estates of Berkeley and Brandon, on the James river. At one or the other of these places, it seems he held a conversation with an overseer; the substance of which, if true, is calculated to throw indelible disgrace on the planters and farmers of the South, and especially on the proprietor of Berkeley or Brandon. To this conversation I ask your particular attention.

"To understand this matter thoroughly, it may be as well to state, that I first saw Mr. Murray in Richmond at the house of a brother of my wife, where he was received on the most social terms. By one of the ladies of the family, I was told he had expressed a wish to visit some of the old family seats on James river—and at her instance he was invited to Berkeley. Regarding Mr. Murray as a gentleman, he was received into my family, and treated as such: and it is but an act of justice to say, that I was extremely pleased with him, believing that I had rarely met with one so intelligent and unassuming. He remained with us five or six days—and, on one occasion told me, that his principal motive for visiting the country was to see the condition of the slaves, and he was most agreeably surprised to find them treated with a degree of humanity and kindness which he had not expected: and he further added, that if they could forget that they were slaves, their condition was decidedly better than that of the great mass of laborers in Europe: if not the words, such was the substance of his remarks, after having spent several days with us.

"From Berkeley, Mr. Murray was furnished with a boat to visit Brandon, and carried with him letters of introduction to my friends and relatives, Messrs. George E. and William Harrison. From this statement, you may imagine my utter astonishment on reading the conversation said to have been held with an overseer relative to the treatment of our negroes.

"I am not at all disposed to question Mr. Murray's veracity, nor should I do it in relation to any fact witnessed by himself; but as it respects the overseer's statement, that I will venture to pronounce as false throughout—nor do I in truth believe such cruelty is practised on any estate in Virginia. For the manner in which the Brandon servants are treated, I have but to refer you to the letter of the late Mr. George E. Harrison to the present Secretary of the Navy. For myself, I do most positively aver, that when I left home on the first of September, but one grown negro on the Berkeley estate had suffered corporal punishment during the present year, and his offence was stealing.

"As my overseer is a Quaker, he seems quite as averse to any unnecessary severity as I am; and, at this moment, I verily believe there is no such thing as a cowhide on my estate. The truth is, in relation to this formidable weapon, (although a disgusting object with me,) yet with that class from which overseers are taken, it is frequently used as the cheapest kind of horse-whip; and, on the larger estates, the overseers are required to be generally on horseback.

Very respectfully, I am,

BENJAMIN HARRISON."

in the pomp and pageantry of a Viceroy, and has some natural reflections on the occasion. Touching at Norfolk and Old Point, he returned again to Washington. Shortly afterwards he set out on his western tour. At Cincinnati he had a severe attack of the cholera. His opinion of the "Queen of the West" differs from Mrs. TROLLOPE's. After speaking of the bazaar, an absurd speculation of that lady, he says:

"As far as my short visit enabled me to judge, her accuracy of description is upon a par with the monuments which she has left here of her speculative sagacity and taste. I have been in company with ten or twelve of the resident families, and have not seen one single instance of rudeness, vulgarity, or incivility; while the shortness of the invitations, and absence of constraint and display, render the society more agreeable, in some respects, than that of more fashionable cities. If the proposition stated is merely this: 'that the manners of Cincinnati are not so polished as those of the best circles in London, Paris, or Berlin; that her luxuries, whether culinary or displayed in carriages, houses, or amusements, are also of a lower cast;' I suppose none would be so absurd as to deny it. I hope few would be weak enough gravely to inform the world of so self-evident a truth; but I will, without fear of contradiction, assert, that the history of the world does not produce a parallel to Cincinnati in rapid growth of wealth and population. Of all the cities that have been founded by mighty sovereigns or nations, with an express view to their becoming the capitals of empires, there is not one that, in twenty-seven years from its foundation, could show such a mass of manufacture, enterprise, population, wealth, and social comfort, as that of which I have given a short and imperfect outline in the last two or three pages; and which owes its magnitude to no adscititious favor or encouragement, but to the judgment with which the situation was chosen, and to the admirable use which its inhabitants have made thereof.

"I rode out twice to take a view of the surrounding country. My only acquaintance in the city was with a family whom I had never seen before my arrival, but some members of which I had known at Fayal; and with a Scotch gentleman and his wife, whom I had met at Washington, and who had lately arrived; and yet, with these small means of introduction to society, I received invitations for the evening, several for dinner, and was obliged to decline two or three polite offers of a saddle-horse, from persons to whom I had been only introduced a few hours before. On both occasions when I rode out, I went in company with ladies; and there was nothing in any of the details of the equipage, that would have caused a smile in a riding party in Windsor or Richmond Park, except that the horses are wont to rack or pace—a kind of gait that I think equally ungraceful and disagreeable, but doubtless combining easy motion with tolerable speed."

He visited Louisville and Lexington, and at Mr. CLAY's table met with a young German, who became his companion in the tour on the prairies. We make room for some remarks, which are, unfortunately, too well grounded. Classical education is at a low ebb in this country, and is year after year less appreciated:

"The process of mental cultivation in America is somewhat analogous to their agricultural system; in both cases they look too exclusively to the quantity of produce immediately to be obtained, and pay too little attention to the culture and improvement of the soil. It has been often remarked, that an American course of collegiate education, extends over a field that would occupy a man of good abilities forty years to master; but a student is supposed to have travelled over it in three or four years: and he may have travelled over it; but it is with the same advantage as some of our fashionable London loungers travel over Switzerland and Italy, as fast as well-paid postilions and a light britchka can take them—they have seen Mount Blanc, and been over the Simplon; they have visited St. Peter's and the Coliseum; have sat in a gondola and seen the Bridge of Sighs;

have eaten ice and macaroni in view of the Bay of Naples; and have yawned admiration before the Apollo, the Venus, and the Cartoons! Then they return—travellers!

"With equal advantage is a youth educated on the encyclopædia system, so pernicious to industry or to sterling knowledge and acquirement. The number of young men who acquire a taste for reading is singularly small in America. They will tell a stranger who makes this observation, that they are too busy, that they are engaged in mercantile and other affairs. This, in fact (though a plausible one,) is *only* an excuse; they have time enough to give to the theatre, the dance, the race-course, the trotting-match, the billiard-table, the tavern-bar, &c., but to find a young man, having left college five years, who could read Pindar and Euripides, or even Horace and Juvénal, for *pleasure*, would be no easy task—at least among those whom I have seen at New York and the other cities in the United States."

We must pass over his trip from Louisville to St. Louis, and his voyage up the Missouri, and suppose him at Fort Leavenworth, where he was hospitably received; and we may take this occasion to remark, that he frequently expresses his grateful sense of the uniform kindness and courtesy experienced at the hands of all the officers of the United States Army, with whom he had intercourse. Indeed he was furnished by the Secretary at War with a general letter of recommendation to all the posts in the west.

"On the 4th of July, the usual commemoration took place, of firing twenty-four guns; after which ceremony we adjourned to an excellent dinner; and Madeira and Champaign were the order of the day. We had spent an hour or two in the festivities of the table, when news was brought in that a hundred and fifty Pawnees had arrived under the guidance of Mr. Dougherty, one of the principal Indian agents; and, upon an invitation from the officers, twelve or fourteen of their chief warriors came into the mess-room. I had already seen many Indians, but none so wild and unsophisticated as these genuine children of the wilderness. They entered the room with considerable ease and dignity, shook hands with us all, and sat down comfortably to cigars and Madeira. I was quite astonished at the tact and self-possession of these Indians, two-thirds of whom had never been in a settlement of white men before, nor had ever seen a fork, or table, or chair in their lives; yet, without asking questions, or appearing to observe what was passing, they caught it with intuitive readiness, and during the whole dinner were not guilty of a single absurdity or breach of decorum."

He formed a sudden resolution of accompanying these Pawnees on their return; and, receiving every encouragement from Col. DOUGHERTY, with many useful hints, he proceeded to make his arrangements. We regret that we have already indulged in extracts to such an extent, that our lessening limits will compel us to give but a very brief account of his tour in these western wilds. It is, unquestionably, the most interesting portion of the book, abounding in striking incident, just reflection, and much curious information respecting the "Domestic Manners" of the Pawnees. His romantic love of adventure and power of physical endurance—his activity and knowledge of the hunter's craft—seem to have enabled him, on many occasions, to excel the Indian, on his own theatre, and in his own arts. We cannot follow him through the many dreary privations to which he, in common with the whole band of several hundred souls, was subjected. Want of food and water—extremes

of heat and cold—long marches—and, not unfrequently, personal danger, would have disheartened a less resolute man. But his spirit seems never to succumb. He is always among the foremost in the charge upon the herd of buffalo; and his unerring rifle never fails to excite the wonder of the impassive sons of the forest, and often saves its owner from absolute starvation.

The party with which he left the fort, at length, almost starved, overtook the main body of the Pawnee nation. The following is a graphic sketch:

"As soon as this introductory feast was concluded, we accompanied the chiefs to the village, which was about twelve miles a-head of us; at length we came in sight of it, and a more interesting or picturesque scene I never beheld. Upon an extensive prairie gently sloping down to a creek, the winding course of which was marked by a broken line of wood, here and there interspersed with a fine clump of trees, were about five thousand savages, inclusive of women and children; some were sitting under their buffalo-skin lodges lazily smoking their pipes; while the women were stooping over their fires, busily employed in preparing meat and maize for these indolent lords of the creation. Far as the eye could reach, were scattered herds of horses, watched (or as we would say in Scotland, 'tented') by urchins, whose whole dress and equipment was the slight bow and arrow, with which they exercised their infant archery upon the heads of the taller flowers, or upon any luckless black-bird perched near them. Here and there might be seen some gay young warrior ambling along the heights, his painted form partially exposed to view as his bright scarlet blanket waved in the breeze; while his small fretful horse was scarcely to be recognized under the variety of trappings with which the vanity of his rider had tricked him out; near him might be seen another naked savage, without a saddle, and his only bridle a thong round the horse's head, galloping at full speed, and waving in his extended right hand a 'laryette,' with which he was chasing some refractory mule or runaway steed, that had escaped from his gang; while the banks of the stream were alive with the garrulous voices of women, some washing themselves, their clothes, or their infants, others carrying water to the camp, and others bearing on their backs a load of wood, the portage of which no London coal-heaver would have envied them.

"Our approach excited some curiosity and interest. The families of those who had been to the fort placed themselves in or near our path; and as the husband, father, or brother, came near, the little kindred group would withdraw to a retired spot and indulge those feelings of curiosity and affection, which nature has implanted as strongly in the bosom of the savage as of the civilized man. I regarded with much pleasure the meeting of my old chief, *Sá-ni-tsá-rish, with his wives and children, which took place under a knot of fine trees, a little to the right of our path. I could read in the glistening eyes of the women, and in the glad faces of the children, that the old man was a kind husband and father; and, if the features of the parties had not been so totally devoid of any thing like beauty, the family-picture would have been as picturesque as it was interesting. The old chief himself is one of the finest-looking men of his tribe, but his wives were extremely plain, and very slovenly and dirty in their appearance; while the poor little children, besides their equally distant claims to cleanliness, were suffering under the small-pox and whooping-cough; nevertheless, as he stood among them, and gave to one a few beads, to another a ribbon, and exhibited to them various trifles brought from the white man's dwelling, I would not envy the heart of any man who could have looked upon the little group with any other feelings than those of pleasure and interest. I soon began to play with the children, and, though my first advances were received with the utmost shyness

*As the lodge, or tent, of the chiefs was not large enough to admit us all into one, it was agreed on the road that, during our stay at the village, I and my servant should remain with Sá-ni-tsá-rish; while V— and the other attendant should be the guests of Pe-te-re-sha, one of the chiefs of the Grand Pawnees, and the eldest son of the great chief.

and alarm,* they summoned courage at length to examine my buttons, my pistols, and other articles new to them, and ere long our acquaintance was established upon a footing approaching to confidence.

We add another paragraph :

"In this tent I now established myself, spread my bearskin, hung up my rifle; and, with my saddlebags for a pillow, prepared for the 'coming on of grateful evening mild.' It is not easy, in a situation so curious and strange, to court 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' Moreover, I found that among the Pawnees, Silence was not among the Goddesses of the night,—imprimis, the two children in the tent were extremely ill with the whooping-cough; besides which, they were very ill-tempered, and both completely spoiled; so that sometimes they were uttering the groans and cries of real suffering, at others, would scream with the utmost power of their lungs, till their mother rose, and gave them any thing they might fancy. In the second place, the loquacity of the ladies knew no bounds; and they seemed determined to indemnify themselves for the temporary silence which the labors of the day imposed upon them. My ear was just becoming accustomed to these shrill and varied vibrations of the human tongue, and I was just about to fall asleep, when I was aroused by a distant howl, as I thought, of a wolf. It came on nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, till at length the wild, tumultuous, and many-mingled cry swelled into such a volume of sound as it is impossible to describe, and if I could describe it, I could scarcely expect it to obtain credence. But first, let any doubter recall to mind some night when he may have been sleepless and feverish,—perhaps a chained watch-dog began to 'bay the moon,' and perhaps some canine neighbors caught up and prolonged the strain,—and he may remember the musical effect produced by this serenade! Now let me inform him, that in our village there were more than six hundred tents, and that each tent owned, upon an average, seven dogs, so that there were upwards of four thousand dogs in the encampment, all of them mongrels and curs, very slightly differing from the wolf in appearance, and scarcely at all in voice. In this nightly howl they all join (at least, of all those round our tent, I could not see one exception:) and, having now faithfully described the *cause*, it is needless to suggest, even to the most sluggish imagination, the grand effect of a dog-chorus, at midnight, in the Pawnee village!"

When the first buffalo was killed—quite an era in his sporting life—he says:

"I jumped off my panting pony, and went to the nearest group, where the ceremony of dissection was about to take place. Two or three Indians were round the fallen monster, whose life was scarcely extinct, whetting their knives on their moccasins; and just as I arrived, they began to take off the skin. It is needless to detail the succeeding operations at large; but I am confident that, from the time the first incision was made till the whole meat was cut up, packed, and strung upon a horse, fifteen minutes had not elapsed; and except the head, there was not enough left upon the ground to feed a dog. They were not provided with saw, axe, or cleaver, nor with any other weapon but a common

* Nature appears to have divided the white from the red man by a species of antipathy scarcely reconcilable with the benig- nity and sympathies which are usually found in her provisions. An Indian infant cannot endure the approach or sight of a white man, neither can the infant of a white look without terror upon an Indian. In walking quietly through the Pawnee camp, I have often found myself the innocent cause of the cries and screams of at least twenty of these little alarmists, though I may not have passed nearer than thirty yards from some of them. Nor is this most strongly-marked aversion confined to the human race: Indian horses cannot bear the smell of a white man. I have repeatedly seen them, when standing quietly by their owner, prick up their ears and snort at my approach, and no coaxing would induce them to let me come near or touch their bridle. Nor was I more approved of by the dogs, for whenever I or my companion walked about the village, we had a retinue of these curs barking and snarling at our heels; and if they had not fortunately been as cowardly as they were noisy, we might have experienced serious inconvenience from their persecution.

pointed dinner-knife, and yet they had carried off the brains,* the heart, the marrow, and liver; the greater portion of the two latter they ate raw upon the spot. I was then surprised and horrified—I soon grew wiser."

Mr. MURRAY describes the condition of the Indian women as one of perpetual degradation and slavery. She does all the labor, and performs the heaviest tasks with good humor. She is dirty in her person, uncomely in her appearance, and possesses none of the graceful and attractive attributes which generally—even among many uncivilized nations—characterize the softer sex. The men he describes as terrible gormandizers. The instances he gives of their prowess in this line, would throw the feats of the most gluttonous of the Roman Emperors into the shade. The Pawnee seems to have the dilating powers of the anaconda. We refer to the description of a feast at vol. 1, pp. 239, 40.

The buffalo is the great source of sustenance and wealth to the Pawnees. The flesh is their food, and the skins their chief wealth. This animal must, however, ere long be exterminated under the combined influence of the trencher prowess alluded to, and the increasing demand for the skins by the whites as an article of trade. Our author saw five or six hundred buffaloes killed in one day. Catlin, the painter, who has spent much time among the tribes bordering on the Rocky Mountain, says the animal is killed by thousands for the skin alone. The extraordinary scene of several thousand panic-stricken horses breaking loose at night, and rushing through the encampment, is well described: vol. 1, p. 344. It is called a *stampede*, and is not of unusual occurrence. As illustrative of the vicissitudes of a prairie life, after mentioning the killing of a buffalo, he says:

"I now hobbled my horse, took off my jacket, tucked up my sleeves, drew my knife, and prepared to make my *coup d'essai* as a butcher. Previously to eating my savage and solitary meal, I looked around. There was not a human being in sight to assist me in turning over the body, which is hard work for two ordinary men, but impossible for one: so I was obliged to content myself with skinning only one side. My knife was not very sharp, and those only who have seen and proved the skin of this hairy monster can judge of the labor of the task. After an hour's unremitting work, I succeeded, and then went on to open the body. Without much difficulty I got at the liver, and began to eat, certainly more like a wolf, or Indians, than a Christian man. After devouring several large morsels, I saw a hunter coming toward me at full speed. He had been unsuccessful, and was hungry. I was nearly choked with thirst, and, as soon as he arrived, made him signs, that if he would fetch me water, I would give him as much to eat as he chose. He nodded assent. We then took out the bladder of the buffalo; I told him to wash it well, and bring it back full of clear water. He went off at a gallop, and, in about a quarter of an hour, came back, having executed his commission. I cannot say that the water was quite crystal; but I never enjoyed a more delicious meal than this raw liver, and the

* In case any knight of the cleaver should doubt my assertion, in regard to extracting the brains of a bull without any heavy metal or wooden instrument, I think it right to record how they take them, and *why* they take them. First, they break and cut off the fore-leg at the knee joints, and using the shank as a handle, and the hoof as a hammer, by repeated blows they break through the frontal bone. The purpose of taking the brains is to render the skin soft and pliant, when it is in the course of being prepared as a robe.

water, such as it was. The Indian also, showed me two or three other morsels, which I found excellent; and I strongly recommend to any gentleman who may ever find himself similarly situated, to break a bone, and suck the marrow.*

And again:

"I then collected all the meat which I and they had cut, and stripping the hide into thongs, strung the masses of flesh, amounting to about a hundred weight, upon them, in the usual Indian fashion, including the tongue, heart, fat, and what remained of the liver. I had not my compass with me, and after the circles and deviations which I had made in the course of the chase, it was by no means easy to find either the distance or direction of the camp, especially as the great chief had sent back messengers after the hunt began, ordering them to move their encampment to the banks of some streamlet indicated to them, but totally unknown to me. However, I knew it must be somewhere between north and east; I had watched the Indians who had left me; and putting these two sources of information together, I made up my mind as to the course I would steer, and having unhobbled my horse, proceeded to sling the meat over his back.

"He stood perfectly quiet till I had put on all but the last and heaviest sling of flesh, this required both my hands, and just as I threw it over his back, the restive animal reared up, struck me on the head, knocked me down, and galloped off. Not being hurt, I jumped up, and saw him kicking, leaping, and flinging, till he had scattered all my hard-earned meat over the prairie, then he cantered leisurely down the valley after the Indians who had left me. Though he was not an Eclipse, I could not hope to overtake him on foot; so I walked about, and collected together all the *disjecta membra* which had already cost me so much trouble, and forming them into a heap, sat down to ruminate."

He was now several hundred miles from Fort Leavenworth, and it was time to think of returning. He had seen enough of the Indians to correct many of his notions respecting them. His stock of little articles, of various kinds, was nearly exhausted. The great difficulty was in procuring guides. These, however, after some trouble, were obtained, as were the horses necessary for the journey; and, provisions being laid in, he and his companion, the young German heretofore alluded to, left the encampment and set their faces eastward—considering as their home and resting place, that Fort Leavenworth, which, six months before, they should have deemed the *ultima thule* of the inhabitable world. The next day his companion received a serious hurt by a fall from a vicious horse, and they were constrained to retrace their steps to the encampment. The invalid having recovered, they again set out on their return. The guides deserted them in a day or two, and the party—consisting of Mr. M. and his German companion, Mr. M.'s Scotch servant, and an American lad, hired at the fort—was left in a most deplorable predicament. They determined to make an effort to proceed, and, being reduced to a state of nature, they chose Mr. MURRAY for their leader—a choice which his subsequent conduct fully justified. "The very feeling," he says, "of the responsibility of my charge, gave me excitement, and I felt a strong and buoyant confidence that, unless some unforeseen accident occurred, I could conduct the party, without any great

* I hope the indulgent reader will remember that I had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, and that the cravings of hunger had rendered me almost mad. I have since shuddered at the wolfish sensations which I remember to have experienced that day.

deviation, to the fort. So, with my telescope, compass and rifle ready for use, I rode on a hundred yards ahead, and began my career as guide." Their condition was indeed unenviable. They were ignorant of the spot in which they were, with only some general notions of the geography of the country and the compass to depend upon. Their reliance for the main part of their sustenance was upon the rifle, and their ammunition was fast failing. They were without a tent—exposed sometimes to drenching rains—sometimes to a burning sun by day and to piercing cold by night; for wood was frequently not to be obtained. Their small stores were damaged, and their clothes in tatters. They were exposed to the danger of famine, and run the risk of being murdered by some wandering party of Indians. At length, they struck the trail of the Pawnees on their return from the fort, and were relieved from painful uncertainty as to their route. They suffered many privations, but their patient courage triumphed, and they reached Fort Leavenworth in safety. We have never read personal adventures with more interest. In the shifts to which they resorted in the desert, we were reminded of Robinson Crusoe. We could multiply extracts which would be read with pleasure. We give only the account of his arrival at the fort.

"We were all in high spirits; hunger, heat, and fatigue, all were merged in the excitement of again seeing our friends and white brethren. As we approached the Missouri, the features of the scenery became more grand and imposing, the timber seemed heavier, and the vegetation richer. Hill after hill of this fine undulating district was surmounted; a deer which showed itself at no great distance, was allowed to go off unpursued; and at length my eye caught, far to the northward, the curved line of massive foliage, which surely, but still indistinctly, indicated the course of the great river. Again we pressed forward with re-animated expectation. The ground rose gradually before us for several miles, and it was not until the trees were passed that we attained the summit of the ridge, and the magnificent monarch of the floods lay stretched in all his glory before us!

"Never, under the influence of such overwhelming feelings, had I seen such a panorama of beauty. A torrent of associations never forgotten, but long dormant, were awakened and returned to their wonted channels. The buffalo herds, the howl of wolves, the circles of naked savages round their fires, their yells, their dances, and their songs, were, for a season, all as a dream; while the neat white-washed wall of the fort, seen through the irregular glades of the forest, and a party of haymakers plying their task in the prairie, at no great distance below us, all seemed to recall the comforts and the endearments of civilized and social life. I could not speak—I could not even think distinctly; but I made no exertion to arrange my thoughts—I rather allowed them to revel in that confusion of undefined pleasure, that delicious tumult, which, although vague, and short-lived, is for a time more enjoyable than gaiety, more happy than even the 'sober certainty of waking bliss.'

"As we passed onward, near enough to the haymakers to distinguish their features and exchange a salutation in our language, the sight of them did my heart good; they looked like friends and relatives, and their voices were like old music.

"When we arrived near the fort an unexpected and amusing difficulty occurred: no power could induce our Indian pack-horses to approach the white walls, or to pass some wagons which stood at a little distance from the road; and when at last we led them as far as the gate of the green square, or inclosure, round which the barracks are built, we were altogether unable to make them pass through it; they snorted, reared, and would have defeated our attempts, whether at persuasion or coercion, had we not met with a reinforcement, from a small body of soldiers who were lounging

ing before the railings, with whose assistance we contrived to drive them through. Then, our younger John, true to his often-expressed anticipations, rushed to the arms of his mother, and the bowl of buttermilk. As soon as we had relieved our wearied horses of their several burthens, V—— accompanied one of the officers to his quarters; and I accepted the hospitable offer of Captain Hunter, now in command of the fort.

"The difficulty I found in sitting on a chair, the fearful havoc which I made among the various cakes which succeeded each other on his tea-table, and the strange sensations which I experienced on taking off my clothes, and sleeping in a bed between sheets, deserve, and shall have, a separate chapter."

After spending several days at the fort, he descended the river to St. Louis, which he thinks "is certainly one of the least social and hospitable places" he has seen in the United States. He shortly afterwards made an excursion up the Mississippi as high as Prairie du Chien, and, after various adventures, returned to St. Louis. He makes many reflections upon the state of things—comments, in strong terms, upon the profane swearing, hard drinking and gambling, which are so common in the west. He seems, though not fastidious in his manners, to relish but little the social equality which obtains there. At Dubuque—a mining town west of the Mississippi and north of the state of Missouri, as well as in other towns—he is struck with the fact, in that region, though containing "as profligate, turbulent and abandoned a population as any in the world, theft is almost unknown; and though dirks are frequently drawn, and pistols fired in savage and drunken brawls, by ruffians who regard neither the laws of God nor man, no instance of larceny, or house-breaking, has occurred." He very naturally refers this to the facility with which subsistence, and indeed competence, is here obtained. In this remote spot, he had an opportunity of attending Divine worship on Sunday.

The following sketch of the appearance of the banks of the Lower Mississippi, is striking:

"On the 12th instant, we began to find a very perceptible difference, both in the climate and in the vegetation; the chilling breath of winter had not marred the verdure, at least the mantle of nature was not rudely torn off from the forest, although its green was changed to varying autumnal tints of red and brownish hue. The white and red oak, which line the banks of the Upper Mississippi, had disappeared, and were replaced by the cotton-wood and other species of poplar, the sycamore, the several kinds of gum, and the cypress; while in places where the banks had obtained greater elevation, the feathering outline of the pine towered above the rich and verdant foliage of the magnolia. Nor was the change in the plants of humble growth less discernible: the fertile alluvium of the valley was now laden with the graceful cane, still fresh and green; and where the hand of man had destroyed the natural produce of the soil, large fields of cotton, now ripe for pulling, seemed as if they were speckled with innumerable snow-flakes.

"Nor are the houses of the settlers less distinct in their character from those of the northern region; for whereas the latter were chiefly composed of rough logs, those of the former are built of neat frame-work, frequently painted white, and surrounded by ten, fifteen, or twenty negro cabins, according to the size and produce of the plantation. I am not aware that I ever experienced so strange and pleasurable a sensation through mere change of place, as in this descent of the Mississippi in the month of "dark December;" it is as if one had been endowed with the power, not only of arresting, but of reversing, the march of the year, and of making the soft and balmy air of summer succeed the

cold and gloom of early winter—as if old age had been permitted to renew the vigor and freshness of youth, to

'Forget his years, and act again the boy!'"

In New Orleans, he went to a Creole ball.

"Of course, the conversation was carried on in French, and the customs of the same nation were observed during the evening: according to these, I was privileged to address and to dance with any young lady in company, without going through the ceremonial ordeal of introduction; and it is impossible to conceive an assembly conducted with more *agrément*, and with less restraint, than this Creole coterie. I must also acknowledge, that I had seen nothing so like a ball since I left Europe: the *contre-danses* were well danced, and there was waltzing without swinging, and a galloppade without a romp. The supper was exceedingly handsome, and in one respect superior to most of those given at ball suppers in London: namely, the wines were of the same description which our host would give to his friends at dinner; whereas, in the latter city, it is but too common a practice to give inferior wines on such occasions, and to poison the guests with Wright's champaign, upon the plea, that it is good enough for a ball supper. On the whole, I went away much pleased with the mirth and agreeable manners of Creole society."

He visits the battle-ground, and has the manly candor to write as follows:

"The field of battle, and all around it, is completely level; on one side of it is the Mississippi, on the other swamps and woods: so that, with a simple narration in his hand, the most peaceable citizen can understand at a glance, the locality and the nature of the contest. Upon such a worn-out subject it is unnecessary now to remark any thing, except, that it reflected the highest honor upon the courage of General Jackson and the few raw levies under his command, to wait steadily and face a regular and well-disciplined body of troops more numerous than themselves. In respect to the English, I have never heard but one account, namely, that, with few exceptions, they supported the murderous fire of their secure enemies, and advanced to almost certain death with a determined and obstinate bravery, worthy of themselves and their country. With regard to the conduct of the commander who placed them in such a position, it has been so often and so severely commented upon by military critics, that it is quite unnecessary for one who is no soldier to cast another stone."

From New Orleans, he went to the Havana. There are few portions of the civilized world less visited, or rather written about, than Cuba. It is an unhackneyed theme, and we read this part of Mr. M.'s tour with great interest; but pass it over, from necessity, with the remark, that the author displays his accustomed liberality of feeling and acuteness of observation.

He lands at Charleston on his return to the United States, where he experiences the proverbial hospitality of that southern capital. There is truth in the following observation:

"This city affords a very singular spectacle; the planters are generally impoverished by the division of property; they have lost many of their patrician notions, (call them, if you will, prejudices;) the increased commerce has raised to affluence, and consequently brought into fashionable society, many merchants with whom the planters would not associate on terms of intimacy fifty years ago; and thus, while the society of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, is daily becoming more exclusive and aristocratic, that of the Carolinian capital is becoming more republican."

He praises the tone of society—is rapturous when he alludes to the Madeira wine he drank there, and thinks the ladies have not that peculiar intonation and pronunciation, which he observed in other Atlantic cities.

He returned to Washington, and subsequently

revisited Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. We shall, however, no longer follow him in his wanderings, but refer to some of his summaries and general reflections :

"In examining the structure of society in any country, it would seem natural to commence with that class which forms its basement or foundation. If such be the proper course in examining the condition of other countries, more especially must it be so in America, where the operative or laboring class is possessed of privileges and power so great as to render it, in fact, master both of the government and of the constitution. I am well aware that the phrase 'laboring class' is distasteful in the United States to those to whom it is applied ; but that is of little consequence, so long as the reader understands that I use it in reference to all laborers and artisans, and to those in general who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. It is this class, this broad basis of society, which strikes the traveller in America with the greatest surprise and admiration, and of which the native American may be justly proud. Pauperism, that gaunt and hideous spectre, which has extended its desolating march over Asia and Europe, destroying its victims by thousands, even in the midst of luxury and wealth, has never yet carried its ravages into the United States : this is a blessing of which it is to be feared few appreciate the magnitude, and which is, of itself, a preponderating weight in the balance of national happiness."

He afterwards says he was never asked for alms but once during his travels. He intimates that, with all these advantages, crime, in proportion to the population, abounds here scarcely less than in Great Britain. This may be true ; and an inspection of the books of our penitentiaries will show, that a very disproportionate number of their inmates are foreigners. This must be taken into the account. He hopes that an improved morality will be the consequence of the advantages of education, enjoyed by the children of the poorest class. If by education he means the teaching to read and write merely, we do not share his hopes. Something more must be done. Moral culture must go hand in hand with intellectual, or the glowing anticipations of the friends of popular education will never be realized. We hail with delight every effort made to extend the blessings of popular education, and think New York has greater cause of pride in the half million of children in her common schools, than in all her magnificent internal improvements—but still we do not believe these children are to grow up incapable of crime ; or that reading and writing, though as common as speech, are to change the depravity of the human heart.

"Having thus briefly adverted to the great advantages enjoyed by the laboring classes in the Union, it seems proper to inquire how far they are connected with or derived from the political institutions of the country. Here it is that the admirers of democracy, Europeans as well as Americans, have fallen into the error of begging the whole question at issue : they have argued that because America under these institutions has advanced more rapidly than any other country, in commerce, in wealth, in population, and in every element of national prosperity, that, therefore, they must be in themselves the wisest and most suitable to be adopted by other nations in the civilized world. It would be just as logical reasoning were I to infer, because I had never found my bodily health and strength more complete than during my stay among the Pawnees, when I was overfed one day with several pounds of half-dressed meat, and perhaps on the next, had no food at all, and scarcely a draught of water, that, therefore, such a diet would be advisable for a person residing in New York or London.

"In this latter case it is obvious, that the health I en-

joyed was owing, not to the diet, but to constant exposure in pure air, and to the severe exercise and excitement which rendered the system able to gain strength under any diet whatever. Just as clear is it, that the prosperity of America is not to be attributed solely to her political institutions, but to the circumstances under which they have operated, which are briefly these : a people, emigrating from the most enlightened and enterprising nation in Europe, obtained possession of a territory boundless in extent, unequalled in variety and fertility of soil, and watered by lakes and navigable rivers, such as are known in no other part of the world. Separated by an ocean from the hostilities and territorial jealousies of other civilized nations, they have ample leisure and opportunity for the uninterrupted development of their immense natural resources : under such circumstances, unexampled in the previous history of the world, population and wealth must for a length of time advance, without any aid whatever from peculiar institutions or forms of government."

Now we certainly will not quarrel with Mr. MURRAY, nor think the less of him, because he does not agree with us in our admiration of democratic institutions ; nor do we assert that the prosperity of this country is attributable solely to these institutions. Our natural advantages are certainly unrivalled—but Mr. MURRAY could readily conceive a form of government which would neutralize them all. It is the peculiar glory of our institutions that they are the growth of time and circumstances—that they are adapted to our condition, and that they do not in any degree repress the energies, or interfere with the industry of the people. These *negative* blessings are important—others more direct and positive might be adduced, and might be inferred from a comparison between New York and Canada. These countries are conterminous, and there is no very great difference in climate, soil, or other physical traits. How may we account then, for the immeasurably superior development of all her resources by New York, if political institutions are to be allowed no credit ?

We do not believe, as Mr. M. intimates, that a spirit of propagandism is prevalent among intelligent Americans. On the contrary, the good sense of our people is in nothing more evident, than in the general conviction that our institutions, admirably suited as they are to this country, would not be adapted to all lands. Unlike the Republicans of Revolutionary France, we are content to enjoy our own form of government, without forcing it upon other nations at the point of the bayonet. The only propagandism we are guilty of, is the influence of our example. It is not every people that is capable of self-government. A nation to enjoy free institutions must be prepared for them by a course of discipline. The transition from despotism to freedom, to be safe and effectual, must be the work of time. There is no instantaneous passage from Egyptian bondage to the Canaan of liberty. As of old, the promised land is to be reached only after years of preparatory discipline and purifying hardships. We do not believe in the efficacy of bloody and convulsive revolutions for the establishment of liberty. The civil wars, which led to the commonwealth, ended in the subversion of English

liberty. The Revolution, so called, of 1688, established no principle with which the English nation was not familiar. A more definite form, it is true, was given to the Constitution, and the expulsion of a bigotted tyrant was made the fit occasion of reminding those upon whom the crown was settled, of the rights of the people. Our own Revolution was rather a war for political independence. There were few new principles established—no revolution in men's sentiments. Our forefathers were as free as we are now—as jealous and proud of their liberties. They drew the sword, in the first instance, not so much to acquire new rights, as to resist threatened aggression upon those they had enjoyed from the first landing at Jamestown or Plymouth. Independence was an after-thought.

We pass over his remarks upon slavery, which are as unobjectionable as could be expected. He expresses himself disappointed in the religious aspect of the United States, and thinks all the advantageous circumstances of the country, for the growth and prosperity of Christianity, are neutralized by "the pernicious influence of the 'Voluntary system;'" the practical evils of which he thus sums up:

"1st.—The dependence of the clergyman on the caprices of his congregation for his subsistence, so that he must either sacrifice his daily bread, or refrain from conscientiously preaching to them unpalatable truths.

"2dly.—And connected with the former, is the insufficient income *usually* accruing to Christian ministers from their labors: the average remuneration does not repay the trouble and expense of a proper clerical education, and (setting aside the enjoyments and luxuries of life) does not afford the means of bringing up a family in decent independence.

"3dly.—It has given rise to a variety of sects without end, some of them the most absurd, others the most extravagant, that have hitherto appeared in the civilized world; and as nothing is so gratifying to ignorant pride as this right of 'choosing its own religion,' so is it exercised with the most thoughtless indiscretion, and those who *ought* to go to church to learn the doctrines and rules of faith, do actually go to censure and criticise the preacher."

We have no disposition to discuss the question of an established church, but we must say a word touching each of these alleged evils.

1st.—The dependence of the clergyman for his support, upon the good will of the congregation, is an essential feature of the voluntary system. What is its effect in the majority of cases? We answer, without hesitation, to stimulate him to the more faithful discharge of his sacred duties. We have rarely known instances of "unpalatable truths" giving offence. We appeal, with confidence, to the observation of our readers for its truth, when we make the assertion, that clergymen who are considered the most evangelical and closest in their exhibitions of Divine truths—who set forth a high standard of Christian attainment, and are least tolerant of worldly conformity, are precisely those who are most acceptable to their congregations, and exercise the greatest influence. We believe it is Capt. HALL, who, declaiming against the voluntary system, frankly makes this admission. The exalted opinion of the American clergy as a body, expressed

by Capt. MARRYATT, is also in point here. Ministers and people do certainly sometimes disagree and part. The faithful and conscientious preaching of the Gospel is, however, but seldom the cause of the estrangement. We deprecate the severance of the ties of pastor and people for light causes, but surely a state of things may occasionally arise in which, in justice to its own best interests, a congregation ought to change its spiritual teacher. The abuse of the power of changing him at will is not more probable, than that the nominee to a living in England may be, with ample cause, the object of increasing distrust and dislike to nine-tenths of the parish, upon whom his unacceptable but unavoidable ministrations are thrust, in total disregard of their feelings.

2dly.—We admit the truth of this statement. The majority of ministers of the Gospel in this country are inadequately remunerated. Their salaries are not often, except in the large cities, competent to their decent support. We hope, however, better views on this subject are becoming more prevalent. At any rate, there is no pecuniary inducement here, for worldly minded men to enter the ministry. It is a life of labor and self-denial, and no one is likely to embrace it, unless from conscientious feeling, when, in any other walk of life, competence, if not affluence, may so easily be secured.

But, whilst we admit the inadequacy of the support extended to the clergy here, we may ask how stands the case in England? With the richest hierarchy in the world, are the working clergy much better provided for than in this country? We know that some of the Bishops have princely revenues—that the Deans enjoy lucrative sinecures, and that there are many livings of a thousand pounds and upwards—but we know also that more than one-fourth of the livings range from 20£ to 80£, and that 1638 are worth less than 50£. We will not speak here of the miserable allowances made, by the dignified clergy, to the Curates. There are still many hundreds of this pious and useful class "passing rich on forty pounds a-year."

3dly.—As to the multiplicity of sects. Is it fair to attribute the number of sects in this country to the "voluntary system"? Is there a sect here which has not had its prototype in the Mother Country, notwithstanding her establishment? There have been some absurdities of fanaticism in England—Mr. IRVING's for instance—which have had no imitators on this side the Atlantic.

Of the three specifications then of Mr. MURRAY we deny the first, and have shown that the evils of the other two are seen as much in England as in this country.

Mr. MURRAY is strangely heterodox on some points. He does not believe that silver forks are of the essence of gentility, and manifests a most dangerous laxity of conscience, touching the enor-

mity of eating eggs out of a glass instead of the shell—that “nasty and disgusting practice,” as Col. HAMILTON calls it. His observation upon American manners and the state of education—the freedom of intercourse between the sexes, &c., are interesting, and, in the main, just. They are made in no presumptuous, or conceited, or malicious spirit. In this part of his book, as elsewhere, when he expresses admiration, it is without qualifications and mitigating circumstances to take away its force. There is no damning with faint praise. So, on the other hand, when he is called upon to express disapprobation, he does not just “hint a fault and hesitate dislike,” but comes out boldly with his censure. He indulges in no pitiful sarcasm—no malicious inuendo. He may express his opinions sometimes without due deliberation, but he is never guilty of intentional misrepresentation.

We have before alluded to his testimony in favor of the beauty of our country-women. He returns to the subject and says :

“The difference between the American ladies and their sister rivals in Britain, is more easily seen and felt than expressed in words. All travellers have agreed in extolling the beauty of the former, their classic outline of feature and delicate grace of expression, while all have lamented the fleeting and transient duration of those charms which they so much admired. Without pretending to decide upon so critical a subject, I have yet seen enough to convince me of the general accuracy of the above remarks. The distinguishing traits of American beauty, are a low pale forehead; a well-pencilled eyebrow, a fine nose remarkable for the transparency and expressive arch of the nostril, a short delicate upper lip; all which features are harmoniously disposed in a face remarkable for the classic grace of its contour. The points in which they usually fall short of the beauty of English women are in whiteness and regularity of teeth, in brilliancy of color and complexion, as well as in the full development of bust and figure.”

He thinks our ladies “are more conversant with metaphysics and polemical and speculative writings than English women,” but less proficient in the more peculiarly feminine accomplishments of dancing, drawing, music, and needle-work, as well as the modern languages.

The following is his concluding address to the reader :

“If you, whose eye now rests upon this page, are a Briton and a fellow-countryman, it is not improbable that you may have missed, in these volumes, the satirical observations on American peculiarities of manner, character and language, of which you have been furnished with so abundant a supply by other writers, and from which you had expected to derive no little amusement. If such be the case, I regret your disappointment; but at the same time, I entreat you to remember, that the parable of the mote and the beam is of national as well as of individual applicability, and that neither our own manners nor morals are so faultless as to justify our indulging in a tone of censure, sarcasm, or satire, upon those of the Americans. I would remind you that many of the peculiar characteristics which we sometimes criticise so severely in them, are the very same traits which French, German, and other European writers have observed as marking our own national character. Lastly, I would appeal to yet higher feelings than a mere sense of justice, and would recall to your recollection, that, although separated by political accidents and by the Atlantic, this people is connected with us by a thousand ties which ages cannot obliterate, and which it is unnatural to sever now while they are yet fresh and vigorous. Whether we view the commercial enterprise of America, or her language, her love of freedom, or her parochial, legal, or civil institutions, she

bears indelible marks of her origin; she is, and must continue, the mighty daughter of a mighty parent; and although emancipated from maternal control, the affinity of race remains unaltered: her disgrace must dishonor their common ancestry, and her greatness and renown should gratify the paternal pride of Britain.

“In bidding you, American reader, farewell, I would induce you, by every means in my power, to cherish and reciprocate the sentiments above recommended; to remember that your literature is formed upon English models, your jurisprudence upon English law, and that the very love of freedom and independence which moved you to cast off the dominion of England, was imbibed by your first founders from the breasts of English mothers. Let not sneers, nor petty interests, nor petty jealousies sever these ties of ancient kindred, but rather let both nations endeavor with a noble emulation to show to the world, each under her own institutions, an example of every public and private virtue. Would that I could flatter myself with having contributed my mite towards the attainment of this desirable object. At least, my American brethren, you will do me the justice to own, that what I have written concerning your country has been written in this spirit. I may have been mistaken in many of my views, and may have fallen into numerous errors, to which all travellers are more or less liable; my pen may probably, in some instances, have been guided by prejudice, of which I was myself unconscious. I know not whether I shall ever return to your shores, where I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life; but, if I am destined to revisit you, I shall come in the confidence of grasping more than one friendly hand, and in the consciousness of having, in these volumes, neither stooped to flatter you, nor ‘set down aught in malice.’ Under the influence of these sentiments, I bid you, gentle Reader,—FAREWELL.”

This is finely conceived and eloquently expressed. We respond to it most cordially. It will find an echo in the heart of every right-minded man in the community. Any relations, but those of the most friendly character, between England and the United States, are unnatural. They are bound together by the ties of a common literature and religion, of kindred and interest, which time will only multiply and strengthen. It will take something more effective than the stupid malevolence of a tourist, or the flippant wit of a reviewer, to prevent the growth of kind feelings between two nations thus situated. Their relations are now such as to render it impossible for one nation to be indifferent to what concerns the other. This sympathy has been vastly augmented by the events of the last two years. The success of Atlantic steam-navigation has brought the two countries within a fortnight's voyage—and what has been the consequence? The decision of the Bank parlour in London, is awaited with intense anxiety in Wall street, and affects, more or less, every village in our land; while, upon the rise or fall of the fourth of a penny per pound, in the price of cotton in Liverpool, depends the fate of long-established mercantile firms. Our commercial embarrassments, and monetary reverses, are the subjects of conversation in every circle in England; and we question whether, if the whole continent of Africa were submerged, it would create as great a sensation on the London Exchange, as did the news of our recent bank suspensions.

We conceive it then, under such circumstances, to be the duty of Englishmen and Americans, to do all in their power to cultivate and promote the growth of good feeling between their respective countrymen; and we know of no better means to

effect this end, than for English gentlemen of intelligence, manners, and good feeling, like Mr. MURRAY, to visit our country in its length and breadth, and then publish their observations in the same spirit which prevails in the book, of which we now take our leave.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

JOB, 7: 16.

I would not alway live!

For Life, howe'er its fancied glories seem,
Is like the changes of the sleeper's dream:
Awhile we trust—pursue with eager tread—
But wake at length to find the phantom fled!
So Life's bright glories lure but to betray—
Its fairest pleasures fade in gloom away:
The buds of Hope, which all its path adorn,
Wave from the hand which grasps the wounding thorn:
Where'er we turn—where'er for comfort flee,
We find our refuge only false to be:
Our dearest treasures, lovely in their charms,
Stern Death, relentless, tears them from our arms:
And each fond idol, which we made our trust,
Is laid in ruin in the loathsome dust!

I would not alway live!

I would not alway live!

For far beyond our lowly vale of gloom,
And the dread influence of the fearful tomb,
There is a holier, happier life than this—
Duration endless—infinite of bliss!
Those who have loved us, whom we loved before,
Shall haste to greet us on the heavenly shore;
Transported guide us on our joyful way,
To the bright regions of celestial day;
Where trees of life in deathless beauty grow—
Rivers of pleasure murmur as they flow—
And sinless spirits rove the happy plains,
Where all the fulness of the Godhead reigns!
There, robes of white and victor palms be given,
And golden harps, to swell the song of Heaven,
Eternal joys and endless praise abound,
While the long ages roll their ceaseless round!

I would not alway live!

North Carolina, 1840.

C. W. EVEREST.

REMINISCENCES

OF THE BRITISH AT BOLLINGBROOK.

Inscribed to the Lady there.

There is, perhaps, no house in Virginia connected with a greater number of military revolutionary recollections, than Bollingbrook in the town of Petersburg. The Marquis of Chastellux who visited the place, not long after it had been occupied by the British army, mentions this mansion thus—"We thought it time to pay our respects to Mrs. Bolling, and begged Mr. Victor to conduct us to her. Her house, or rather houses, for she has two on the same line resembling each other, which she proposes to join together, are situated on the summit of a considerable slope, which rises from the level of the town of Petersburg, and corresponds so ex-

actly with the course of the river, that there is no doubt of its having formerly formed one of its banks. The slope and the vast platform, on which the house is built, are covered with grass (which affords excellent pasturage) and are also her property."

April 25th, 1781, at five o'clock P. M., the enemy appeared in Blandford. A battalion of American militia posted between the gate of Bollingbrook house and the Bollingbrook warehouses, resisted, until, flanked by four pieces of artillery,* they were compelled to retreat, and the town was taken possession of by the invaders.†

On the approach of the enemy, a large portion of the people of the town made their escape. General Phillips took up his residence at Bollingbrook. He and the officers of his family are said to have treated Mrs. Bolling with a good deal of courtesy, and (some add) addressed her always as Lady Bolling. Arnold is recollected as a handsome man, that limped in his gait.‡ He was fond of caressing the children of the family, and dandled them on his knee. He mentioned to the two girls then there, that he had at home two sons, one of them a Whig, the other a Tory, whom he proposed to match with them, in accordance with their particular political predilections. The kindness of Major Butler is likewise matter of tradition.

Both the houses on Bollingbrook hill were occupied by British officers.§ Mrs. Bolling was allowed the use of a room in the rear of the east building. Two sentinels were planted at each door of the house with crossed bayonets. The British soldiery repeatedly set on fire the fences about Bollingbrook, and frequently 'all around was in a light blaze.¶ Upon these occasions, Mrs. Bolling was obliged to send her servants to arrest the flames, and she was thus kept in a state of continual apprehension and alarm. Before the arrival of the enemy, carriages were daily passing by, with families from the lower country, repairing to a place of refuge. Mrs. Bolling was strongly tempted to follow their example, but remained for the purpose of shielding her property, as well as she could, from destruction.

On the next day after his arrival, (to wit, the 26th of April) General Phillips (according to Arnold's letter to Sir Harry Clinton,) burned 4000

* When the firing commenced, a negro woman of Mrs. Bolling's came running in exclaiming, "Mistis de British is bulleting."

† The late Robert Bolling, Sr., was present in this skirmish, with a party of horse under his command.

‡ From a wound received at Saratoga, where Phillips was made captive with Burgoyne's army.

§ There was then a tavern somewhere near the corner of Old and Market streets, called the 'Golden Ball,' at which a number of the British quartered.

¶ Chastellux says, speaking of the enclosure, "It was formerly surrounded by rails, and she raised a number of fine horses there, but the English burned the fences, and carried away a great number of the horses."

hhds. of tobacco. The warehouses which belonged to Mrs. Bolling, at her solicitation, were spared on condition that the inhabitants should remove the tobacco from them, which was accordingly done, by extraordinary exertions, during the night of the 25th. This conflagration must have presented a striking and picturesque spectacle. The scarlet-dressed soldiers moving about amidst the flames, scattering the fire-brands, and officiating in the work of destruction—the burning of the shipping on the river, reflecting its lurid glare on Pocahontas and Blandford—heightedened the effect of the scene.

The combustion of such an enormous quantity of tobacco, no doubt must have impregnated the air with its odors for a considerable distance around; and the most inveterate smoker in the town, must for once have been fully satisfied that a conjuncture had arrived, when these “collateral sweets” rendered any further use of the individual pipe, a matter wholly uncalled for, pleonastic, and supererogatory. The burning commenced at 2 o’clock in the day, and continued during the entire night. The British troops marched out of town early next morning. How far this movement was attributable to the excessively fumigated condition of the atmosphere of the place, history has left as mere matter of conjecture. It is said, that the British troops at that time in Petersburg were afflicted with the small-pox. Possibly, (as “it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good,”) this extraordinary nicotian fumigation, may have proven serviceable to such as labored under that malady.

Among the incidents that have floated down the uncertain current of tradition, is one of a deserter from the British army having been shot at the spring near Bollingbrook. General Phillips is reported to have ordered the execution with a high degree of military “*sang froid*.”

Arnold, *on dit*, cautioned Mrs. Bolling to be careful in her intercourse with General Phillips, not to irritate him, as he was a man of an ungovernable temper. This lady, during that period of terror, suffered an intense solicitude and anxiety, which discovered itself in her unconsciously darning the needles with which she was knitting into the bed by which she sat. Her conduct during this trying crisis, displayed a heroism which doubtless won the respect of the British officers; who are in general “men of honor and cavaliers.”

After committing devastations at Osborne’s, Manchester, Warwick, &c., the enemy set sail, and proceeded down James River, until receiving (near Hog Island) countermanding orders, they returned up the river. On the 7th of May, they landed in a gale of wind at Brandon; and on the 9th, marched thirty miles, and entered Petersburg late in the night. They came so unexpectedly as to surprise ten American officers, who were there for the purpose of collecting boats, to convey the army of the

Marquis La Fayette across the James River. Among these officers was a Lieutenant Bowyer, who happened to be at Bollingbrook when the British arrived at the door. He however made his escape, and took up a position in a bamboo thicket, perhaps near Battersea, where, securely ensconced, he amused himself cursing the party of soldiers in pursuit of him, who upon reconnoitering his sanctuary found it impenetrable, and retired.

General Phillips entered Petersburg this second time, sick of a bilious fever;—he arrived on the 9th of May, and breathed his last, on the 13th, at Bollingbrook. He lay sick in the west room front of the east building. During the illness of General Phillips, the town was cannonaded by La Fayette from Archer’s hill,* and it is commonly reported that he died while the cannonade was going on. It seems however more probable, that this cannonade occurred on the 10th, when La Fayette (according to Arnold’s letter) “appeared with a strong escort, on the opposite side of the river,† and having staid some time to reconnoitre, returned to Osborne’s.” Cannon-balls fired upon that occasion, were preserved in the town some years ago, and may be yet extant. The Americans being aware that Bollingbrook was head-quarters, directed their shot particularly at that house,‡ a measure which, considering the sickness of General Phillips, would hardly have been justifiable, but for the horrid series of devastations in which he had just been engaged, in company of that odious traitor Arnold. This officer in the early part of the cannonade was walking across the yard, until a ball having passed very near him, he hastened into the house, and directed all the inmates to go down into the cellar for shelter.§ General Phillips was removed down there. Mrs. Bolling also took refuge there, with one or two ladies who were with her. Anburey¶ (if memory serves) mentions that during the firing of the American artillery, Phillips being then at the point of death, exclaimed—“wont they let me die in peace?” It has been erroneously supposed, that Phillips died of a wound received in Virginia, and some have fallen into the error, that he was killed by a shot from La Fayette’s guns, upon this occasion; neither of these suppositions however has any foundation

* On the north side of the river opposite the town.

† The Appomattox.

‡ Two balls struck the house, one of which being spent, lodged in the front wall of the house; the other passed through the house, and killed a negro woman (old Molly) who was standing by the kitchen door, in the act of reviling the American troops.

§ On the approach of the enemy, Old Tom, a house servant, was provident enough to bury certain silver plate, money, &c., in the cellar; there is also a vague rumor of an earthenware teapot, full of gold. While Arnold was down in the cellar, he was not aware that he was in such desirable company. There is still in preservation in the town, a set of China-ware, which was interred at this time.

¶ In his travels in the interior of North America.

in fact. During the firing, it is said the British soldiers lay flat on the ground. Tradition further informs us, that during the firing from Archer's hill, a flag of truce was sent to La Fayette, with a message, that unless the cannonade should immediately cease, the town should be burnt to the ground, and that upon the reception thereof, the American forces forthwith retired. If this was so, the flag mentioned must have been sent in the name of Phillips, and not in that of Arnold, as will appear from the following—"After the death of General Phillips, May 13th, the command of the British army in Virginia devolved on Arnold. He sent an officer to La Fayette with a flag, and a letter. As soon as La Fayette saw the name at the bottom of the letter, he refused to read it, and told the officer, that he would hold no intercourse whatever with Arnold, but with any other officer he should be ever ready to reciprocate the civilities which the circumstances of the two armies might render desirable." *Washington's Writings*, vol. 8. p. 61, in note. On which, General Washington in a letter to La Fayette, dated at New Windsor, 31st May, remarks, "Your conduct upon every occasion meets my approbation, but in none more than in refusing to hold a correspondence with Arnold"—*Ibid*, p. 61.

The burial of General Phillips is a matter about which very conflicting traditions seem to exist. For while some relate that his body was conveyed out secretly at night, by the eastern gate of Bollingbrook, and privately interred; others describe with much minuteness the pomp and circumstance of the funeral;—the long procession of infantry and cavalry extending a large part of the distance to the Blandford church, the officers in their rich costume, muffled drums, furled banners, the pall-bearers, twelve in number, clothed in white with black scarfs, and a band of music striking up just as they reached the precincts of the church-yard. To reconcile these different accounts, it might be supposed that both these versions of the affair were authentic. That the body of General Phillips might have been like that of Moore at Corunna, consigned secretly to the grave, in the dead of night, from an apprehension of a violation of his remains by the inhabitants of a town, where the deceased had so recently, by the havoc that he committed, done so much to excite their indignation and revenge; and that respect might still have been shown to this gallant officer, by the ceremony of a public funeral, without disclosing the particular spot where he was buried. There is, however, a circumstance which seems hardly compatible with the account of a private burial. Not only is it well known that General Phillips was buried at the Blandford church, but there are many persons now in Petersburg who have seen the precise spot where his ashes repose, which is described as near the church to the rear, and under a tree. And although the writer of this has twice within the

present year, in vain sought to find the tombstone, yet there is no doubt there was one there, and to say the truth, there are several persons now living who have seen it, and had there been none, it seems quite impossible that so many persons should have been acquainted with the identical spot.*

About twenty years ago, it is credibly stated, a grave was discovered by some men digging in the church-yard, in which was found a certain piece of sheet-metal, described as something like a breast-plate, on which were found inscribed some of the letters composing the name of the English General,—to wit—William Phillips—with a sword belt, and other military accoutrements, and perhaps such relics of a regimental dress as could survive the lapse of forty years.

When the British under General Phillips entered Petersburg for the first time, on the 25th of April, we learn from a letter of Colonel John Banister, who was present, that "they [the enemy] proceeded at about two o'clock, to advance in two columns, one by the old road, leading to the church, [Blandford church] the other along the lane, and across the ravine at Miller's Old Mill." Now, if we suppose that Phillips was with the column that filed off to the Blandford church, (and it is quite likely,) we may imagine as he beheld that old church,† and its monitory tombstones, how foreign from all his reflections, was the thought, that here, in this sequestered spot, within twenty days, he was destined to find a grave. There reposes one, of whom Mr. Jefferson said—"he is the proud-

* It is not improbable that the flag mentioned before, (as sent by Arnold to La Fayette upon the death of Phillips, on the 13th of May,) was to request a suspension of hostilities during the interval which should be occupied in performing the obsequies of the general, and the refusal of that request might afford a reason why no public tribute could be paid to the deceased. But even admitting that this supposititious case did occur, (and it is merely conjectural,) yet there seems to have been no sufficient ground why the usual honors should not have been paid. The American force then in the field, was decidedly inferior to the British. If amid the appalling carnage of Saratoga, a party of officers and grenadiers did not scruple to accompany the remains of gallant Fraser, to a place of interment, at the summit of a hill, exposed during the whole time to the shot of the American cannon, it can hardly be conceived that due honors would not be rendered to Phillips, under circumstances so much more auspicious.

† The Blandford church, or old Brick church as it is commonly called, stands on an elevated plateau of ground. In shape it somewhat resembles a T with a short column. The floor is gone; the brickwork of the aisles, and the flag stones with which they were paved, said to have been brought from England, in part still remain. The arched roof within on one side has been torn off, exposing the weather-board above, and letting in

"New light through chinks that time has made."

The walls are all still standing, though somewhat dilapidated;—the doors and windows are dismantled,—it is quite a ruin, and on the outside beautifully mantled with ivy. This church is a favorite walk from the town, and is by far the most picturesque spot in that vicinity.

est man, of the proudest nation on earth." Of him an historian* of his own nation, remarks, that after the distinction he had attained in his profession, it would have been a fortunate circumstance for his fame, "had he died three weeks sooner than he did." After the lapse of more than half a century, we can render due honor to the high military qualifications of this officer, his gallantry in the field, and his loyalty to his king. His honorable laurels were indeed much sullied towards the close of his career, but we may now throw the mantle of oblivion over the errors of the dead, and even drop a tributary flower on the warrior's grave.

On the 20th of May, 1781, just one week after the death of Phillips, Lord Cornwallis entered Petersburg, on his route from Wilmington, North Carolina. The march from that place occupied nearly a month. The battle at Guilford Courthouse, (that disastrous victory,) occurred on the 15th day of March, after which Cornwallis retired to Wilmington, which he reached April 7th, and having left on the 25th of the same month, arrived at Petersburg, May 20th. To favor the passage of the many rivers with which the country is intersected, two boats were mounted upon wheeled carriages and taken along with his army. His Lordship on his arrival at Petersburg, united his forces with those of Arnold, upon whom at the death of Phillips the command had devolved. The force Cornwallis brought with him amounted to 2000, that of Arnold to 2500, making the total force under the command of his Lordship then encamped in and near Petersburg, 4,500—enough to make the streets of the town lively with red-coats.

It is difficult to ascertain the spot where the British camp stood; there seems to be some reason to suppose it was pitched somewhere in the vicinity of where is now the Basin of the canal, but the point is involved in a good deal of doubt. Chastellux speaks of it as follows—"Mr. Victor conducted me to the camp formerly occupied by the enemy, and testified his regret that I could not take a nearer view of Mr. Banister's handsome country-house,† *which was in sight, there being no other obstacle however than the distance, about a mile and a half,*" &c. It is hard to conceive at what point of view the Marquis stood, to see Battersea at such a distance; it would not be easy to find such a point even now, when certainly the prospect of the environs is less obstructed by woods than it then was.

Cornwallis remained in Petersburg only three or four days, and, as is understood, made his headquarters at Bollingbrook. General O'Hara, it appears, was quartered at what is commonly styled the 'Long Ornary,'—about a mile to the west of Petersburg, on the main road. Mrs. Bolling found it necessary to visit this officer at that place, for

the purpose of recovering certain negroes, and horses, which had been taken from her and were then there. The general consented to restore the slaves, but with respect to the horses proved quite inexorable. He is described as a harsh, uncouth person. He was wounded at the battle of Guilford, and surrendered Lord Cornwallis's sword at York-town.

At the siege of Toulon, in a sortie made by the youthful Napoleon, a grenadier in the darkness of the night drew a wounded prisoner down into a ditch; that prisoner, was Major General O'Hara of 'Long Ornary' memory, commander in chief of the British forces.

The following letter is from Earl Cornwallis to Tarleton:

"BYRD'S PLANTATION, WESTOVER, }
May 25th, 1781. }

DEAR TARLETON:—The swimming* has succeeded very well, notwithstanding the high wind; the wagons are the most tedious part of the business. I trust however that every thing will be ready for your passing early to-morrow morning. In the meantime you will patrol towards the Apomattox, and do every thing you can to procure intelligence."

Such are some of the revolutionary recollections associated with Bollingbrook house; that they may serve to amuse the lady there, is the wish of

Petersburg, Va., Dec. 1839.

C. C.

FALLS OF THE SACO.

Rush on, bold stream! thou sendest up
Brave notes to all the woods around,
When morning beams are gathering fast,
And hushed is every human sound;
I stand beneath the sombre hill,
The stars are dim o'er fount and rill,
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music far away;
Dash on, bold stream! I love the roar
Thou sendest up from rock and shore.

'Tis night in heaven—the rustling leaves
Are whispering of the coming storm,
And thundering down the river's bed
I see thy lengthened, darkling form;
No voices from the vales are heard,
The winds are low—each little bird
Hath sought its quiet, rocking nest,
Folded its wing and gone to rest,—
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music,—far away!

Oh! earth hath many a gallant show
Of towering peak and glacier height,
But ne'er beneath the glorious moon,
Hath nature framed a lovelier sight
Than thy fair tide with diamonds fraught,
When every drop with light is caught,
And o'er the bridge the village girls
Reflect below their waving curls,
While merrily thy waters play
In welcome music, far away!

*If this refers to the horses of the British army, the swimming must have been effected by the assistance of boats, the James River being very wide there.

* Miller, in his History of England. † Battersea.

SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

[The writer of the following article had in view several objects. He wished to be instrumental in disseminating information to the North as to the rights of the South, and in making known at the South the extent to which the judicial tribunals of the North have protected Southern rights; while, at the same time, it was a part of his design to present a legal view of the constitutional question, which has lately been discussed between the Executive of *Virginia*, and the Executive of *New York*. He thought it desirable, therefore, that the matter should be published to the North as well as to the South; and that the first publication, in either section of country, should be in a journal not of a political character. In accordance with this view, the manuscript, at the same time that it was furnished to the *Messenger*, was transmitted to the Editors of the *American Jurist*, a valuable legal periodical published at *Boston*. The manuscript as it came to us, was arranged for two numbers, and it was in the last of these, that the constitutional question above adverted to, was examined. A deep sense of the importance of that question—a knowledge of the peculiar interest with which it is regarded at the present moment, and a conviction that whatever will throw light upon it is now particularly acceptable—have induced us, with the author's assent, to unite the two numbers in one, and give the whole to our readers together. It is written in a calm and candid manner, and reflects much credit upon the industry and judgment of its author. He has rendered an important service to his own State, and presented, by an array of facts, a powerful appeal to the State with which she is in controversy. We think that our readers will be much interested and instructed in its perusal. We are not aware that we are taking an improper liberty, when we mention that its author is CONWAY ROBINSON, Esq., of this city. Let it be read with calmness, impartiality and reflection.]—*Ed. Messenger*.

RIGHTS OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING STATES, AND OF THE OWNERS OF SLAVE PROPERTY, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The great importance of this subject, and the increased and increasing interest with which it is viewed in every part of our country, justify the belief that an examination of the provisions of the constitution on which the owners of slave property were induced to rely when the federal compact was formed, a sketch of the laws which Congress has passed to carry out those constitutional provisions, and a review of the judicial decisions which have been made under the constitution and laws, may prove acceptable to the readers of this journal, and not be without utility at the present time. As matter which is introductory and somewhat explanatory, we shall commence by giving an outline of the laws as to slavery, which at the time the federal constitution was adopted and subsequently thereto, have prevailed in the three most important northern states. We mean *New York*, *Pennsylvania*, and *Massachusetts*.

1. *Laws as to Slavery in the Northern States.*—The law, as to slavery in *Massachusetts*, is stated by Chief Justice *Parsons* in a case which came before the supreme court of that state.*

* *Winchester, &c. v. Hatfield, &c.*: 4 Mass. Rep. 123.

"Slavery," he says, "was introduced into this country soon after its first settlement, and was tolerated until the ratification of the present constitution. The slave was the property of his master, subject to his orders and to reasonable correction for misbehavior—was transferable like a chattel by gift or sale, and was assets in the hands of his executor or administrator. If the master was guilty of a cruel or unreasonable castigation of his slave, he was liable to be punished for the breach of the peace; and, I believe, the slave was allowed to demand sureties of the peace against a violent and barbarous master, which generally caused a sale to another master. And the issue of the female slave, according to the maxim of the civil law, was the property of her master. Under these regulations, the treatment of slaves was in general mild and humane, and they suffered hardships not greater than hired servants. Slaves were sometimes permitted to enjoy some privileges as a *peculium*, with the profits of which they were enabled to purchase their manumission, and liberty was frequently granted to a faithful slave, by the bounty of the master, sometimes in his life, but more commonly by his last will."

"In the first action, involving the right of the master, which came before the supreme judicial court after the establishment of the constitution, the judges declared that by virtue of the first article of the declaration of rights, slavery in this state was no more. And afterwards in an action by the inhabitants of *Littleton*, brought to recover the expenses of maintaining a negro against *Tuttle*, his former reputed master, tried in *Middlesex* October term, 1796, the Chief Justice, in charging the jury, stated as the unanimous opinion of the court, that a negro born in the state before the present constitution, was born free, although born of a female slave."

The opinion so given by the court in 1796, is stated by Chief Justice *Parsons* to have been opposed to the practice and usage at that day, but it has constituted a rule of decision ever since. The issue of slaves, although born before the adoption of the constitution, are held to have been born free.*

In *New York*, it was declared by one of the colonial statutes, that all due encouragement ought to be given to the direct importation of slaves. After the revolution, the government of that state determined upon a different policy.

The act of February 22d, 1788, declared, "that if any person shall sell as a slave within this state, any negro or other person, who has been imported or brought into this state after the 1st of June, 1785, such seller, his factor or agent, shall be guilty of a public offence and shall forfeit £100, and the person so imported and sold shall be free."

The act was hostile to the importation and to the exportation of slaves, as an article of trade, not to

* *Lanesborough v. Westfield*: 16 Mass. Rep. 74.

the existence of slavery itself; for it took care to re-enact and establish the maxim of the civil law, that the children of every female slave should follow the state and condition of the mother.*

It was not considered to prevent a sheriff from taking or selling a slave under an execution against the owner; and the slave was subject to the control and disposition of the executor or administrator of a deceased owner, in the same manner as other personal property. The prohibition was against a voluntary sale by the master of a slave, imported or brought into the state.†

The statute imposed a penalty for harboring slaves or servants; and it was held moreover that this was cumulative, and did not destroy the common law remedy which a master had by an action, to recover damages for seducing and harboring his servant.‡

The master might confine his slave in jail, and this it appears was done in a case decided as late as 1823.§

By the act for the gradual abolition of slavery, all children born of slaves, subsequent to the 4th of July, 1799, were declared to be free, but to continue servants to the owners of their mothers—males till the age of twenty-eight, and females till the age of twenty-five. The act of 1817 made it the duty of the masters of such servants, to give them certain education before arriving at the age of eighteen, and, in default of so doing, declared the servants free at the age of eighteen; and, in order that it might be known when the age was attained which discharged them from further servitude, the person entitled to such service was required within one year after the passage of the act, or after the birth of the child of a slave, to make an affidavit stating the age of such servant; and in default of making and filing such affidavit, within the time specified, the act declared the person so held to service free at eighteen.||

Even after this act, all then alive, who were born in the state prior to the 4th of July, 1799, of females who were slaves at the time of the birth, continued slaves; except such as had been emancipated by their owners.

At last, by an act of the 31st of March, 1817, provision was made for the annihilation of slavery in the state of *New York*, in about ten years thereafter, by a section which declared that every negro, mulatto or mustee, within the state, born before the 4th of July, 1799, should, from and after the 4th day of July, 1827, be free.¶

The act of the legislature of *Pennsylvania*, for

* See *Kent J. in Sable v. Hitchcock*: 2 Johns. cas. 85; *Concklin v. Havens*: 12 Johns. 314.

† *Sable v. Hitchcock*: 2 Johns. cas. 79; *Cæsar v. Peabody*: 11 Johns. 68; *Gilston v. Russell, &c.*: 11 Johns. 415.

‡ *Scidmore v. Smith*: 13 Johns. 322.

§ *Smith v. Hoff*: 1 Cow. 127.

|| *Griffin v. Potter*: 14 Wend. 209.

¶ 2 Kent's Com. 257.

the gradual abolition of slavery, passed on the 1st of March, 1780. By this act every person, who at the time of passing it was a slave, was to remain a slave, unless his owner omitted to register him on or before the 1st day of November ensuing. Children born after the passing of the act, were born free, subject however to a temporary servitude till the age of twenty-eight: and the issue of such children could not be held to any servitude.*

Very soon after this act was passed, a number of persons formed a society in *Philadelphia*, for the purpose of relieving those who were held in illegal slavery. A boy, born in *Maryland* of an unmarried mulatto woman, who was a slave, attended his master to *Philadelphia* in the autumn of 1784, and his complexion being light, the attention of this society was excited, and a writ of *habeas corpus* was taken out at their instance for his relief. The case was afterwards thrown into the form of an action *de homine replegiando*. At the trial, the plaintiff himself was shown to the jury, that they might, from his appearance, draw a conclusion that he was, at least on one side, the issue of white parents. On the part of the master, it was proved that by the laws of *Maryland*, the boy was a slave in that state; and it was contended that the *lex loci* must determine the right. The other side allowed the force of the *lex loci* in regulating contracts, but insisted that it could never be extended to injure a third person who was not a party to the contract; and on that side the following propositions were advanced: 1st. That however the case might be according to the civil law, by the common law, the issue followed the condition of the father. 2dly. That a bastard being *nullius filius* was free; and 3dly. That things, not persons, are the objects of property. *McKean*, Chief Justice, delivered his sentiments in an elaborate charge to the jury—in the course of which, he said: "Slavery is of very ancient origin. By the sacred books of *Leviticus* and *Deuteronomy*, it appears to have existed in the first ages of the world; and we know it was established among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Germans. In *England*, there was formerly a species of slavery, distinct from that which was termed villenage. Swinb. p. 84, 6 edi. is the only authority I remember on this point, though I have before had occasion to look into it with attention. But from this distinction has arisen the rule that the issue follows the condition of the father—and its consequence that the bastard is always free; because in contemplation of law, his father is altogether unknown, and that therefore his slavery shall not be presumed, which must be confined implicitly to the case of *villeins*. It would, perhaps, be difficult to account for this singular deviation in the law of *England*, from the law of every other country upon the same subject. But it is enough for the present occasion to know, that as villenage never existed in *America*,

* *Miller v. Dwilling*: 14 Serg. and Rawle, 442.

no part of the doctrine founded upon that condition can be applicable here. The contrary practice has, indeed, been universal in *America*; and our practice is so strongly authorized by the civil law, from which this sort of domestic slavery is derived, and is in itself so consistent with the precepts of nature, that we must now consider it as the law of the land."

The jury were left to determine from the evidence, whether the plaintiff's mother was a slave at the time of his birth according to the laws of the state where he was born; and their verdict upon the evidence was for the defendant.*

This trial took place in 1786, only the year before that in which the convention was held that formed the federal constitution.

At the time of the convention, the experience of the states south of *Pennsylvania*, was such as to produce distrust of their northern brethren as to the safety of their property in slaves.

"It was no easy task to reconcile the local interests and discordant prepossessions of the different sections of the United States; but the business was accomplished by acts of concession and mutual condescension."†

2. *Provisions made by the Federal Convention, for the security of the South.*—The original articles of confederation contained a clause in the following words:

"If any person guilty of, or charged with treason, felony, or other high misdemeanor in any state, shall flee from justice, and be found in any of the United States, he shall, upon demand of the government or executive power of the state from which he fled, be delivered up and removed to the state having jurisdiction of his offence."

In the convention of 1787, the committee to whom were referred the proceedings of the convention, for the purpose of reporting a constitution, reported a draft, in which the fifteenth article was as follows:

"Any person charged with treason, felony or high misdemeanor in any state, who shall flee from justice and shall be found in any other state, shall, on demand of the executive power of the state from which he fled, be delivered up and removed to the state having jurisdiction of the offence."

When the draft was before the convention, on the 28th of August, 1787, it was moved to strike out the words "high misdemeanor," and insert the words "other crime;" which motion passed in the affirmative.

On the next day, a motion was made to agree to the following proposition, to be inserted after the fifteenth article:

"If any person bound to service or labor, in any of the United States, shall escape into another state,

he or she shall not be discharged from such service or labor, in consequence of any regulation subsisting in the state to which they escape, but shall be delivered up to the person justly claiming their service or labor."

This proposition was *unanimously* adopted.

Afterwards, a committee was appointed to revise the style of, and arrange the articles agreed to by the house. The second section of the fourth article, reported by the committee of revision, contained the following clauses:

"A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another state, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up, and removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime."

"No person legally held to service or labor, in one state, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of regulations subsisting therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

The federal constitution, as adopted, contains the clauses thus reported with some amendment. In the first clause the words "to be removed," are in place of the words "and removed." In the second clause, the changes of language are more striking. The word "legally" is struck out, and after the word "state," the words "under the laws thereof," inserted; and the expression, "regulations subsisting therein," is substituted by the words "any law or regulations therein."

3. *Debates in the State Conventions.*—When the *Virginia* convention were considering whether they would assent to, and ratify the federal constitution, Mr. *Madison*, amongst other things, said—"it is worthy of our consideration that those who prepared the paper on the table, found difficulties not to be described in its formation—mutual deference and concession were absolutely necessary. Had they been inflexibly tenacious of their individual opinions, they would never have concurred. Under what circumstances was it formed? When no party was formed, or particular prepossession made, and men's minds were calm and dispassionate. Yet, under these circumstances, it was difficult, extremely difficult, to agree to any general system."*

The members of the *Virginia* convention were nearly equally divided upon the question of ratification, and the opposition embraced a very considerable proportion of the talent of the state. Amongst the opponents, there were none more decided or more zealous, than *Geo. Mason* and *Patrick Henry*.

When the section, declaring that the importation of such persons as any of the states might think proper to admit, should not be prohibited by Con-

* *Pirate alias Belt, v. Dalby*: 1 Dall. 167.

† *Yeates J. in Com v. Holloway*: 2 Serg. and Rawle, 308.

* *Elliott's Debates*: vol. 2, p. 450.

gress prior to the year 1808, was under consideration, Mr. *George Mason* said—"As much as I value an union of all the states, I would not admit the southern states* into the Union, unless they agreed to the discontinuance of this disgraceful trade; because it would bring weakness and not strength to the Union. And though this infamous traffic be continued, we have no security for the property of that kind which we have already. There is no clause in this constitution to secure it; for they may lay such tax as will amount to manumission."

Mr. *Madison* answered these objections as follows: "I should conceive this clause to be impolitic, if it were one of those things which could be excluded without encountering greater evils. The southern states would not have entered into the union of America, without the temporary permission of that trade. And if they were excluded from the Union, the consequences might be dreadful to them and to us. We are not in a worse situation than before. That traffic is prohibited by our laws, and we may continue the prohibition. The Union in general is not in a worse situation. Under the articles of the confederation it might be continued forever, but by this clause an end may be put to it after twenty years. There is therefore an amelioration of our circumstances. A tax may be laid in the meantime, but it is limited, otherwise Congress might lay such a tax as would amount to a prohibition. From the mode of representation and taxation, Congress cannot lay such a tax on slaves as will amount to manumission. Another clause secures us that property which we now possess. At present, if any slave elopes to any of those states where slaves are free, he becomes emancipated by their laws. For the laws of the states are uncharitable to one another in this respect. But by this constitution, 'no person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' This clause was expressly inserted to enable owners of slaves to reclaim them. This is a better security than any that now exists. No power is given to the General Government to interpose, with respect to the property in slaves now held by the states. The taxation of this state being equal only to its representation, such a tax cannot be laid as he supposes."†

Patrick Henry endeavored to support the objection, that if the constitution were adopted, Congress might abolish slavery. "As much," said he, "as I deplore slavery, I see that prudence forbids its abolition. I deny that the General Government ought to set them free; because a decided majority

of the states have not the ties of sympathy and fellow-feeling for those whose interest would be affected by the emancipation. The majority of Congress is to the north, and the slaves are to the south. In this situation, I see a great deal of the property of the people of *Virginia* in jeopardy, and their peace and tranquillity gone away. I repeat it again, that it would rejoice my soul that every one of my fellow-beings was emancipated. As we ought with gratitude to admire that decree of Heaven, which has numbered us among the free, we ought to lament and deplore the necessity of holding our fellow-men in bondage. But is it practicable by any human means, to liberate them without producing the most dreadful and ruinous consequences? We ought to possess them in the manner we have inherited them from our ancestors, as their manumission is incompatible with the felicity of our country. But we ought to soften as much as possible the rigor of their unhappy fate."*

Mr. *Henry* was answered by Gov. *Randolph*: "I ask," said he, "and I will ask again and again, until I be answered (not by declamation), where is the part that has a tendency to the abolition of slavery? Is it the clause which says that 'the migration or importation of such persons, as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808?' This is an exception from the power of regulating commerce, and the restriction is only to continue till 1808. Then Congress can, by the exercise of that power, prevent future importations; but does it affect the existing state of slavery? Were it right here to mention what passed in convention on the occasion, I might tell you that the southern states, even *South Carolina* herself, conceived this property to be secure by these words. I believe, whatever we may think here, that there was not a member of the *Virginia* delegation, who had the smallest suspicion of the abolition of slavery. Go to their meaning. Point out the clause where this formidable power of emancipation is inserted. But another clause of the constitution proves the absurdity of the supposition. The words of the clause are, 'No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' Every one knows that slaves are held to service or labor; and when authority is given to owners of slaves to vindicate their property, can it be supposed they can be deprived of it? If a citizen of this state, in consequence of this clause, can take his runaway slave in *Maryland*, can it be seriously thought, that after taking him and bringing him home, he could be made free?"†

* By southern states, was meant *South Carolina* and *Georgia*.

† *Elliott's Debates*: vol. 2, p. 335-6.

* *Elliott's Debates*: p. 432.

† *Id.* vol. 2, p. 437.

The sentiment of *North Carolina*, like that of *Virginia*, was strongly opposed to any continuance of the importation of slaves; but in both states, it was equally necessary to satisfy the minds of the people, that the property then existing in slaves was secured and protected.

When, in the convention of *North Carolina*, the last clause of the second section of the fourth article was read, Mr. *Iredell* explained the reason of the clause. "In some of the northern states," he observed, "they have emancipated all their slaves. If any of our slaves go there, and remain there a certain time, they would, by the present laws, be entitled to their freedom, so that their masters could not get them again. This would be extremely prejudicial to the inhabitants of the southern states, and to prevent it, this clause is inserted in the constitution. Though the word *slave* be not mentioned, this is the meaning of it. The northern delegates, owing to their peculiar scruples on the subject of slavery, did not choose the word *slave* to be mentioned."*

On the other hand, the countenance given by the constitution to slavery, was urged to the north as a reason against ratifying it. Upon this subject, the following sensible remarks were made in the convention of *Massachusetts*, by General *Heath*: "I apprehend," said he, "that it is not in our power to do any thing for or against those who are in slavery in the southern states. No gentleman within these walls detests every idea of slavery more than I do. It is generally detested by the people of this commonwealth; and I ardently hope that the time will soon come, when our brethren in the southern states will view it as we do, and put a stop to it; but to this we have no right to compel them. Two questions naturally arise. If we ratify the constitution, shall we do any thing by our act to hold the blacks in slavery; or shall we become the partakers of other men's sins? I think, neither of them. Each state is sovereign and independent, to a certain degree; and they have a right, and will regulate their own internal affairs as to themselves appears proper; and shall we refuse to eat or drink, or to be united with those who do not think or act just as we do? Surely not. We are not, in this case, partakers of other men's sins; for in nothing do we voluntarily encourage the slavery of our fellow men."†

Sentiments of this character finally prevailed; and such sentiments should now govern the conduct of the north.

4. *Laws of the United States*.—The act of Congress, approved February 12, 1793, provides, that whenever the executive authority of any state in the Union shall demand any person as a fugitive from justice, of the executive authority of any state to which such person shall have fled,

and shall moreover produce the copy of an indictment found, or an affidavit made before a magistrate of any state, charging the person so demanded with having committed treason, felony, or other crime, certified as authentic by the governor, or chief magistrate of the state from whence the person so charged fled, it shall be the duty of the executive authority of the state, to which such person shall have fled, to cause him or her to be arrested and secured, and notice of the arrest to be given to the executive authority making such demand, or to the agent of such authority appointed to receive the fugitive, and to cause the fugitive to be delivered to such agent when he shall appear.

Another section of the same act provides, that when a person held to labor in any of the United States, under the laws thereof, shall escape into any other of the states, the person to whom such labor or service may be due, his agent or attorney, is empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive from labor, and to take him or her before any judge of the circuit or district courts of the United States, residing or being within the state, or before any magistrate of a county, city, or town corporate, wherein such seizure or arrest shall be made; and upon proof to the satisfaction of such judge or magistrate, either by oral testimony or affidavit, taken before and certified by a magistrate of any other state, that the person so seized or arrested doth, under the laws of the state from which he or she fled, owe service or labor to the person claiming him or her, it shall be the duty of such judge or magistrate to give a certificate thereof to such claimant, his agent or attorney, which shall be sufficient warrant for removing the said fugitive from labor, to the state or territory from which he or she fled.

The last section of the act declares, that any person who shall, knowingly and willingly, obstruct or hinder such claimant, his agent or attorney, in so seizing or arresting such fugitive from labor; or shall rescue such fugitive from such claimant, his agent or attorney, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given or declared; or shall harbor or conceal such person, after notice that he or she was a fugitive from labor as aforesaid, shall, for either of the said offences, forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars; which penalty may be recovered by, and for the benefit of such claimant, by action of debt in any court proper to try the same: saving moreover to the person claiming such labor or service, his right of action for, or on account of the said injuries, or either of them.

5. *Judicial Decisions as to Fugitives from Labor*.—The second section of the fourth article of the constitution, is confined to persons held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, who escape into another. Where the master voluntarily carries his slave from one state into another, the master must abide by the laws of the latter

* *Elliott's Debates*: vol. 2, p. 157.

† *Id.*: vol. 1, p. 124.

state, so far as they may affect his right of property in the slave.*

But if the slave comes from one state into another, in any other way than by the consent of the owner, whether he comes in as a fugitive or runaway, or is brought in by those who have no authority so to do, he cannot be discharged under any law of the latter state, but must be delivered up on claim of the party to whom his service or labor may be due.†

It is, however, only the slave escaping into another state that is provided for. Hence it has been adjudged, that birth in *Pennsylvania* gives freedom to the child of a female slave who escaped before she became pregnant.‡

A slave is incapable of contracting, so as to impair the right of his master to reclaim him; and if a private individual sue out process, or interfere otherwise with the master's claim, under the pretence of a debt contracted by the slave, such interference will be deemed illegal, and the claimant will have a right of action for any injury he may receive by such obstruction.§

But it is held, that slaves are not exempt from the penal laws of any state in which they may happen to be. And this doctrine has been carried so far, that in a case in *Pennsylvania*, in which there was no doubt upon the evidence of the negro being the slave of the claimant, he was detained in prison to answer a charge of fornication and bastardy. On the part of the master it was contended, that such a charge was not sufficient ground to prevent the delivery; for the object of a prosecution for it was the indemnity of the public—and a slave having no property could pay nothing. *Tilghman*, Chief Justice, said—"Fornication has always been prosecuted in this state as a crime. By the law of 1705, it was subject to the punishment of whipping, or a fine of ten pounds, at the election of the culprit. The punishment of whipping has been since abolished, but the act of fornication is still considered as a crime; and where it is accompanied with bastardy, security must be given to indemnify the county against the expense of maintaining the child. It may be hard on the owner to give this security, or lose the service of his slave; but it is an inconvenience to which this kind of property is unavoidably subject. The child must be maintained; and it is more reasonable that the maintenance should be at the expense of the person who has a right to the service of the criminal, than at that of the people of this city who have no such right."||

If a person shall, in violation of the act of Congress, knowingly and willingly obstruct, or hinder the claimant in seizing the fugitive, he cannot, when sued for the penalty of five hundred dollars pre-

scribed by the act, set up as a defence ignorance of the law, or even an honest belief that the person claimed as a fugitive did not owe service to the claimant. Such matters are unfit for the inquiry of the jury. It is sufficient to bring the defendant within the provisions of the law, if having notice, either by the verbal declarations of those who had the fugitive in custody, or were attempting to seize him, or by circumstances brought home to the defendant, that the person was a fugitive, or was arrested as such, he persists, nevertheless, in obstructing the seizure, or in making a rescue:* and the offence is complete, although the claimant should ultimately succeed in arresting or recovering possession of the fugitive.†

If the fugitive being once in custody, should of his own accord evade his keeper and escape, or being excited by others to do so, should make the attempt, and an obstruction should be interposed to hinder the recaption of the fugitive, the offence would be precisely the same as it would have been, had the same obstruction been interposed to the original seizure or arrest; and so on, as often as the like hindrance may occur in repeated attempts to make the seizure after an escape has taken place.‡

The act of Congress confers only a limited authority upon the magistrate to examine into the claim of the alleged owner; and, being satisfied on that point, to grant him a certificate to that effect. This is the commencement and termination of his duty. He has no authority to issue a warrant to apprehend the fugitive in the first instance, or to commit him after the examination is concluded and the certificate given. Pending the examination, whilst the fugitive is *in custodia legis*, the judges of the courts of the United States, held in *Pennsylvania*, have always considered themselves at liberty, to commit from day to day, till the examination is closed, or else the fugitive could not safely be indulged with time to get his witnesses to disprove the claim of the asserted owner, should he have any.§

The effect of a certificate given by a judge or magistrate, under the act of Congress, has been much discussed in the cases which have arisen in the northern states; and decisions have been made upon the subject by the highest judicial tribunals in several of the states.

In 1819, a colored man, claimed by a citizen of *Maryland* as a fugitive from his service, was arrested by him in the county of *Philadelphia*, and carried before a justice of the peace, who committed the man to prison, in order that inquiry might be made into the claim. The man then sued out

* Ex parte *Simmons*: 4 Wash. C. C. R. 396.

† *Butler, &c. v. Delaplaine*: 7 Serg. and Rawle, 378.

‡ *Com. v. Holloway*: 2 Serg. and Rawle, 305.

§ *Glen v. Hodges*: 9 Johns. 62.

|| *Com. v. Holloway*: 3 Serg. and Rawle, 4.

* *Washington J. in Hill v. Low*: 4 Wash. C. C. R. 329.

† Id. 330.

‡ Id. 331.

§ *Washington J. in Worthington v. Preston*: 4 Wash. C. C. R. 463.

a *habeas corpus*, returnable before a judge of the court of common pleas. The judge after hearing the parties, gave a certificate that it appeared to him by sufficient testimony, that the man owed labor or service to the claimant from whom he had absconded, and delivered the certificate to the claimant that he might remove the man to the state of Maryland. A writ *de homine replegiando* was then sued out by the man against the keeper of the prison; and the counsel for the claimant moved to quash it, on the ground of its having issued contrary to the constitution and laws of the United States. The matter was regarded by the supreme court of Pennsylvania as of considerable importance, and it was therefore held some days under advisement. Chief Justice *Tilghman* delivered the opinion of the court. "Whatever," said he, "may be our private opinions on the subject of slavery, it is well known that our southern brethren would not have consented to become parties to a constitution, under which the United States have enjoyed so much prosperity, unless their property in slaves had been secured. This constitution has been adopted by the free consent of the citizens of Pennsylvania; and it is the duty of every man, whatever may be his office or station, to give it a fair and candid construction." The Chief Justice cites the provision in the second section of the fourth article of the constitution, and observes—"here is the principle: the fugitive is to be delivered up on claim of the master. But it required a law to regulate the manner in which this principle should be reduced to practice. It was necessary to establish some mode in which the claim should be made, and the fugitive be delivered up." The judge then quotes the enactment on the subject by Congress, and concludes the opinion as follows: "It plainly appears from the whole scope and tenor of the constitution, and act of Congress, that the fugitive was to be delivered up on a summary proceeding, without the delay of a formal trial in a court of common law. But if he had really a right to freedom, that right was not impaired by this proceeding. He was placed just in the situation in which he stood before he fled, and might prosecute his right in the state to which he belonged. Now, in the present instance, the proceeding before Judge *Armstrong*, and the certificate granted by him, are in exact conformity to the act of Congress. That certificate therefore was a legal warrant to remove the plaintiff to the state of Maryland. But if this writ of *homine replegiando* is to issue from a state court, what is its effect but to arrest the warrant of Judge *Armstrong*, and thus defeat the constitution and law of the United States? The constitution and the law, say that the master may remove his slave by virtue of the judge's certificate: but the state court says, that he shall not remove him. It appears to us, that this is the plain state of the matter, and that the writ has been issued in violation of the constitution of the United

States. We are therefore of opinion that it should be quashed."*

In 1823, a case, under the same section of the act of Congress, came before the supreme court of Massachusetts. *Randolph*, a slave, the property of one *McCarty*, of the state of Virginia, had fled from the service of his master. After getting to Massachusetts, he acquired a dwelling-house in New Bedford, which he held as his own. After living in New Bedford four or five years, he was seized by one *Griffith* under the act of Congress. *Griffith* had authority in writing (with a scroll in the place of a seal) from one *Mason*, the administrator on the estate of *McCarty*, and made the seizure as *Mason's* agent and attorney. *Griffith* was indicted for an assault and battery and false imprisonment, and a verdict was taken against him. It was agreed that if the court should determine that the act of Congress was not valid, or that the administrator had not power according to the true construction of that act, and of the laws of Virginia, by himself, his agent, or attorney, to reclaim the slave, or that the letter of attorney was not sufficient to operate in Massachusetts, then the verdict should stand; otherwise that the defendant should be discharged. *Parker*, Chief Justice, delivered the opinion of a majority of the court, in substance as follows:

"The first question is, whether the defendant was duly empowered as an agent to reclaim the slave? We do not decide, whether a scroll is a seal, though probably it would not be so considered in this state. But we think that a letter of attorney was not required to communicate power to this agent. In general, a seal is not necessary, except to authorize the making of a sealed instrument. A common letter, or a parol authority, is sufficient for making many important contracts. The words of the statute are, 'the person to whom such labor or service may be due, his agent or attorney.' If a letter of attorney were required, the statute would have used the word *attorney* only; but the word *agent* being also used, serves to explain the intention of the legislature."

"The question then is, whether *Mason*, having been duly appointed administrator under the laws of Virginia, had a right to come here himself and claim the slave; for the claim by his agent was the same as if made by himself? It has been decided that a foreign administrator cannot come here to collect a debt; and if it was necessary to pursue the slave in the character of administrator, the authorities are clear against the defendant. But by the statute of the United States, the person to whom the service is due may reclaim; and by the laws of Virginia an administrator is such person. Taking both together, *Mason* might come here to reclaim, and it was not necessary that he should come in the character of an administrator."

"This brings the case to a single point, whether

* Case of *Wright v. Deacon*: 5 Serg. and Rawle, 62.

the statute of the United States, giving power to seize a slave without a warrant, is constitutional? It is difficult, in a case like this, for persons who are not inhabitants of slave-holding states, to prevent prejudice from having too strong an effect on their minds. We must reflect, however, that the constitution was made with some states, in which it would not occur to the mind to inquire whether slaves were property. It was a very serious question when they came to make the constitution, what should be done with their slaves. They might have kept aloof from the constitution. That instrument was a compromise. It was a compact by which all are bound. We are to consider then what was the intention of the constitution. The words of it were used out of delicacy, so as not to offend some in the convention whose feelings were abhorrent to slavery; but we there entered into an agreement that slaves should be considered as property. Slavery would still have continued, if no constitution had been made."

"The constitution does not prescribe the mode of reclaiming a slave, but leaves it to be determined by Congress. It is very clear that it was not intended that application should be made to the executive authority of the state. It is said that the act which Congress has passed on this subject, is contrary to the amendment of the constitution, securing the people in their persons and property against seizures, &c., without a complaint upon oath. But all the parts of the instrument are to be taken together. It is very obvious that slaves are not parties to the constitution, and the amendment has relation to the parties."

"It is said that when a seizure is made, it should be made conformably to our laws. This does not follow from the constitution; and the act of Congress says that the person to whom the service is due may seize, &c. Whether the statute is a harsh one, is not for us to determine."

"But it is objected, that a person may in this summary manner seize a freeman. It may be so, but this would be attended with mischievous consequences to the person making the seizure, and a *habeas corpus* would lie to obtain the release of the person seized."

"We do not perceive that the statute is unconstitutional, and we think that the defence is well made out."*

In *New York*, the writ *de homine replegiando* has been more frequently resorted to than in the other northern states. In 1834, a man who was brought before the recorder of the city of *New York*, as a fugitive slave, sued out a writ of *homine replegiando*, upon which an issue was joined and tried in the *New York* circuit, and a verdict found that the man owed service to the person claiming him: on which verdict, judgment was rendered. The supreme court of *New York* decided, that the

proper course then was for the recorder to grant a certificate allowing the removal of the fugitive.*

The constitutionality of a law of *New York*, which provides for the arrest of fugitive slaves, in a manner different in some respects from the act of Congress; and gives to one, claimed as a slave, the writ of *homine replegiando* against the person claiming the service—and suspends all proceedings before the judge or magistrate, and the removal of the slave under the certificate, until final judgment shall be given on this writ; was discussed in another case before the supreme court of the state of *New York*, which was heard in the same year.

Judge *Nelson*, who delivered the opinion of the supreme court on the question as to the effect of the act of Congress, and of the statute of *New York*, says—"To ascertain which is entitled to paramount authority, we must go back to the source of power—the provision of the constitution; that being conceded to be supreme, and any law in pursuance thereof controlling. The first clause is merely prohibitory upon the states, and forbids the enactment of any law or the adoption of any regulation, in the case of a fugitive slave, by which he may be discharged from the service of his master; and this prohibition upon the state power thus far, is unqualified and complete, as it necessarily includes a restriction against any measure tending, in the slightest degree, to impair the right to such service. No 'law or regulation' of a state being permitted to discharge it, the claim or title of the owner remains as perfect within the jurisdiction of the state to which the fugitive has fled, after his arrival and during his continuance, as it was in and under the laws of the state from which he escaped. The service there due, and the escape being established, so explicit are the terms of the constitution, no rightful authority can be exercised by the state to vary the relation existing between the parties. To this very qualified extent, slavery may be said still to exist in a state, however effectually it may have been denounced by her constitution and laws. On this point there can be no diversity of opinion as to the intent and meaning of this provision; the doubt arises upon the construction to be given to the next clause: 'but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' The counsel for the plaintiff in error contends, the mode of making the claim and of delivering up the fugitive, is a subject exclusively of state regulation with which Congress has no right to interfere; and upon this view, the constitutionality of the law of this state is sought to be sustained."

"It is material to look into the object of this clause of the constitution; the evil to be guarded against, and the nature and character of the rights to be protected and enforced, in order to comprehend its meaning and determine what powers and to what extent may be rightfully claimed under it."

* *Com. v. Griffith*: 2 Pick. 11.

* *Floyd v. Recorder of New York*: 11 Wend. 180.

"At the adoption of the constitution, a small minority of the states had abolished slavery within their limits, either by positive enactment or judicial adjudication; and the southern states are known to have been more deeply interested in slave labor than those of the north, where slavery yet to some extent existed, but where it must have been seen it would probably soon disappear. It was natural for that portion of the Union to fear, that the latter states might, under the influence of this unhappy and exciting subject, be tempted to adopt a course of legislation that would embarrass the owners pursuing their fugitive slaves, if not discharge them from service, and invite escape by affording a place of refuge. They already had some experience of the perplexities in this respect, under the confederation, which contained no provision on the subject; and the serious and almost insurmountable difficulties that this species of property occasioned in the convention, was well calculated to confirm their strongest apprehensions. To this source must be attributed, no doubt, the provision of the constitution, and which directly meets the evil, by not only prohibiting the states from enacting any regulation discharging the slave from service, but by directing that he shall be delivered up to the owner. It implies a doubt whether they would, in the exercise of unrestrained power, regard the rights of the owner, or properly protect them by local legislation. The object of the provision being thus palpable, it should receive a construction that will operate most effectually to accomplish the end consistent with the terms of it. This we may reasonably infer will be in accordance with the intent of the makers, and will regard, with becoming respect, the rights of those especially interested in its execution. Which power then, was it intended should be charged with the duty of prescribing the mode in which this injunction of the constitution should be carried into effect, and of enforcing its execution—the States or Congress? It is very clear, if left to the former, the great purpose of the provision might be defeated, in spite of the constitution. The States might omit any legislation on the subject, and thereby leave the owner without any known means by which to assert his rights; or they might so encumber and embarrass the prosecution of them, as that their legislation on the subject would be tantamount to denial. That all this could not be done, or omitted, without disregarding the spirit of the constitution, is true, but the provision itself is founded upon the assumption, that without it the acknowledged rights of the owners would not be observed or protected: it was made in express terms to guard against a possible act of injustice by the state authorities. The idea that the framers of the constitution intended to leave the regulation of this subject to the states, when the provision itself obviously sprung out of their fears of partial and unjust legislation by the states, in respect to it, cannot readily be admit-

ted. It would present an inconsistency of action, and an unskilfulness in the adoption of means for the end in view, too remarkable to have been overlooked by a much less wise body of men. They must naturally have seen and felt, that the spirit apprehended to exist in the States, which made this provision expedient, would be able to frustrate its object in regulating the mode and manner of carrying it into effect; that the remedy of the evil and the security of rights would not be complete, unless this power was also vested in the national government."

"I am satisfied from an attentive perusal of this provision, that a fair interpretation of the terms in which it is expressed, not only prohibits the States from legislation upon the question involving the owner's right to this species of labor, but that it is intended to give to Congress the power to provide the delivering up of the slave. It is peremptory and unqualified, that 'he shall be delivered up upon claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' The right of the owner to reclaim the fugitive in the state to which he has fled, has been yielded to him by the States. Without this provision it would have been competent for them to have wholly denied such claim, or to have qualified it at discretion. All this power they have parted with; and the owner now has not only an unqualified right to the possession, but he has the guaranty of the constitution in respect to it. It is obvious, if Congress have not the power to prescribe the mode and manner of the 'delivering up,' and thereby provide the means of enforcing the execution of the rights secured by this provision, its solemn guaranty may be wholly disregarded, in defiance of the government. This power seems indispensable to enable it faithfully to discharge the obligation to the states and citizens interested. The subject itself, as well from its nature as from the persons alone interested in it, seems appropriately to belong to the national government. It concerns rights held under the laws, to be enforced within the jurisdiction of states other than those in which the citizens generally interested in them reside, and on a subject too, known deeply to affect the public mind; and in respect to which distinct and adverse interests and views had already appeared in the Union. It was therefore fit and proper that the whole matter should be placed under the control of Congress, where the rights and interests of the different sections of the country, liable to be influenced by local and peculiar causes, would be regulated with an independent and impartial regard to all. It was a subject affecting citizens at the time, more or less, in almost every part of the Union—a uniform rule respecting which was desirable, and could be attained only by placing it under the action of the national government. We may add also, that as the power of legislation belonging to the states is in no instance derived from the constitution of the

United States, but flows from their own sovereign authority, any law they might pass on the subject would not be binding beyond their jurisdiction—and any precept or authority given in pursuance of it, would convey none to the owner to remove the fugitive beyond it: the authority of each state through which it was necessary to pass would become indispensable."

"Great consideration also we think due to the law of 1793, as a contemporaneous exposition of the constitutional provision. It was passed about four years after the adoption of the constitution, by a Congress which included some of the most distinguished members of the convention. At the distance of forty years, we should hesitate long before we came to the conclusion that an error was committed in the construction of this instrument under such circumstances, and which has been ever since acquiesced in, so far as we know, without question. Our own statute books also show, that down to 1830, no attempt had been made here by state legislation to interfere with this regulation of Congress.

"Shall the certificate of the magistrate, under the law of 1793, which declares it 'shall be a sufficient warrant for removing the fugitive from labor to the state or territory from which he fled,' be permitted to perform its office?—or shall the writ under the state law prevent it? They are antagonist and irreconcilable powers, and the case forcibly exemplifies the impracticability and danger of the exercise of both upon the same subject, and the wisdom of the rule that forbids it. It has been said, that under the law of 1793 a free citizen might be seized and carried away into captivity; and hence the necessity of the law of the state, giving to him a trial by jury upon the question of freedom."

"The proceedings are before a magistrate of our own state, presumed to possess a common sympathy with his fellow-citizens; and where, upon the supposition that a freeman is arrested, he may readily procure the evidence of his freedom. If the magistrate should finally err in granting the certificate, the party can still resort to the protection of the national judiciary. The proceedings by which his rights have been invaded being under a law of Congress, the remedy for error or injustice belongs peculiarly to that high tribunal. Under their ample shield, the apprehension of captivity and oppression cannot be alarming.

"It is sufficient for this case, that the plaintiff was brought before an officer authorized by the law of Congress to hear and determine the question and grant the certificate—that such hearing did take place; and that the certificate was granted.

"According to the view of the case we have taken, the question of slave or not, according to the laws of the state from whence the fugitive fled, belonged to the magistrate under the law of Congress to decide; and his decision is conclusive in

the matter, so far as the state courts are concerned."*

These extracts are from the opinion of a gentleman who has since been appointed to the high and responsible office of Chief Justice of the State. The opinion from which the extracts are made is, in all its parts, creditable to the judge who gave it, for the force of its views, and the ability with which they are urged: but it is still more creditable on other grounds. The judge has shown throughout, that the local prejudices and prepossessions of those amongst whom his lot has placed him are not sufficient to swerve him from a right decision, but that his duty to uphold the constitution and laws of the Union will be honestly and independently performed.

After this decision of the supreme court of the state of *New York* in the case of *Jack v. Martin*, the cause was removed in behalf of the slave into the court of errors—a court constituted of the president of the senate, chancellor of the state, judges of the supreme court, and all the senators. The hearing before the court of errors was in December, 1835.

Only two opinions were delivered at large. They were by the chancellor, and senator *Bishop*.

The chancellor, after remarking that the decision of the court below was put upon the ground that Congress not only had the power to legislate upon the subject, but that their legislation must necessarily be exclusive in relation to this matter, proceeded as follows:

"I am one of those who have been in the habit of believing, that the state legislatures had general powers to pass laws on all subjects, except those in which they were restricted by the Constitution of the United States, or their own local constitution; and that Congress had no power to legislate on any subject, except so far as the power was delegated to it by the Constitution of the United States. I have looked in vain, among the powers delegated to Congress by the constitution, for any general authority to that body to legislate on this subject. It certainly is not contained in any express grant of power, and it does not appear to be embraced in the general grant of incidental powers, contained in the last clause of the constitution, relative to the powers of Congress. Const., art. 1, sec. 8, sub. 17. The law of the United States respecting fugitives from justice and fugitive slaves, is not a law to carry into effect any of the powers expressly granted to Congress, 'or any other power vested by the constitution in the government of the United States, or any department or officer thereof.' It appears to be a law to regulate the exercise of the rights secured to the individual states, or the inhabitants thereof, by the second section of the fourth article of the constitution; which section, like the ninth section of the fourth article, merely

* *Jack v. Martin*: 12 Wend. 311.

imposes a restriction and a duty upon other states and individuals in relation to such rights, but *vests no power* in the federal government, or any department or officer thereof, except the *judicial power* of declaring and enforcing the rights secured by the constitution. The act of February 1793, conferring ministerial powers upon the state magistrates, and regulating the exercise of the powers of the state executive, is certainly not a law to carry into effect the judicial power of the United States; which judicial power cannot be vested in state officers. If the provisions of the constitution as to fugitive slaves and fugitives from justice, could not be carried into effect without the actual legislation of Congress on the subject, perhaps a power of federal legislation might be implied from the constitution itself; but no such power can be inferred, from the mere fact that it may be more convenient that Congress should exercise the power, than that it should be exercised by the state legislatures. In these cases of fugitive slaves and fugitives from justice, it is not certain that any legislation whatever is necessary, or was contemplated by the constitution. The provision as to persons escaping from servitude in one state into another, appears by their journal to have been adopted by a unanimous vote of the convention. At that time, the existence of involuntary servitude, or the relation of master and servant, was known to and recognized by the laws of every state in the Union, except *Massachusetts*; and the legal right of recaption by the master existed in all, as a part of the customary or common law of the whole confederacy. On the other hand, the common law writ *de homine replegiando*, for the purpose of trying the right of the master to the services of the slave, was well known to the laws of the several states; and was in constant use for that purpose, except so far as it had been superseded by the more summary proceeding by *habeas corpus*, or by local legislation. The object of the framers of the constitution, therefore, was not to provide a new mode by which the master might be enabled to recover the services of his fugitive slave, but merely to restrain the exercise of a power, which the state legislatures respectively would otherwise have possessed, to deprive the master of such pre-existing right of recaption.

"If the person whose services are claimed, is in fact a fugitive from servitude under the laws of another state, the constitutional provision is imperative, that he shall be delivered up to his master upon claim made; and any state officer or private citizen, who owes allegiance to the United States, and has taken the usual oath to support the constitution thereof, cannot, without incurring the moral guilt of perjury, do any act to deprive the master of his right of recaption, where there is no real doubt that the person whose services are claimed is in fact the slave of the claimant. However much, therefore, we may deplore the existence

of slavery in any part of the Union, as a national as well as a local evil, yet, as the right of the master to reclaim his fugitive slave is secured to him by the federal constitution, no good citizen, whose liberty and property is protected by that constitution, will interfere to prevent this provision from being carried into full effect, according to its spirit and effect; and even where the forms of law are resorted to for the purpose of evading the constitutional provision, or to delay the remedy of the master in obtaining a return of his fugitive slave, it is undoubtedly the right, and may become the duty, of the court in which any proceedings for that purpose are instituted, to set them aside, if they are not commenced and carried on in good faith, and upon probable grounds for believing that the claim of the master to the service of the supposed slave is invalid."

The chancellor then examined the pleadings in the cause, by which the fact appeared to be admitted on record, that the plaintiff owed service or labor to the defendant in another state, and had escaped from such servitude. Without reference to the validity of the act of Congress, or of any state legislation on the subject, he considered the fact thus admitted sufficient, under the constitution, to entitle the defendant to judgment for a return of the slave. And he therefore arrived at the conclusion, that the judgment of the supreme court should be affirmed with costs; and that the damages which the defendant in error had sustained, by the delay and vexation caused by the writ of error, should be awarded to her.

The course of reasoning of Senator *Bishop*, was similar to that used by Judge *Nelson* in the supreme court.

Upon the question being put—shall this judgment be reversed?—the members of the court *unanimously* voted in the negative. Whereupon, the judgment of the supreme court was affirmed.*

In a more recent case, a writ *de homine replegiando* having been sued out, a motion was made in August 1837, by the claimant of the alleged slave, to quash the writ on the strength of the previous decision of the supreme court. The court, *Nelson*, Chief Justice, presiding, directed the motion to be suspended until the next special term. In the meantime, the attorney for the plaintiff had leave to prepare and serve his declaration, and the attorney for the defendant had leave to plead the proceedings had before the recorder under the act of Congress; to which the plaintiff might *demur*, with a view to enter the formal judgment of the supreme court, so that the cause might be removed to the court of dernier resort in the state, for a final decision upon the constitutional question.†

Thus the matter stands in *New York*, according to the latest reports of decisions of that state. We

* 14 Wend. 507, 539.

† *Dixon v. Allender*: 18 Wend. 678.

have but little to add to what Judge *Nelson* has said upon the subject.

It is plain that, according to article 4, section 2, clause 3, of the constitution, a person held as a slave in one state, under the laws thereof, who escapes into another, is not to be discharged from slavery by means of any law or regulation existing in the state to which he escapes.

The owner's property being thus secured and protected by the constitution, he has the same right to take possession of his slave when he finds him in the state to which he escapes, that he would have in the state from which he escaped. As, upon an escape from one county into another of the same state, the owner may take possession of his slave in the latter county without any warrant or process whatever; so, upon an escape from one state into another of this Union, the owner may, in like manner, under the constitution which governs the Union, take possession of his slave without any warrant or process.

If, in the state to which the slave escapes, there be any state law or state regulation to prevent the owner of the slave from taking possession of his slave and carrying him away, such state law or state regulation violates the provision in the Constitution of the United States; and this constitution being the supreme law of the land, the state law or state regulation which violates the same is null and void.

But there may be a question, whether the person who is seized was in truth and in fact held to service in another state under the laws thereof. Is this question to be tried by a jury in the state in which the seizure takes place? Certainly not. The counsel who argued the case of *Jack v. Martin* before the court of errors, on behalf of the owner, very correctly observed, that "the constitution evidently contemplates a summary investigation. The fugitive is to be delivered up 'on claim.' These words import a summary proceeding." "If," said he, "it intended to declare that a fugitive servant should be delivered up after trial and judgment, attended with all the forms of the common law, the words 'on claim' would be idle. He could not be said to be delivered up on claim, whose surrender was the result of a final and conclusive judgment." The counsel said most truly, that "the citizens of the slave-holding states would never have consented to subject themselves to the necessity of establishing their claims to their fugitive slaves, before juries composed of the inhabitants of non-slave-holding states. Indeed, the difficulty of establishing the identity by proof that would satisfy the strict common law rules of evidence on jury trials, and the great delay and expense of successive appeals, would render even the successful prosecution of a claim to service, in the state in which the arrest is made, in the ordinary mode by trial and

judgment, vexatious and unprofitable to the claimant."

All that the claimant has to do is to show, in a summary way, that the person whom he claims was his slave in another state.

Ought this inquiry to be gone into before any state tribunal, acting *as such*? It would seem not.

It was said by Gov. *Randolph*, in the *Virginia* convention, that "every government necessarily involves a judiciary, as a constituent part. If then a federal judiciary is necessary, what are the characters of its powers? That it shall be auxiliary to the federal government, support and maintain harmony between the United States and foreign powers, and between different states, and prevent a failure of justice in cases to which particular state courts are incompetent. If this judiciary be reviewed as relative to these purposes, I think it will be found that nothing is granted which does not belong to a federal judiciary. Self-defence is its first object. Has not the constitution said, that the states shall not use such and such powers, and given exclusive powers to Congress? If the state judiciaries could make decisions conformable to the laws of their states, in derogation to the general government, I humbly apprehend that the federal government would soon be encroached upon. If a particular state should be at liberty through its judiciary to prevent or impede the operation of the general government, the latter must soon be undermined. It is then necessary that its jurisdiction should extend to all cases in law and equity, arising under this constitution and the laws of the United States."*

In the convention of *North Carolina*, Mr. *Davie* said—"It appears to me that the judiciary ought to be competent to the decision of any question arising out of the constitution itself. On a review of the principles of all free governments, it seems to me also necessary that the judicial power should be co-extensive with the legislative. It is necessary in all governments, but particularly in a federal government, that its judiciary should be competent to the decision of all questions arising out of the constitution." Again, he said—"Every member who has read the constitution with attention, must observe that there are certain fundamental principles in it both of a positive and negative nature, which being intended for the general advantage of the community, ought not to be violated by any future legislation of the particular states. Every member will agree, that the positive regulations ought to be carried into execution, and that the negative restrictions ought not to be disregarded or violated. Without a judiciary, the injunctions of the constitution may be disobeyed, and the positive regulations neglected or contravened."†

* *Elliott's Debates*: vol. 2, p. 418.

† *Id.* vol. 3, p. 141.

If there be occasion for the exercise of judicial power in any case arising under the provision of the constitution in regard to fugitives from labor, such judicial power should be exercised, not by a state court, but, under art. 3, sec. 2, should be exercised by a court of the United States; and Congress should, under art. 1, sec. 17, make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the power vested in the judicial department.

6. *Decisions as to Fugitive Criminals.*—Under the Constitution of the United States, a state within the Union has no more right to afford an asylum to a person charged with a crime in another state, than to those who have fled from service or labor. "The states," says Mr. Rawle, "are considered as a common family, whose harmony would be endangered if they were to protect and detain such fugitives, when demanded in one case by the executive authority of the state, or pursued in the other by the persons claiming an interest in their service."*

The question, whether theft is a felony of such a nature as to make it proper that the offender should be delivered up, has been discussed in the American courts, when the delivery was to be to a foreign state—and on that subject different opinions have been expressed; but the judges have all agreed as to the propriety of delivering up felons charged with stealing property in a state within the confederacy.

In the case of *the People v. Schenck*, 2 Johns. Rep. 479, the prisoner was indicted in the city of New York for felony in stealing a gun; and there was a special verdict, which found that the prisoner did feloniously steal and carry away the gun in the state of New Jersey. The supreme court of New York held, that the prisoner was entitled to be discharged upon the indictment in that state, but ordered that he should be detained in prison for three weeks; and, in the meantime, directed notice to be given to the executive of the state of New Jersey, that the prisoner was detained on a charge of felony committed there, stating that if no application should be made for the delivery of the prisoner within that time, he must be discharged.

In *Simmons's* case, 5 Binn. 617, the prisoner was indicted in the city of Philadelphia, for feloniously stealing and carrying away some silver spoons and other articles; and the special verdict found that the fact was committed within the state of Delaware. The supreme court of Pennsylvania approved of what was done in New York in the case of *Schenck*, and the proceeding was similar.

In carrying into effect the provision in the federal constitution, "We have," says Chief Justice *Savage*, "nothing to do with the comity of nations, unless perhaps to infer from it that the framers of our constitution and laws intended to provide a

more perfect remedy; one which should reach every offence criminally cognizable by the laws of any of the states; the language being 'treason, felony or other crime.'"

It was contended before the supreme court of New York, in *Clark's* case, that a crime of greater atrocity was intended by the constitution than was charged in that case—and indeed the ground was taken that no crime at all had been committed; for it was insisted that the statute of Rhode Island, which was alleged to have been violated, contemplated proceedings merely of a civil nature. Chief Justice *Savage*, who delivered the opinion of the court, answered the objection as follows: "The first answer is, that the statute of Rhode Island is not properly before us. An offence of a highly immoral character is stated in the warrant, and is certified by the Governor of Rhode Island to have been made criminal by the laws of that state. This is evidence enough, in this stage of the proceedings, of the nature of the offence; but if we look into the statute of Rhode Island, which has been informally read from their statute book, we find a criminal offence. It is this: 'That if any officer of a bank shall so fraudulently manage its concerns, that the public, or any individual dealing with it, shall be defrauded in the payment of their just demands, such officer shall be prosecuted in the supreme judicial court by indictment; and, on conviction, the offender may be fined \$5000.' This is very plain language. There is to be a prosecution by indictment, and a fine is imposed which goes of course to the public—not to the party defrauded. There is nothing here like a civil remedy."†

"Had our constitution and laws," says Chief Justice *Savage*, "been silent on this subject, and no conventional arrangement existed between the several states composing our confederacy, it may be conceded that the practice arising from the comity of nations would be applicable; and before we would surrender in one state any person demanded by another as a fugitive from justice, it would be our duty to examine into the evidence of the alleged crime, and be satisfied that no reasonable doubt existed as to his guilt. But under our federal government, this matter has been regulated, and we are not left to the uncertainty arising from an inquiry in one state into the particulars of an offence committed in another. The Constitution of the United States provides, that 'a person charged in any state with treason, felony or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another state, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime.' Here then is the law on the subject—a positive regulation, and tantamount to a treaty stipulation; and we are not to resort to the comity

* Rawle on the constitution: p. 99.

* Clark's case: 9 Wend. 222.

† 9 Wend. 221.

of nations for our guidance. Every person who is charged with a crime in any state, and shall flee in another, shall be delivered up. It is not necessary to be shown that such person is guilty. It is not necessary, as under the comity of nations, to examine into the facts alleged against him constituting the crime. It is sufficient that he is charged with having committed a crime."*

But how charged? The law of Congress has answered this question. In order, says the Chief Justice of *New York*, to give the Governor of this state jurisdiction in such a case, three things are requisite. 1. The fugitive must be demanded by the executive of the state from which he fled. 2. A copy of an indictment found, or an affidavit made before a magistrate, charging the fugitive with having committed the crime. 3. Such copy of the indictment or affidavit must be certified as authentic by the executive. If these pre-requisites have been complied with, then the warrant of the Governor properly issues and the prisoner is legally restrained of his liberty.†

In *Clark's* case, a *habeas corpus* was awarded, directed to the persons having him in custody, commanding them to bring him before the Chief Justice and to exhibit the cause of his detention. The return upon the writ of *habeas corpus*, showed that he was detained in custody by virtue of a warrant issued by the Governor of the state of *New York*, in the following words:

"*Enos T. Throop*, Governor of the state of *New York*, to the sheriff of the city and county of *New York*, and the sheriffs, constables, and other peace officers of the several counties in the said state: Whereas, it has been represented to me by the Governor of the state of *Rhode Island*, that *John L. Clark*, late of *Providence*, in the said state, has been guilty of frauds in abstracting from the *Burrilville* bank, in that state, money, notes, and bank bills, while president of said bank, in a fraudulent manner, which said acts are made criminal by the laws of that state; and that he has fled from justice in that state, and has taken refuge in the state of *New York*; and said Governor of *Rhode Island* has, in pursuance of the constitution and laws of the United States, demanded of me that I should cause the said *John L. Clark* to be arrested, and delivered into the custody of *Henry G. Munford*, sheriff of the county of *Providence*, who is duly authorized to receive him into his custody, and convey him back to the said state of *Rhode Island*: And, whereas, the said representation and demand is accompanied by an affidavit, taken before a justice of the peace of the said state of *Rhode Island*, whereby the said *John L. Clark* is charged with the said crime; which affidavit is certified by the said Governor of *Rhode Island* to be duly authenticated: You are therefore required to arrest the said *John L. Clark*, wherever he may be found

within the state, and to deliver him into the custody of the said *Henry G. Munford*, to be taken back to the state from whence he fled, pursuant to the said representation. Given under my hand and the privy seal of the state, at the city of *Albany*, this fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two."

The opinion of the court as to the validity of the cause of detention appearing by this return, was delivered by chief justice *Savage* as follows: "It is," said he, "there expressly recited—1. that the Governor of *Rhode Island* has demanded that *John L. Clark* be arrested and delivered up as a fugitive from justice; 2. that a copy of an affidavit was presented charging *Clark* with certain acts, which the governor of *Rhode Island* certifies are made criminal by the laws of that state; 3. that the affidavit is certified by the Governor of *Rhode Island* to be duly authenticated.—Here then is a literal compliance with the constitution and laws of the United States; and the Governor of *New York* had full power and authority to issue his warrant to direct *Clark* to be arrested, and delivered over to the agent of the state of *Rhode Island*."

Clark made an affidavit to the following effect: "that according to the information and belief of this deponent, and as he is advised by counsel and believes to be true, this deponent has not committed any act or thing recited in said warrant; and that he is not guilty of any act or thing which is a crime or made criminal under and by the laws of the state of *Rhode Island*, and which is made the pretence for said warrant and the arrest of this deponent; and this deponent wholly denies the guilt as recited in said warrant. This deponent expressly denies that he has fraudulently abstracted from the *Burrilville* bank of *Rhode Island* money, notes and bank bills while president of said bank, or at any time, or in any manner which is made criminal by the laws of that state. On the contrary thereof, this deponent says that he has not at any time abstracted or taken from said bank money, notes and bank bills, other than what has been paid to him by the cashier or other officer of that bank, and upon vouchers or discounted paper entered in course of business upon the books of the bank, and sanctioned by the direction or some part thereof, or committees, or persons duly authorised in the premises."

Chief Justice *Savage* delivered the opinion of the court as to the effect of this affidavit, as follows: "The prisoner has made an affidavit denying all criminality or fraud in relation to the *Burrilville* bank which are charged against him in the affidavit presented to the Governor of this state. But whether he is guilty or not is not the question to be decided here. It is whether he has been properly charged with guilt, according to the constitution and the act of Congress. The prisoner does not deny any fact set forth in the warrant upon which he has been arrested. It is not denied that

*9 Wend. 218, 219.

†Id. 219.

the Governor of *Rhode Island* has demanded him as a fugitive from justice. It is not denied that an affidavit charging him with criminality was presented to the Governor of *New York*; nor is it denied that the Governor of *Rhode Island* has certified that that affidavit is properly authenticated. These are the material facts. Governor *Throop* does not assert the prisoner's guilt, but that he had before him such evidence as the law directed to authorize the issuing his warrant. Whether the prisoner is guilty or innocent is not the question before us; nor is any judicial tribunal in this state charged with that inquiry. By the constitution, full faith and credit are to be given in all the states to the judicial proceedings of each state. When such proceedings have been had in one state as ought to put any individual within it upon his trial, and those proceedings are duly authenticated, full faith and credit shall be given to them in every other state. If such person flee to another state, it is not necessary to repeat in such state to which he has fled the initiatory proceedings which have already been had, but he is to be sent back to be tried where the offence is charged to have been committed—to have the proceedings consummated where they were begun."

7. *Duty of Executive Officers in relation to fugitive criminals.*—All executive officers of the states are bound by oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States. Art. 6, sec. 2.

This constitution and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, are the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every state are bound thereby; any thing in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding. Art. 6, sec. 2.

The supreme law of the land has been so expounded by the judges of the supreme court of the state of *New York* as to give to it full effect. A very different exposition has been made by the executive of that state.

We premise that by the laws of *Virginia*, any person who shall steal a slave is guilty of *felony*, and upon conviction thereof is to undergo a confinement in the penitentiary for a period not less than three nor more than eight years. 1 R. C. 1819, p. 427-8, sec. 29.

The executive authority of *Virginia*, in July last, demanded three persons of the executive authority of *New York*, as fugitives from justice, to wit; *Peter Johnson*, *Edward Smith* and *Isaac Gansey*. There was produced to the executive of *New York*, an affidavit made before a magistrate of *Virginia* by one *John G. Colley* of *Norfolk* borough. The affidavit was dated the 22d of July 1839, and charged "that on or about the 15th inst. *Peter Johnson*, *Edward Smith* and *Isaac Gansey*, now attached to the schooner *Robert Center*, at present in *New York*, did feloniously steal and take from

the said *Colley* a certain negro man slave named *Isaac*, the property of said *Colley*." And this affidavit was certified as authentic by the executive of *Virginia*. It thereupon became the duty of the executive of *New York*, according to the constitution and laws of the United States, and according also to the decisions of the supreme court of the state of *New York*, to cause the persons so demanded to be arrested and delivered to the proper agent of the executive of *Virginia*.

This the Governor of *New York* has declined doing. In a communication of the 16th of September 1839, to the executive of *Virginia*, he takes the following ground:

"I beg leave to state most respectfully, that, admitting the affidavit to be sufficient in form and substance to charge the defendants with the crime of stealing a negro slave from his master in the state of *Virginia*, as defined by the laws of that state, yet in my opinion, the offence is not within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States. The words employed in the constitution, 'treason, felony or other crime,' are indeed very comprehensive. It has long been conceded that citizens of the state upon which the requisition is made, are liable to be surrendered, as well as citizens of the state making the demand; and it is further regarded as settled, that the discretion of the executive in making the demand is unlimited, while the executive upon whom it is made has no legal right to refuse compliance, if the offence charged is an act of 'treason, felony or other crime,' within the meaning of the constitution. Can any state at its pleasure declare an act to be treason, felony or other crime, and thus bring it within the constitutional provision? I confess that such does not seem to me the proper construction of the constitution. After due consideration, I am of opinion that the provision applies only to those acts which, if committed within the jurisdiction of the state in which the person accused is found, would be treasonable, felonious or criminal, by the laws of that state."

The correspondence which we are now considering, furnishes evidence that the Governor of the state of *New York* is an able man; and we do not consider it any reproach to him, that he is not perfectly familiar with the decisions of the supreme court of his own state upon questions of constitutional law. But it is cause of regret that he did not, before affirming so important a proposition as that contained in the last sentence above quoted, consult with his attorney general. Had he done so, he must have learnt from him that the supreme court of *New York* had pronounced a different decision, in *Clark's* case.

The Governor of *New York* proceeds as follows: "I do not question the constitutional right of a state to make such a penal code as it shall deem necessary or expedient, nor do I claim that citizens

of another state shall be exempted from arrest, trial and punishment, in the state adopting such code, however different its enactments may be from those existing in their own state. The true question is, whether the state of which they are citizens, is under a constitutional obligation to surrender its citizens to be carried to the offended state, and there tried for offences unknown to the laws of their own state. I believe the right to demand, and the reciprocal obligation to surrender fugitives from justice, between sovereign and independent nations, as defined by the law of nations, includes only those cases in which the acts constituting the offence charged are recognized by the universal law of all civilized countries."

Chancellor *Kent* has expressed the opinion, that those crimes "which strike deeply at the rights of property and are inconsistent with the safety and harmony of commercial intercourse, come within the mischief to be prevented, and within the necessity as well as the equity of the remedy. If larceny may be committed and the fugitive protected, why not compound larceny, as burglary and robbery—and why not forgery and arson? They are all equally invasions of the rights of property." This language is used by the chancellor when discussing the propriety of delivering up one charged with having committed a theft in a foreign state.* And all can see, that it applies with increased force to a crime which strikes deeply at the rights of property in the south, is inconsistent with the harmony of intercourse between citizens of the northern and southern states, and tends to impair the permanence of the Union and the safety of the general government. Such a crime comes within the mischief which the Constitution of the United States designed to prevent, and the remedy should be extended to it when the terms that are employed are abundantly sufficient to embrace it.

The Governor of *New York*, after stating that the obligation to surrender under the law of nations, includes only those cases in which the acts constituting the offence charged are recognized by the universal law of all civilized countries, proceeds as follows:

"I think it is also well understood, that the object of the constitutional provision in question, was to recognize and establish this principle in the mutual relations of the states, as independent, equal and sovereign communities. As they could form no treaties between themselves, it was necessarily engrafted in the constitution. I cannot doubt that this construction is just. Civil liberty would be very imperfectly secured in any country, whose government was bound to surrender its citizens to be tried and condemned in a foreign jurisdiction, for acts not prohibited by its own laws. The principle, if adopted, would virtually extend the legislation of a state beyond its own territory and over

the citizens of another state, and acts which the policy and habits of one state may lead its legislature to punish as felony, must be considered of that heinous character in another state for certain purposes, while for all other purposes they would be regarded only as violations of moral law. In some of the states of the Union, adultery is made a felony; in another, the being the father of an illegitimate child is made a crime; and in another, marriage without license or other formalities is penal. To admit the principle that violations of these and similar laws, which are in their character mere municipal regulations, adapted to the policy of a particular community, are "felonies" and "crimes," within the meaning of the constitution, would involve the most serious consequences, by imposing obligations which it would be impossible to execute. It is evident there must be some limit to the description of crimes meant by the constitution; and that which I have applied in this instance seems to me to give full and fair scope to the provision, and at the same time preserve the right of exclusive legislation to each state over persons confessedly within its jurisdiction, while it preserves that harmony which is so essential to our mutual interest."

It must in candor be acknowledged that there is a good deal of force in some of these observations; and that there is difficulty in holding the term *crime*, in the constitution, as synonymous with offence. But there is no difficulty at all in establishing, that, when the Governor of *New York* takes the ground that he will not deliver up a person charged in another state with a crime, unless the fact charged be recognized as an offence by the laws of all civilized countries, and would if committed in *New York* be an offence according to the laws of that state, he takes ground which is wholly untenable, according to the decision of the supreme court of his own state in *Clark's* case, and sets up a new principle, entirely different from that which was acted on by his predecessor, Governor *Throop*.

By the laws of *Virginia*, if any officer of public trust in the commonwealth, or any officer or director of any bank chartered by the commonwealth, shall embezzle, or fraudulently convert to his use, any sum of money, bank note, bill, check, bond or other security or facility placed under his care or management, by virtue of his office, or place, the person so offending is guilty of felony, and, upon conviction thereof, is to be sentenced to imprisonment in the public jail and penitentiary house, for a term not less than three nor more than ten years. Sess. acts, 1819-20, p. 19, ch. 22, sec. 2. Though the act thus made felony by the laws of *Virginia*, was by the common law of *England* only a breach of trust and not punishable criminally, a person charged in *Virginia* with this offence, who should flee from justice and be found in another state, would, according to governor *Throop* and the supreme court of *New York*, be delivered up "to the

* Washburn's case: 4 Johns. ch. rep. 113.

state having jurisdiction of the crime." But according to governor *Seward*, the fact charged not being recognized as a crime by the universal law of all civilized countries, there would be no surrender. We have no hesitation in declaring, that it seems to us it would be a violation of the federal constitution not to make the surrender in such a case.

"However the point may be," says Mr. Justice *Story*, "as to foreign nations, it cannot be questioned that it is of vital importance to the public administration of criminal justice, and the security of the respective states, that criminals who have committed crimes therein, should not find an asylum in other states, but should be surrendered up for trial and punishment. It is a power most salutary in its general operation, by discouraging crimes and cutting off the chances of escape from punishment. It will promote harmony and good feeling among the states; and it will increase the general sense of the blessings of the national government. It will moreover give strength to a great moral duty, which neighboring states especially owe to each other, by elevating the policy of the mutual suppression of crimes into a legal obligation. Hitherto it has proved as useful in practice as it is unexceptionable in its character."*

Governor *Seward* thus proceeds: "The offence charged in the affidavit before me, is not understood to be that of kidnapping a person, by which he was deprived of his liberty, or held in duress, or suffered personal wrong, or injustice, but it is understood to mean the taking of a slave, considered as property, from the owner. If I am incorrect in this supposition, the vagueness and uncertainty of the affidavit must excuse my error. But I think there can be no controversy on this point. I need not inform you, sir, that there is no law of this state which recognizes slavery, no statute which admits that one man can be the property of another, or that one man can be stolen from another. On the other hand, our constitution and laws abolish slavery in every form. The act charged in the affidavit, if it had been committed in this state, would not contravene any statute; nor is it necessary to inform you that the common law, which is in force in this state when not abrogated by statute, does not recognize slavery, nor make the act of which the parties are accused in this case felonious or criminal."

The decisions of the supreme court of *New York*, show that until a very recent period, the laws of that state recognized slavery, and her statutes admitted that one man might be the property of another. Such property was the subject of sale, and the owner's rights were protected by the laws.

It may however be conceded, that the act charged in the affidavit, if it had been committed in *New York*, would not have contravened any existing statute of that state, making such an act felonious,

or criminal. It might further be conceded, that the act of stealing a slave could not be deemed a common law felony. And still the conclusion, that the act charged in the affidavit is not a felony or crime, within the meaning of the federal constitution, is one which cannot be sustained, if the precedent of governor *Throop* be correct, and the opinion of the supreme court of *New York* be a sound exposition of the constitutional obligation to surrender.

Nay more, it is not necessary to call in aid that precedent and that opinion to the whole extent that they authorize. The conclusion that the fact charged in the affidavit is not a felony, or crime, within the meaning of the federal constitution, is untenable upon another ground. In a communication of the 4th of October 1839, from the Lieutenant Governor of *Virginia* to the Governor of *New York*, this language is used—"Is it true that the offence committed by *Peter Johnson*, *Edward Smith* and *Isaac Gansey*, is not recognized as criminal by 'the universal law of all civilized countries'? They are charged with *feloniously stealing* from *John G. Colley*, a citizen of this state, property which could not have been worth less than six or seven hundred dollars. And I understand *stealing* to be recognized as crime by all laws, human and Divine." In Governor *Seward's* reply of the 24th of October 1839, he says—"It is freely admitted that the argument would be at an end, if it were as clear that one human being may be the property of another as it is that stealing is a crime." It might not be going too far to say, that *stealing* property is recognized as crime by all laws, and that any state may make *that* property which she pleases. But here the question is not between *Virginia*, whose laws recognize slaves as property, and a foreign state, whose laws recognize no such property. The question is very different. It is between *Virginia*, under whose laws slaves are property, and *New York*, who has made a compact with *Virginia* recognizing this very kind of property. *New York* has said to *Virginia*, that if she will come into the Union with her, a constitution shall be adopted for the government of the states, by which *New York* will agree that, no matter what laws or regulations *New York* may herself adopt to abolish slavery within her borders, persons held as slaves in *Virginia*, under her laws, who may escape into *New York*, shall not be discharged from slavery; but the right of property of the owners shall be respected in *New York*, and the slaves shall be delivered up on claim of the owners. *New York* has further agreed by the same constitution, that a person charged in *Virginia* with a crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in *New York*, shall be delivered up to be removed to *Virginia*. After a union of the states has been formed, based upon the provisions contained in this constitution, a person charged in *Virginia* with stealing property, flees from justice and is found in *New York*; *Virginia* demands the fugitive, and *New*

* *Story on Const.* vol. 3, p. 676.

York refuses to deliver him up. *New York*, while so refusing, admits that if the person is charged with a crime he ought to be delivered up: and she admits that stealing property is a crime. But the ground of her refusal is that nothing was stolen except a person held as a slave, and that a person held as a slave is not property by the laws of *New York*.

We trust that it is not yet come to this, that *New York* shall be told in vain that she herself has said, persons held in *Virginia* as slaves shall be recognized as property. We trust it is not too late to remind her, that she has so said in a Constitution which she agreed should be her supreme law, and which she declared the members of her state legislature, and all her executive and judicial officers, should be solemnly pledged to support. C. R.

DEATH IS WISDOM.

[For the information of critics, we would mention that the author of the following lines is a young gentleman only sixteen years of age.]

Stern is the lesson that the dying teach,
When unrepenting wickedness is there
Stamp'd on the furrow'd brow—and the wild speech,
In hurried accents, breathing but despair.
Oh! Wisdom, where are all thy triumphs, where—
If that thou teachest but the path to sin!
One glance upon the agonies that war
With shrinking nature and the soul within,
Can all thy follies tell, which years had left unseen.

Ye! that would deem the spirit less divine
Should short-liv'd knowledge never deign to shed
A ray of brightness from her hallowed shrine,
Know all your wisdom springs but from the dead,
When nature slumbers and the soul hath fled.
Silent the shroud, yet hath it eloquence
That speaks to millions from its narrow bed—
Draw near, proud Sophist, learn thy wisdom, whence
Arose that fragile form in all its impotence.

If low ambition mark thee as her toy,
Confess thy fault and be a child again;
What are applauding worlds to realms of joy,
Or what to an eternity of pain?
Should Paradise thy fleeting breath regain,
What are the pomps that glitter o'er thy grave?
But should'st thou howl by hell's eternal main,
Can all the glory ages ever gave,
Quench one undying drop of that sulphureous wave?

Speak, honor'd father,* from thy new-made tomb,
How vain the wise, mortality how blind!
When all our wisdom cannot fly the gloom
Of mould'ring graves, and less, the fate behind.
How would the secret overwhelm the mind,

*The Rev. Wm. McSherry, President of Georgetown College. D. C. who died on the night of the 17th Dec. 1839. It might seem necessary to apologize for the introduction of this and the two following verses, with so little apparent connection; but on this point the writer, with all due respect to the reader, feels indifferent, actuated as he was, with the desire alone of rendering a feeble though sincere tribute to the memory of one, of whom it may be justly said, that "his death was met without fear, and his life passed without reproach."

Could'st thou but tell the wonders of thy tale!
Leap from thy seat (dread thought) where'er confin'd,
And teach the pigmies of this "weeping vale,"
How poor their wisdom all, since less could more avail.

Is he then gone? Yet nature tells it not,
Nature, stern mother as the slave of man—
Why doth she laugh above her master's lot?
The sun smiles on, as when he first began
His pilgrimage o'er yon ethereal plain.
Creation weeps not tho' her monarch dies;
Oh! say not rigor mark'd his gentle reign.
Can'st thou, fond nature, scorn those fixed eyes,
Which never look'd in hate, but bade thy beauties rise?

Gentle and mild; nor less the gentle, when
His eye ne'er melted to the starting tear—
Vain sign to speak the sorrow pent within,
Which gnaws the deepest tho' it least appear;
Stern to a fault when duty ask'd his care,
Yet more than generous to affliction's cry;
His life was love, his death without a fear.
To speak his loss, how vain the passing sigh
Of one lone breast, when bleeding thousands will reply.
Georgetown, 19th Dec. 1839. LYCIDAS.

MORAL AND MENTAL PORTRAITS.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

While all his countrymen read and admire Bryant as a poet, only a very few know him as a man. Retiring in his habits, modest in his deportment and unostentatious in all his actions, he shuns the public gaze and seldom mingles in society. In the company of some chosen friends, in the solitude of his study, or, in manly exercises in the country, he employs the hours not necessarily devoted to his daily occupation. When chance, or circumstance, places him among strangers, he is reserved and taciturn. He never leads conversation, but occasionally, in a subdued tone of voice, takes an unpretending part. To disputation he may listen, but in that he never indulges. Free from affectation and envy—simple in manner and sincere in heart—he never undervalues his contemporaries. Although not prone to praise without an honest conviction that it is deserved, he is ever willing to award merit its full measure of applause—yet the standard by which he judges, is loftier than common men may appreciate. His mind is active and retentive,—deeply imbued with tender fancies, delicate sensibilities, and far-reaching thoughts. He is a ripe scholar in five languages of modern Europe, as his translations attest; as well as in those of Greece and Rome; and deeply read in

* The above moral and mental portrait of a great poet and a worthy man, cannot fail to interest our readers. It is from the pen of one who has the means of being well informed as to his subject, and who has promised us sketches of other distinguished Americans. We thank him for his valuable contribution, and we think that the public will join us in doing so. We will specify that this will be followed by portraits of Forrest and Halleck.—[Ed. Messenger.]

various and recondite learning. In several of the sciences too, he has some knowledge—in botany, arborology, and ornithology especially, he takes great delight, and from these he draws many of the noblest thoughts and similes that adorn his pure and elegant verses. Though his studies have been various and profound, yet in society he does himself less justice than almost any man we ever knew—he might pass with the million for one tythe of his real worth. Those who meet him occasionally and know him slightly, think that he is cold and unsocial—nay, repulsive—but those who know him best, praise his generous heart, his ardent feelings and unwavering friendship. The man is like his verses in this respect—that the more you know him the better you will appreciate him.

Bryant is temperate in his living almost to abstinence, and he indulges in athletic exercises almost to labor. In walking he takes particular pleasure. Were it proper, we might mention some of his long journeys a foot, by highways and byways. An anecdote must suffice. Two summers ago, at a small evening party, he was even more silent than usual, and at an early hour, rising to depart, said to the host, that he felt a little fatigued, having walked the day before rather farther than usual—viz: from Haverstraw to New York, by the banks of the river—a distance not much short of forty miles.

If you be a lover of nature—if in the sultry day you delight to thread the forest and muse on its various associations—if you joy to wander through the meadows, and gather the beautiful flowers that adorn them—if you descend the brook-enlivened glen, or climb the rugged hill-top—and Bryant is by your side, then you may see him a new man; his very nature seems to change—his heart expands—his eye flashes, and his soul is filled with the beauties and blessings around him;—he will sport with the playfulness of a child, or descant with the gravity of a philosopher.

From one of his intimate friends, we have gathered some few passages in his life: but as in this sketch it is our purpose to draw a moral and mental portrait of the poet, rather than give a memoir of the man, we shall briefly glance at his personal history.

At the age of nine, Bryant begun to write verses; and at ten, a little poem of his, composed to be spoken at a public school, was published in a country newspaper. His father, a physician—his guide in his first attempts at versification—taught him the value of correctness and compression, and enabled him to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and fustian. He who carefully reads the poems of the man, will see how largely the boy has profited by these early lessons—and will appreciate the ardent affection with which the son so beautifully repays the labor of the sire. The feeling and rever-

ence with which Bryant cherishes the memory of his father, whose life was

"Marked with some act of goodness every day,"

is touchingly alluded to in several poems, and directly spoken of, with pathetic eloquence, in the "*Hymn to Death*," written in 1825.

Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone. *This faltering verse, which thou*
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example.

Again, in "*To the Past*," written in 1827, from which we quote:

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

We have seen, too, while referring to his father, the devoted affection with which he speaks of her "who fills the next grave." The allusion is to his young sister who in 1824, died of consumption. In "*The Death of the Flowers*," written in the autumn of 1825, we have another allusion to the memory of that sister:

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:

—The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

And in his volume there is a sonnet addressed to her, while sick she waited

"Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour."

But, to resume. The "*Embargo, or Sketches of the Times*"—a sort of political satire—was first published in 1808—written when the author was only thirteen years of age. This poem, which we have never seen, caused much amusement at the time: it was levelled at President Jefferson and his measures. The opinions expressed in this juvenile production, have lately been brought up in judgment against the editor—of which we shall speak when we come to consider Bryant in that capacity.

In 1821, he published at Cambridge, Massachusetts, "*The Ages, and other poems*." That volume contained, among others, *Thanatopsis*; *To a Waterfowl*; *Green River*; *The Yellow Violet*; *Inscrip-*

tion for the Entrance of a Wood; &c. This publication established his reputation as a poet, and, by common consent, he was pronounced the first in our country. His name suddenly became familiar and famous: contributions from his muse were eagerly solicited for every original miscellany, and every compilation of American poetry contained many of his poems.

Educated for the bar, he was admitted to practice in 1815, and he followed his profession till his arrival in New York, in 1825. There he undertook, in conjunction with Dr. H. J. Anderson, the superintendence of "The New York Review." In this magazine he first published many of his best poems. In 1826, he became an associate editor of the Evening Post, and soon after one of its proprietors; with that paper he has ever since been connected.

For "The Talisman," an annual published in 1827, 1828 and 1829, he contributed one-third of the contents—Sands and Verplanck the two remaining thirds—with the exception of "Red Jacket," by Halleck, and one or two articles from other pens.

In June 1834, Bryant, with his family, sailed for Havre, in hopes of spending in Europe a few years of uninterrupted literary leisure, and in the education of his children. During his brief sojourn, he resided chiefly in Italy and Germany, Florence and Pisa, Munich and Heidelberg. In the early part of 1836, however, he was compelled to return hastily, in consequence of the severe illness of his partner and associate, the late William Leggett—a man of vigorous mind and independent feeling, who supported democratic principles with singular impetuosity—a bold advocate of Equal Rights in advance of the spirit of the age; which, in the judgment of the million, is misnamed, *ultraism*.

In 1832, the first collected edition of "Bryant's Poems" appeared, published in New York, by his friend Elam Bliss—also publisher of the New York Review and The Talisman. This edition was soon exhausted, and another issued from the Boston press.* Since then, Harper & Brothers have published several editions; the last containing some seventeen poems—written chiefly in Europe—which are not to be found in any previous one. Since that edition appeared, Bryant has written several poems for the Democratic Review, and one for the Knickerbocker Magazine. How well he deserves the title of the first poet of America; and how well, by his later productions—even to the last—"The Winds"—he merits that proud distinction among a thousand competitors—a very few of them most worthy—it shall be our endeavor to show.

But, we shall first briefly notice his editorial character. A man of Bryant's feelings must find

*A copy of this edition reaching Washington Irving, then a resident of London, he re-published it in that capital with the sanction of his name, and dedicated the volume to Samuel Rogers.

little pleasure dashing in the political vortex,—all his associations are uncongenial with the crowd who engage in party squabbles. Chance, not choice, we presume, has placed him in the chair, and he fills it with discretion, dignity and zeal. His opinions in regard to government and legislation, ever since he reached manhood, have been of the kind properly denominated *Democratic*—and he advocates them with uncommon ability in the columns of the Evening Post.

Bryant is not a fluent writer—many editors will write ten words, in Hamlet's meaning, to one of his—but he writes carefully, and all his articles evince perspicuity, correctness and grace: they may be copied as models of a manly, fearless, independent style. He never indulges in what, among a certain *clique*, is denominated "*squibs*"—he addresses the reason, not the passion or prejudice of his readers. He never aims to affect their judgment, or excite their feelings, at the expense of truth. He has a happy faculty in illustrating to the most careless reader a difficult argument by an apposite anecdote—and his extensive reading has filled his mind so full of "varied lore," that he often introduces one, where, without it, he might not so easily carry conviction to ordinary minds.

Conscientious in all his relations of life, we are persuaded he would rather that the party he supports were prostrated, than upheld at the expense of honor and justice. Rumors have been in circulation which would greatly aid his cause; but, not satisfied to rely on mere rumor, he has diligently sought to know their truth, and, if not authenticated, he has, without one exception, declined to avail himself of them. He never wrote a word that he did not honestly believe. Even in his zeal for the extension of democratic principles, we do not think that he ever wittingly gave a false coloring to any measure, or ever praised a partizan beyond the just conviction of his merits.

In the violence of party warfare, Bryant has often been unjustly reviled. We do not *accuse* his assailants of less honesty than we award to him—but they have certainly been more inconsiderate and rash. Not satisfied with denouncing the measures he supports, they have impugned his motives, traduced his character, and attacked his poetic fame: and some—more zealous than the rest—because they could not worship at the same political shrine, have declared that he is merely an ordinary versifier.

The "*Embargo, or Sketches of the Times*," which we have before mentioned: the production of *the boy*—of judgment immature, and of principles unfixed—has been gravely quoted by *conscientious* party-editors, as the sober opinions of *the man*; and are contrasted, with *commendable* party sincerity, with the sage convictions of *the editor*. By that same satire, only, we might as well estimate his poetic character, as judge of his political

creed. He must be a subtle reasoner who, from that production, would assert that Bryant was one thing yesterday, and another to-day. The truth is, we infer, that at the time and in the place where the "Embargo" was written, neither Jefferson nor his measures were held in much respect; and the youthful satirist correctly imagined, if he touched upon the President or his politics, it must be in derision—for that only would be acceptable to his readers.

But, whatever detraction may assert or malice may invent, Bryant has been consistent in all his relations both as a man and as a politician. When he replies to adversaries it is with argument, not abuse—with becoming mildness, not with violent vituperation. When he asserts, it is upon proof—when he opposes, it is with a conviction of its justice. He never forgets the respect due to himself as a gentleman. When assailed as an individual, he never replies with similar weapons—a newspaper he holds to be an impersonality; and, in his controversies, it is *the paper*, not *the editor*, that he considers responsible. Would that all acted with equal decorum!—they would maintain with truer spirit their own dignity, and elevate the profession to which they belong.

This portrait of the editor may, by political enemies, be deemed unlike. Are they proper judges? Nor prejudice, nor envy, nor malice, ever reasoned justly. We are unshackled.

If from the writings of the poet we may gather the character of the man, then all we have already said of Bryant is not more than a just tribute to his worth. That poems like his—of feeling and affection—of lofty aims and pensive musings—largely interspersed with description—emanate from an upright, honest heart, is as true, as that from a pure fountain flows a transparent stream. As a poet we now approach him.

Bryant is a student—an active, accurate student—not an observer of men: he is busy among the fields and forests, not with the lights and shades of human character. Oftentimes he turns to the hoary days of old, and the wonderous wrecks which time has spared for our contemplation—or he casts a penetrating look into the "vast unknown," and marvelling at the past, muses on the future—not with the vain anticipations of the worldly-minded, but with the high hopes of the Christian. With a pure morality and a fervently religious spirit, his poetry is deeply imbued. The apostrophe, at the close of many of his poems, is so skilfully and delicately touched, that while he offends no creed he pleases all classes of people. Take as an example the closing lines of *Thanatopsis*, written in his eighteenth year:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Or, take the close of "To a Waterfowl," written at the age of twenty:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Or, the close of the "Forest Hymn:"

—Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

In the same poem we have a trait of his own pure feelings:

But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence re-assure
My feeble virtue.

In these quotations the thought is pure, the "trust unfaltering," and the "drapery" is at once simple, inornate, yet exquisitely beautiful. Of sweet taste and sound judgment, we never find a picture or passage in his writings that offends against rigid propriety; but all is gentle, delicate and harmonious. Timid, rather than daring, he avoids the unnatural tract that startles and amazes. Deeply studied in the best models of ancient as well as modern literature, his style is graceful, compact and dignified, and his skill as an *artist* all but perfect. We have sometimes been almost willing to confess, that a word more, or one less than he has "set down," would mar the beauty and keeping of his verse. There is no mock sentimentalism—no lack-a-daisical fustian—no morbid feeling—no false philosophy; but all is lofty in thought, and manly in expression. His personifications are always correct, oftentimes beautiful, but seldom sublime.

In narration he does not excel—yet some may question this judgment and refer to the "African Chief." Excellent as that poem really is, it will not win for him the name of a narrative poet—he is a descriptive poet. We dare not praise his wit nor humor. "To a Mosquito," and "A Meditation on Rhode Island Coal," do not reach the standard by which we judge.

His domestic affections and regrets are deep and abiding—we see them winding "rivulet"-like through his verse, adorning and enlivening all in their course. Occasionally he speaks of himself; but when he ventures to do so, it is in a manly, uncompromising tone, that makes us rather admire the man than accuse him of egotism. Let us quote in proof a passage from "The Rivulet:"

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me.

This little poem is so fresh and redolent, that we see the very rivulet leaping and prattling over its

pebbly bed—the foliage and flowers, the water-cress and ground-bird, are all there: at length we behold the boy, with truant steps, straying upon its grassy side; and, in after years, we behold

“—the grave stranger come to see
The play-place of his infancy.”

Then come his uncomplaining memories, and his fervent gratitude to the Giver of all Good:

The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth;
The radiant beauty, shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

Here is a manly submission to the “beautiful order of Thy works.” In “The Lapse of Time,” too, the same feeling prevails.

We do not find, in all his poetry, a single trace of the Byron school, so fashionable in his youth—a school that flourished under a sky all gloom and darkness and storm—that dwelt in a world egotistic and reckless, selfish and immoral. Nor is he of the Shelly philosophy—devoid of faith and full of mysterious conceits. In a word, Bryant walks in the “continuous woods,” descends the lonely valleys and climbs the lofty mountain tops; and, humble in heart, he communes with the majesty of nature around him. There, he outpours from the pure fountain of his mind all that he sees and hears and thinks, in a full tide of poetic enthusiasm, with so much order-like freshness, that, involuntarily, he makes us glad partakers of his own delightful emotions. And, in the gentlest and most sacred feelings of our nature—reverence for his father—love for his sister—watchfulness of his offspring, and benevolence to all men—we find his genius and his heart so sweetly blended, that we scarcely know which most to admire—the poet or the man.

Often, with a rare facility, he introduces a word, or an expression, in a line, that gives a life-like appearance to his picture, and we see it distinctly at a glance. We may introduce here, and not inappropriately, an anecdote.

Last summer, two literary gentlemen paid a visit to Washington Irving at “The Roost.” One morning while loitering around the neighboring scenes, they ascended a gentle acclivity, from which a broad, full view of the landscape lay before them. The gentle host, never daring but always graceful—seldom original but always new—suddenly said—“If a proof were wanting that Bryant is a poet of nature, here it lies before us;” and he instantly quoted, with much animation, the opening stanza of “*Lines on Revisiting the Country*.”

I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

“How true to nature!” exclaimed Mr. Irving: “there is not another word than ‘scooped’ that would so vividly describe this scene.” The whole stanza is graphic, and the closing lines none but the true poet could possibly have written. Who has not seen, as standing upon his native hills, the sunless glens scooped out between the ridges, and heard the streams brawling over their shallow beds, although unseen!

Were we to select even a few of the beautiful expressions, tender thoughts and lofty aspirations, which, while reading his volume, we have marked in admiration, this paper might be deemed a criticism on the poet, rather than a moral and mental portrait of the man.

But, read “*The Death of the Flowers*,”—nothing that Bryant has ever written will match its quiet and graceful beauty! Of its kind, it is unsurpassed by any poem in the language: the compression of thought, the appropriate but not over-crowded images, the tenderness of feeling and accuracy of description, disarm criticism. It is November—you feel its chilling winds—you are in the grove with him, on the hill and by the brook, and every thing he has described lies before you in its own peculiar beauty, and nothing is there that he has not painted. Then, with a bland and melancholy smile, the pretty Indian summer comes to glad and bless the earth: we see the squirrel and the bee, venturing from their winter homes—we hear the rustling of the withered leaves—the sound of the dropping nuts; and before us, the waters of the rill twinkle in the smoky light—and then, the south wind comes searching for the flowers

“And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.”

In the poem of “*Autumn Woods*,” we have another proof that Bryant is a poet of nature.

* * * *

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.”

* * *

Let us accompany him to his favorite woods in winter, and let him pour forth with his own une-

The story of thy better deeds, engraved
On fame's unmouldering pillar, puts to shame
Our chiller virtue; the high art to tame
The whirlwind of the passions was thine own;
And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
Far over many a land and age has shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from God's own throne.

Still, Heaven deferred the hour ordained to rend
From saintly rottenness the sacred stole;
And cowl and worshipped shrine could still defend
The wretch with felon stains upon his soul;
And crimes were set to sale, and hard his dole
Who could not bribe a passage to the skies;
And vice, beneath the mitre's kind control,
Sinned gayly on, and grew to giant size,
Shielded by priestly power, and watched by priestly eyes.

At last the earthquake came—

————— with glad embrace
The fair disburdened lands welcome a nobler race.

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven;
They fade, they fly—but truth survives their flight.

In these quotations we see a trait of the author's mind, almost from his first essay in verse, even to the present time. In his latest published poem—"The Winds,"—we find the same love of liberty and scorn of oppressors—mingled with strong benevolence. We quote one verse.

Yet oh, when that wronged spirit of our race,
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison place,
Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with wo, and blot her fair
Unconscious breast with blood from human view.

And to the two verses preceding the one we have quoted, we might also refer, as a proof that his opinions on government and legislation have, from his earliest manhood even till the present time, been unwaveringly the same.

In our day, the love of freedom seems inseparable with a love of America, even in the breast of strangers—with natives of the soil, it often breathes forth in a noble strain of patriotism. The attachment that Bryant bears to his native land is boundless, and frequently he gives vent to his feelings in impassioned verse. Let us once more quote from that noble poem "The Ages." He first speaks of the land in its primeval grandeur—and of the time when

The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing—
Then, coming down to present times, he says—

Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off;

Turning a moment to shackled Europe, he predicts

the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,

Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell!

What man is there, who while reading this noble stanza does not feel his veins tingle and his bosom swell! It is spirit-stirring!

And in "The Lapse of Time," we have the same feeling,—not less fervent, though more subdued.

The years, that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth
And nurse her strength, till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth;

"Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
Shall cling about her ample robe,
And from her frown shall shrink afraid
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

In all these quotations there is no rhetorical flourish, no antithetical prettiness, no unmeaning melody—but all is vigorous thought, sound judgment, and, we may say—a prophesy, that has already been partly verified.

The Winds, too, are a favorite theme with Bryant. We have "To the Evening Wind;" "Summer Wind;" "The West Wind;" "The Hurricane;" and lastly "The Winds."

The first named poem is familiar to all readers; and by all admired. Mr. John Keese of New York, has lately published a very beautiful volume, adorned with designs by Chapman, entitled, "*The Poets of America*;" containing many selections of great excellence, and some destitute of all merit. Among other poems of Bryant's, chosen for that book, is "To the Evening Wind."—We have heard it said, that Mr. Keese deeming it incomplete, suggested to the author, through a friend, the propriety of introducing a new stanzas. Bryant yielded to the suggestion and wrote an additional one, which is inserted between the 3d and 4th verse; as it has only appeared in the volume referred to, we copy it.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
That they who near the church-yard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that passed away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

Let our readers compare the original stanzas with the above, and we are persuaded they will come to the irresistible conclusion, as we have done, that the last, if not the best, is not surpassed by any of the others.

Simms, the novelist and poet—for whose genius we entertain a high respect—in 1828, published in Charleston a small volume of verse, which contained a poem—"The Summer Evening Wind"—between which and "To the Evening Wind," a strong resemblance may be traced, in several of the thoughts. Let us quote from both.

How soothingly, to close the sultry day,
Comes the soft breeze from off the murmuring waves.

————— I feel
The odorous breath of Evening, like a wing,
Lifting the hair upon my moistened brows
As if a spirit fanned me. Slowly, at fits,

The Wind ascends my lattice, and creeps in,
And swells the shrinking drapery of my couch,
That melts away around me.

— Thou, meanwhile, will come
And wave thy wings above my throbbing brows,
And put aside the tangles of my hair
With a mysterious kindness. *Simms.*

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play.

And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples.

And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow. *Bryant.*

We accuse neither of plagiarism—we look upon the similitude merely as a coincidence that sometimes happens. A stronger resemblance than this may be found in "The Bride of Abydos" and "The Fire Worshippers;" yet who accuses Byron or Moore of plagiarising from each other? In both cases the poems were written about the same time, and the poets resided apart. Ours, one in Charleston, the other in New York—The British, one in England, the other in Greece.

Were it not improper in the plan we have proposed for ourselves, to look with a critical eye upon the poet, we might point out some few faults both of harmony and style—spots upon the sun. In the following line from *Monument Mountain*—viz :

"Of the wide forest and maize-planted glades."

Comic actors sometimes make a "palpable hit" by emphasizing conjunctions—but in serious verse, it is inadmissible.

In style, Bryant has one or two faults that occur several times in his verse—viz :

"The love that wrings it so—" *Monument Mountain.*

And again,

"They little know, who loved him so." *The Murdered Traveller.*

"Wrings it so" and "loved him so," do not belong to the pure Saxon-English—they are effeminate refinements of modern days. "So," in the sense intended above, means any thing or nothing—it conveys no definite idea to the mind—although it is in common use.

The various translations from the French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, &c., we cannot commend highly—in truth, we may well regret that one like Bryant, of vigorous and original mind, should spare time to render into English verse, poems—inferior both in feeling and fancy to his own unaided productions. We venture to assert, that, however much justice he may have done the originals, he never could have won, by these translations, a name for himself.

We have already said, that on the publication of "The Ages" in 1821, Bryant, by common consent, was placed at the head of American poets.

Though many of his contemporaries have written more voluminously, none have equalled him in

true poetic enthusiasm—though some have soared higher into the realms of imagination, none have approached his tenderness of feeling and fidelity of description—and, though several are endowed with more varied powers, none have matched his purity and compactness of language. Were his wit as brilliant as his pathos is deep—his invention as quick as his enthusiasm is strong—and his skill in the heart as profound as his knowledge of nature—we should assign him a place among the mightiest masters of song.

In drawing the mental portrait of the poet, it may be interesting to consider him in various stages of his career, and see if the splendor of his early fame has been dimmed by the later productions of his muse. Indeed, without such an examination this portrait would be imperfect.

Let us, therefore, mention the dates of a very few of his best poems, which, without much impropriety, may be contrasted—

Thanatopsis, written 1815.	The Fountain, written 1839.
Hymn to Death, 1825.	Earth, 1834.
Forest Hymn, 1824.	The Prairies, 1833.
To the Evening Wind, 1828.	The Winds, 1839.

"The Fountain" is not excelled by "Thanatopsis;" in truth, it is unequalled in skilful arrangement of light and shade. "The Hymn to Death," though a noble poem, possesses neither the range nor depth of thought of "Earth"—and we might say as much, in contrasting the "Forest Hymn" with "The Prairies." "To the Evening Wind," is a poem as widely known as its author's name—but "The Winds"—the latest of all his published poems—is unequalled by that, or any other of his writings, for force of expression and boldness of imagery. Let us quote a single stanza.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale and pray;
Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the Ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

This stanza, in our judgment, is magnificent. In boldness of imagery, nay, in sublimity, it is unequalled by any verse he has ever written. "The Winds" has added a greener leaf to his poetic wreath.

By a close comparison of his writings, from the appearance of "The Ages" to the poem last published, we have come to the decided conclusion that, instead of growing careless by confidence in his power, or, of becoming cold by the advance of years, Bryant improves in terseness of style, vigor of thought, and beauty of expression. We are more amazed at this, than we should be disposed to censure, were it otherwise; for, when we reflect that he is constantly engaged, in the drudgery, we may say, of a daily newspaper, it excites our wonder that he is able to abstract his mind from the conflicts of party politics and soar into the regions

of imagination. We fervently hope, that the time will arrive, when Bryant, in the full maturity and strength of genius, may be able to withdraw from his present vocation to some congenial place, and there find leisure to compose a poem of length, on some subject worthy of his muse—one, that will be a monument to his fame, even more enduring than all he has yet written. But, should circumstances deny him the leisure for such a task, he has achieved enough to secure for himself a high niche in the Temple of Fame.

While Americans shall reverence the literature of their country, and honor their poets, Bryant will hold the highest rank, of all who have yet lived, and his writings will fill the proudest place in every library of American poetry.

THE FALLEN.

He had been one whose heart was like a fountain,
Leaping to catch the sunbeams ere they fell;
His home was not with men, but on a mountain
That mingled with the skies he loved to dwell:
And from his airy height, when winds were playing,
He gave his sybil-fancies to the breeze;
While his wild harp was, as a sceptre, swaying
The hearts of empires with its melodies.

Nations were at his feet. Kings loved to own
Themselves his subjects: even Nature bowed,
In simple majesty, before his throne,
And gave him, for his canopy, a cloud
Dipp'd in the rising sun; Her worshipper
Became her worshipp'd—yet, before his shrine,
She but adored herself; for, mirror'd there,
She saw her own sweet image doubly shine.

He had not trod the beaten ways of men,
Like a poor pilgrim, gathering, one by one,
The nut-galls of life's lore to feed his pen;
But shone by his own light, as doth the sun.
On depths that others fathomed toilsomly,
His rays, as on a surface plain, would fall:
He glass'd himself on knowledge, as a sea;
Drew up her streams and rained them down, on all.

He had not trod the beaten ways of men;
Yet human hearts were unto him, a book
Unclasped—he read them wheresoe'er and when
Into the volume he might deign to look.
His dreams were revelations! in the hour
When his spent frame sunk in its nightly death,
His tireless spirit scorned the tempter's power,
And with new treasures blessed his waking breath.

But yet, he knew not bliss: A quenchless thirst
Was in his soul, like an undying fire:
A tongue of flame, in Sinai's thunders, cursed
His laggard pinions that could soar no higher.
Honors, he recked not even to despise—
Of his rich harvest, these were but the tares:
He dashed them from him—as the bark her prize,
When the wind scatters Neptune's hoary hairs.

He was as one who rides upon a wave,
Where flows the river of the day-god's beams:
Poor mariner, his glory was his grave!
The very rays that poured on him their streams,

Dazzled his vision; through the misty glare,
Fame's mole-hills clomb by pigmies, took a height
That stretched unbounded through th' expanse of air,
And seemed like Alpine summits to his sight.

Like Macedonia's madman, he had wept
For other worlds to conquer and amaze;
His own was half unconquered! He had slept!
So raved he as these cheats allured his gaze:
Heights were above him—these, he had not won!
Others were toiling upward—where was he?
Was there one goal to reach—one race to run—
And he not struggle for the mastery?

As when the winged ambassador of Jove,
On some high message to Apollo speeds;
Breasting the blazing showers from above,
That pour in torrents down th' aerial meads;
As when that monarch of the tireless wing,
Lured from his mission by some earthly spell,
Stoops in his flight and meets the arrowy sting—
So soared the eagle-hearted—and so, fell!

Hard the descent: as if from heaven hurled,
He downward flew with wing no more elate—
He had been so uplifted from the world,
That he had thither ceased to gravitate:
But yet, the very toil that marked his flight,
Gave a new glory to the goal afar;
Alas, that one so near the fount of light—
That such should leave the sun to gain a star!

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.*

A BALLAD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,

AUTHOR OF "VOICES OF THE NIGHT," "HYPERION," AND
"OUTRE MER."

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the Skipper had ta'en his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom sweet as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The Skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailór,
Had sail'd the Spanish Main,
I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!
The Skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows froth'd like yeast.

* We select the above ballad from that valuable journal, "The New-World"—a notice of which will be found in this number. It is from the pen of one of our sweetest and brightest poets, and is worthy of his genius. "The Psalms of Life," we have not yet seen, but are waiting anxiously for its reception. We think, with the correspondent of "The New-World" that Professor Longfellow holds a place in the very first rank of our native poets.—(*Ed. Messenger.*)

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength ;
 She shudder'd and paus'd, like a frighted steed,
 Then leap'd her cable's length.

Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
 And do not tremble so ;
 For I can weather the roughest gale,
 That ever wind did blow.

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat
 Against the stinging blast ;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,
 And bound her to the mast.

O father! I hear the church-bells ring—
 O say, what may it be ?
 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!
 And he steer'd for the open sea.

O father! I hear the sound of guns—
 O say, what may it be ?
 Some ship in distress, that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!

O father! I see a gleaming light—
 O say, what may it be ?
 But the father answer'd never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face to the skies,
 The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
 On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
 That sav'd she might be ;
 And she thought of Christ, who still'd the wave
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,
 Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land ;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf,
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Look'd soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
 With the masts went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho! ho! the breakers roar'd!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow!
 Christ save us all from a death like this
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

CANOVA.

[Translated from the Italian, by M. Morgan, M. D. Surgeon
 U. S. Navy, for the Southern Literary Messenger.]

CANOVA FIRST CALLED TO PARIS—HIS STATUE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

At this period he had made the model of a colossal statue of Ferdinand, King of Naples, and had finished a copy of his *Persens*, with some variations, for Pollonia; when Cacault, the French Minister at Rome, invited him in the name of the First Consul to Paris, in order to execute there a work of art. But he was so much attached to Rome, and so unwilling to change his habits of living, that, for some time, he presented obstacles to leaving there. But being advised by the Pope himself, and others capable of judging of the advantage which might result to him from a compliance with the wishes of the First Consul, he at length consented to the request. His friend, D'Esté, told him, "If it should become necessary to write your life, it will be gratifying to see your sculpture registered and connected with great men and great events. It is well that a great artist should have something of variety and recreation connected with his fame, for readers who are always curious in such matters." He therefore departed for Paris, accompanied by his brother George Baptiste; and the French Minister presented him with a beautiful carriage for the journey. The Pope gave him letters to his Legate, near the French Republic; and he was furnished with credentials from St. Cloud, of the most generous and liberal kind with regard to his expenses. On his arrival he was treated with the most marked attention and courtesy and was introduced by the Legate to the Minister of the Interior, who immediately accompanied him to the Palace of St. Cloud. There, by the Secretary Bourrienne and the Governor General, he was presented to Bonaparte, who received him most kindly, and conversed freely and with great complaisance on various topics.

The ingenuous artist begged permission to speak to the First Consul with the candor and simplicity which belonged to his character; and went on to explain to him, how Rome languished in indigence and poverty from the unfortunate state of the times, despoiled as she was of her ancient monuments, the palaces of the Popes going to ruin and decay, while the city was without money and without commerce.

"I will restore Rome," replied Bonaparte; "I have the good of mankind at heart, and I will promote it. But what then would you have?" "Nothing," replied the sculptor, "but to obey your orders." "Make my statue," said Bonaparte, and took leave of him.

Three days afterwards, Canova returned to St. Cloud with the clay for the model, accompanied by his brother; and they breakfasted with Bonaparte and Josephine. Canova observed that a person having so much to do as the First Consul, would probably be fatigued with the waste of time in sitting for his likeness. "I am not wanting of something to do, indeed," said Bonaparte. Canova then commenced the statue, which in five days was finished in gigantic proportions.

While Canova was working at the model, the First Consul read, or conversed jocularly with Josephine, or talked familiarly with the artist about his particular profession. Among other things, they spoke of the taking from Rome of the ancient Greek monuments and other precious objects of the fine arts. On this subject the artist could not restrain his feelings and his grief, at the great loss and injury to Rome. "Believe me," said he, "this lamentation is not mine alone and that of Italians: the French themselves,

who possess such high taste and sense of the dignity of the fine arts, participate also in our grief; and a paper has been published here in Paris to this effect by the illustrious Quatremère of Quincy." The conversation afterwards turned on the transportation of the bronze horses from Venice; and Canova said, "Sire, the subversion of that Republic will afflict me with sorrow during life." What ardent love of country, and above all, what sincerity, frankness and feeling are in all the words of the sculptor.

Bonaparte was pleased with his manner, and indulged in a familiarity with him, which he used with no other person, and of which some were jealous. While upon the head of the statue, Canova observed, "It must be confessed that this head is so favorable to sculpture, that finding it among ancient statues, it would always be taken for that of one of the greatest men of antiquity who are honored in history. As the likeness of a hero, I shall succeed marvellously; but as such it may not perhaps please so well the tender sex." At this Bonaparte smiled.

The model being finished, the sculptor was entertained in the most magnificent style by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and all Paris talked of nothing but Canova, the statue, and the attentions bestowed on him by the First Consul.

The celebrated David became his intimate friend, and entertained him at his house, where he was made acquainted with the most illustrious artists of France, and among them with Gerard, who painted his portrait. Canova was always a firm defender of the exalted merit of these great artists, and spoke well of their works. While visiting the Gallery of Pictures, where, among others, there was one by Gerard representing Belisarius as a beggar, and a Hypolite by Guerin, a young man then of great promise, Canova said publicly that France possessed artists whose merit was superior to their fame.

He was afterwards honorably presented to the National Institute, of which he was made a member; and at Neuilly, the villa of Gen. Murat, he again saw his groups of Psyche and Love, and worked on them for some time with much effect. Finally he took leave of the First Consul the morning that he received the ambassador from Tunis. Bonaparte said to him, "Commend me to the Pope, and tell him you have heard me recommend the liberty of all christians."

The sculptor made notes of all this at the time, which he left with his brother.

He was announced at quitting Paris as the greatest sculptor in the world, and that the bust of the model was a perfect apotheosis.

On his way home, he lodged at Lyons with the Arch Bishop, Cardinal Fesch, brother to the mother of the First Consul, a worthy lady, who knew how to conduct herself with equal dignity in the extremes of prosperous and adverse fortune. At Turin, he lodged with the Marquis Prié, and received great honors at Milan from Murat, and from Melzi D'Eeril, Vice President of the Republic; and his return was a perfect triumph, such was the disposition to honor him, and in him the Fine Arts.

Having arrived at Florence, he was received with the most enthusiastic applause by the Academy there, and his majesty Ludovico, King of Etruria, made him a noble present, which was all the works of the ample museum, with an engraved frontispiece and a dedication to the sculptor by the King himself.

He thence returned to Rome, where all were eager to employ him, as all Europe desired to possess some of his works. But one man, however laborious, could not gratify all; and he was compelled to decline a monument to the First Consul, for Milan—a statue of Mr. Dundas, for Lord Ferguson, with the offer of three thousand pounds sterling—a statue of Catharine II, for Russia—one of Ferdinand IV,

for the city of Catania—and one of the Duke of Bedford, and many other works; having determined to be more indulgent to his liberal genius, rather than restrained by such commissions.

Two great works now occupied him—the Statue of the First Consul, and the Grand Mausoleum to Christina, for Austria.

He finished first the Statue of the First Consul, which was done in the heroic costume, much like the statues of the Roman Emperors, placing in one hand a spear and in the other the world with victory. The likeness was naked, except the military vest, which hung from the shoulders—the sword is abandoned to the side for support, and all the person is seen in front. Denon wrote a strong censure of the work, which was published at the time, on the statue being naked, as a thing contrary to our customs in modern times, which he said should be handed down by the arts to posterity. But a defence was made of it by a famous and learned antiquary, whose knowledge of such matters was respected by every civilized nation, the Great Ennio Quirino Visconti, in which were found irrefutable arguments which demonstrated to Denon and the world the propriety of the costume. The costumes in ancient sculpture are not the true costumes used in the times when the likenesses were taken—as the difference between the costumes of the times is evident. Costumes are conventional for the embellishment and perfection of the art. Among the ancient naked likenesses, is Meleager naked—the Gladiator Borgheze naked—the Achilles of the Campidoglio is naked—the Laocoon is naked—Jason is naked. There never was an ancient hunter nor soldier nor hero made but he was naked. The art has chosen nudity as its language. Hence the likenesses and statues of the living were represented naked—whence Pompey, Agrippa, Augustus, Tiberius, Drusus, Germanicus, Claudius, Domitian, Nerva, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus and Macrinus, are all represented naked. No Emperor has the toga on except in the funeral celebrations as Pontiff, when his face is veiled. The toga was only the Roman imperial civic habit. And so in like manner the illustrious Greeks, Pindar, Euripides, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Aristides, have only a large Greek mantle thrown in a picturesque manner over their naked bodies. Thus in the frieze of the Parthenon, where Phidias has given the procession of the Panathenæ, the Athenian nobles are represented either as naked or with short vests. This ever was their costume.

The ancient artists used vestments for decency in their representations of women and their goddesses, unless when Venus was coming from the bath or nymphs coming out of the lakes—beyond this they used them for ornament alone and as emblematic characteristics. But we cannot represent our clothes as the ancients did theirs, in consequence of their angular shape rendering them unfavorable to and unfitting them for use in sculpture. They are contrary to the beautiful and graceful compositions of the art, nor is it proper that such things should be seen from side views. "An Artist," concludes Visconti, "might well represent an Eastern person with the feet and legs bare, although wrapped in a magnificent robe and covered with a turban and adorned with precious jewels; but a French likeness in an embroidered habit with naked legs, would be excessively ridiculous." The same arguments were urged by Cicognara, when he says the heroic habit was only a convention adopted to express a quality of the mind, and to use metaphysical entities corresponding with the relations of the arts. This also corresponds with the opinion of Mengs, when he says the Greeks remembered that the arts were made by man, and that their first model was the human figure.

The artist consecrates his work to all people and to all

ages, and calls upon posterity to be the judges, and says with Zeuxis, "I paint for eternity."

The figures of the poets are metaphor—comparison—hyperbole. Poetry is full of them, because they give more energy to language. So the other arts use metaphorical expressions: and nudity, for example, is the metaphor of sculpture. The ancients knew the wants and conveniences of the arts, and permitted to sculpture the habitual use of a metaphor, without which the art would cease to be imitative. It is a convention of the ideal style. Nudity is the practical part of the art—the eternal part: as much so as the art itself. And thus a statue of exalted merit belongs to every age—as it is proper to all times—and transports or gives to physical man that general existence which fame gives to the moral man.

But the censures of the French critics were not confined to the nudity of the statue. The Minister Marescalchi, who was intimate with the sculptor, informed him that the statue was thought too colossal, and that it would have been better liked if it had possessed the form of Apollo rather than the limbs of Hercules: that the muscles of the right side of the breast had too much relief: and that the back showed more of the attitude than the hero. He finished, however, by saying, "continue to work for eternity, which alone can judge of you rightly, and let the crows caw!"

The sculptor was always loth to assume his own defence, and was disposed to answer in a more generous way by new and beautiful works of his mind and hand; but on this occasion he answered triumphantly with his pen. He showed the absurdity of speaking of it being too colossal, as one might be made of seventy feet if the proportions were properly observed: and to call it too athletic, was equally erroneous as it regarded the style; and he refuted the artists who said the head did not correspond with the rest, which seemed too heroic.

The colossal figures of Monte Cavallo are of more marked forms than that of Napoleon. His heroes are always demi-gods. And if you confront it with the statues of the Roman Emperors, every objection on this account will vanish.

The learned and accomplished Quatremetre, after impartially examining the work, pronounced it the boldest and grandest that could be produced by a sculptor.

The Academy of Venice published a solemn demonstration of the high estimation in which they held the head of this statue, and their admiration of its elegance; in which they said, "It would be impossible to commend enough the skill exhibited in preserving the lineaments and characteristics, translating it into the spacious dimensions, as well as the choice of the moment of animation. It is without low perturbation: and the features indicate vast understanding—penetration, perspicacity and firmness of mind—magnanimous ardor, promptness of action—with all those marks which come pouring down upon us from antiquity in the likeness of those whom Providence with parsimonious hand has from time to time given to make the most striking epochs in the history of nations."

The noble and sustained grandeur exhibited and corresponding in all its parts; the happy conjunction of its modulations, and the harmony of its terminations, stamped it as a work to endure as long as the art.

"The Annals of Literature and the Arts" of Austria, contained also a notice of it, and it was celebrated in Latin and Italian verse—but above all, there was a beautiful encomium on it by David the Painter, who told the sculptor "he had done for posterity as much as human skill and excellence could accomplish, and that therefore he might leave to mediocrity its habitual consolation of biting at merit." This letter touched the heart of Canova, and he replied as follows:

"A letter from David has such weight that it is the

greatest happiness I could possibly receive. Happy am I if I have been able to produce a work worthy of your approbation, since you do not praise without perfect knowledge. I ought to regard it as a triumph. All is united in your decision, and believe me it has given me great pleasure, especially as it comes spontaneously. This will be the most beautiful ornament that will adorn my life; and I shall always remain under obligations to you."

About this time he was applied to by a learned Professor to supply him with materials to write his life, adverting to the great fame he had acquired: but Canova declined furnishing him with any papers, having never felt vanity or pride.

On his return to Rome from Paris, he was greeted with magnificent entertainments, and was surrounded by his friends, among whom were Angelica Kauffman—Gaspara, Landi—Cammucini—Benvenuto—and other great artists and connoisseurs, all eager to exchange sentiments with him on the fascinating and sublime subjects of the arts.

CANOVA'S SECOND JOURNEY TO PARIS.

The Imperial Court of France had desired for a long time that Canova should make Paris his permanent abode. The Dutchess of Bracciano, in September 1809, wrote to her husband from Paris, that Madame Mère Bonaparte wished, from the strong affection she felt for Canova, that he would come to Paris and live in her palace.

Finally, Napoleon called him there. He was written to by the Intendant General of the Imperial household, from Amsterdam, and informed that the Emperor invited him to Paris, either to remain some time or to make it his fixed residence.

The despatch added, that on account of the high esteem in which the Emperor held his transcendent talents and his extensive knowledge of the arts dependent on design, he thought his counsel would contribute to perfect the works of art then contemplated to be executed in France, which were to perpetuate the splendor of his reign.

This new office would not interfere with the exercise of the art which he practised with such unrivalled ability; and it was not doubted that the dispositions which his Majesty would make for him near his person, and to establish him in the Capital of his Empire, would be found acceptable to the artist.

The letter concluded by saying, "I cannot presume to interpret all that his Majesty in his munificence has reserved for you; but the honorable distinction proffered cannot but be flattering to you, and gives the fullest assurance of his favor and benevolence. Be pleased to reflect on this proposition, and send me an answer, that I may present it as early as possible to his Majesty."

Our sculptor was at Florence when he received this letter, and every one who knew his ardent love of country, could imagine the perturbation of mind he suffered, as he never was governed by any schemes of worldly advancement or ambition, or only the noble ambition of devotion to his art.

At length he replied in the following letter:

"I received in Florence the letter of your Excellency. I cannot express to you the intense feelings of embarrassment and gratitude which agitate my bosom at this new act of magnanimity and Sovereign clemency towards me. Ah that I had language as ready as my heart is eloquent! But words would be vain to express the sentiments of my soul; and the clearest proofs I can give of my gratitude will be a prompt obedience to the Sovereign disposition of his Imperial and Royal Majesty. But this submission, so consistent with my wishes and my duty, is utterly irreconcilable with my temperament and the nature and genius of my profession. I know not, nor can I give a more indubitable evi-

dence of my devotion and grateful affection, than that of breaking off immediately from all my business and engagements, and flying to the foot of the throne, and there offering to his Majesty the homage of my services and gratitude. If I be commanded to make the statue of the Empress, I will execute it immediately on my arrival at Paris; and shall ask permission (if his Majesty is fully satisfied with it) to return to Rome. And here I beseech you to hear the invincible reasons which constrain me to this request, and bind me to Italy and to Rome. In truth, that city, the mother and ancient seat of the arts, is the only asylum for a sculptor, and especially for me, who have so long fixed my residence there, and which has become my necessary home. But I would still hope to spend much of my time in the service of his Majesty and that of the Imperial family, in preference to other labors, with the ambition of securing immortality by uniting my name with that of so great a Prince. The great number of works, models, colossal statues, pieces in relief, &c. which I have left in my studio at Rome, would make it impossible for me to remain absent from my studio without the occurrence of great inconvenience, disorder and confusion. Among these works is the equestrian statue of his Majesty, of which I have already modelled the horse, of dimensions more vast than any thing of the kind in Europe, and not unworthy perhaps in the judgment of the public, of the Majesty of him who reigns, being of the height of twenty-two Roman psalmi. Of this equestrian statue I have to make a cast in bronze, which I must superintend, it being already in the hands of the founder; and I have also unfinished, another beautiful cast of his Majesty's pedestrian statue for the Viceroy of Italy. I have moreover a gigantic group of Theseus conquering the Centaur, which has been modelled; a work which the city of Milan is desirous of consecrating to the great Napoleon—not to mention the sitting statue of his Majesty and one of Madame Mère—for the King of Westphalia, and other works of the Imperial family. As I was from my early youth accustomed to study, and to the solitude of a life entirely private and retired, with not robust health, but on the contrary delicate if not watched and regulated, with a temperament of great sensibility and excessive timidity out of my art, I know myself altogether incapable of directing affairs which are not intimately connected with my profession. Whenever, therefore, I should change that mode of life which is my element, I should at once die to myself and to the art for which I live. Should his Majesty command me to dedicate all the remainder of my life to his service, as I have already a good part of it, I shall obey; and should he ask my life, it is his: but he will never act contrary to the feelings of his magnanimous heart, and never violate the splendor of his name, and that munificence by which he deigned to elevate me. He will never make me renounce myself—my art—my glory—and that which is far greater, the glory of his Majesty. If my humble efforts in my art have elicited his gracious approbation, may he be pleased to consent to leave me to my quiet and tranquil labors, where by my constant application I can render myself more worthy of his protection.

CANOVA."

The same sentiments were expressed to Cardinal Fesch and to Denon, and both assisted him in obtaining his request.

This letter of Canova reminds us of the beautiful passage in Plutarch, in which mutations of life are condemned unless they bring some addition to happiness; and he warns against a change of the studies and pursuits to which we have been long devoted, as such changes seldom bring happiness with them.

Our artist therefore immediately set out, accompanied by his brother, to explain better in person his feelings to the Emperor. He arrived at Fontainebleau on the evening of

October 11th, 1810, where he was cordially received by the Grand Marshal of the Palace, and the arrangements were made for his presentation next day to Napoleon.

It was stated in the journals that Canova was received as one of the most illustrious persons; and the first of sculptors since the ancients was certainly worthy of such honors, since in every place where his exalted talents could be appreciated, he would have received the homage due to the highest eminence as an artist.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND CANOVA.

The Emperor of France at this time attracted the attention of all Europe; and every thing which related to that extraordinary man excited public curiosity, and became an object of diplomacy. Canova, therefore, having an opportunity of holding frequent conversations with him, thought proper to register them in his private port-folio, readily foreseeing that at a future day they would be sought after and read with avidity. He was also anxious to preserve them, as they contained allusions to some delicate points, in which he wished to defend the purity of his motives and conduct in case it should become necessary, and to show that he never was allured by promises nor intimidated by danger, to desert the paths of rectitude; but always declared the whole truth, even in the face of a Sovereign so powerful.

As the originals of these precious manuscripts were confided to the biographer, they are here inserted. They will be appreciated by the intelligent, and teach even pusillanimous minds never to mask truth, or flatter ambition and greatness, from the grovelling motives of vanity and interest. They moreover evince, that while Canova was obedient to the orders of Napoleon, he never lost his reverence for his Sovereign, the Pope and the Holy Church.

The manuscript goes on to say: "On the 12th of October, 1810, at 12 o'clock, I was presented to Napoleon by Marshal Duroc. He was just going to breakfast with the Empress, and nobody else was present.

The first words he said to me were, "You have become somewhat thin."

I replied that this was the effect of my constant labor and fatigue; thanked him for the great honor he had done me in calling me near him, where I could pursue the fine arts, and at the same time told him frankly the impossibility of my removing from Rome, and explained to him my motives and reasons.

"This," said he, "is the Capital. It is proper you should stay here; and you shall be well provided for."

"You are, Sir, the master of my life; but if it please your Majesty that it be spent in your service, permit me to return to Rome after I shall have finished the works for which I have come here."

He smiled at these words, and replied: "This is your centre. Here are all the first works of ancient art. There is only wanting the Farnesian Hercules; and we will have that too."

"Leave, your Majesty," said I, "leave something to Italy. These ancient monuments form a chain and collection which cannot be removed from Rome and Naples."

"Italy can replace them," said he, "by making further excavations. I wish myself to dig at Rome. Tell me, has the Pope spent enough in this way?"

I then gave him an account how little he had spent, because the Pope was very poor; but that he had a generous heart, and was disposed to do much: that with an infinite love of the arts, and great industry and economy, he had collected another museum.

Here he asked me if the Borghese family had spent much in excavations.

I replied that their expenses were moderate, and that

they mostly dug on shares with others, and afterwards purchased the portion which belonged to their partners. I also mentioned the sacred right of property which the Roman people had to all the monuments discovered in their grounds; and that as this species of property was a product intrinsically united to the soil, the Prince himself could not send any thing away from Rome.

"I paid," said he, "forty millions for the Borghese statues. How much does the Pope spend annually for the fine arts—a hundred thousand crowns?"

"Not so much," I replied, "for he is extremely poor!"

"Could much be done," he asked, "with a less sum?"

"Certainly," I replied.

We then spoke of the colossal statue of himself which I had executed; and it seemed he would have been better pleased with it if the drapery had been the common French dress.

"It would have been impossible," I replied, "to make a beautiful work if your Majesty had been dressed in the French fashion, with boots and spurs. Sculpture, like the rest of the fine arts, has its language of sublimity—which is nudity, and such simple drapery as is proper to the art." I then adduced many examples from poetry and the ancient monuments; and the Emperor seemed convinced: but going on to speak of the other, the equestrian statue of him, and he knowing that this was dressed in a different way, "Why," said he, "was that not naked also?"

"It was here proper to have a different costume, as it would be inconsistent and incongruous to represent him naked on horseback at the head of his army. Such had been the costume of the ancients and moderns."

"Have you seen," said he, "the statue of Gen. Dessaix in bronze? It seems to me badly done—it has a ridiculous sash."

When I was about to reply, he added: "Have you made a cast of my statue standing?"

"It is already done, your Majesty, and with entire success; and an engraving of it has been made by a young artist of great merit, who desires the honor of dedicating it to your Majesty. He is a young man of fine talents, and it is worthy of the munificence of your Majesty to encourage such artists these hard times."

"I wish to come to Rome," he added.

"That country merits the notice of your Majesty," I answered. "You will there find matter to warm the imagination, in contemplating the Campidoglio—the Forum of Trajan—the Via Sacra—the columns and arches." Here I described to him some of the ancient Roman magnificence, and especially the Appian Way from Rome to Brundisium, girded on each side by sepulchres; and also the other consular highways.

"How wonderful," said he, "these Romans were the masters of the world."

"It was not only their power," I rejoined, "but the high Italian genius, and their love of the great and sublime. See, your Majesty, what the little state of Florence did, and what the Venetians did. The Florentines had the enthusiasm to erect that wonderful Dome with only a penny a pound on wool; and this was enough to erect a fabric superior to any in modern times. Ghiberti made the celebrated gates of St. John in bronze with forty thousand sequins—now a million of francs. See, your Majesty, how industrious, and at the same time how magnanimous they were."

This was the first conversation previous to taking measures for commencing the statue of the Empress.

The 15th of October, I began the work, which was followed by several sittings, in which I was always engaged in conversation with the Emperor on various subjects, as he allotted that time to his breakfast, and was entirely unoccupied. I shall relate some of the principal topics.

"How is the air at Rome?" he said to me. "It was bad and unhealthy in ancient times."

"It appears so," I replied, "from history, and from the ancients having taken the precaution to plant and cultivate woods and forests which they called sacred."

"I recollect to have read in Tacitus," said he, "that the troops of Vitellius on their return from Germany were very sickly, from having slept on the Vatican."

He rang the bell for the librarian to bring Tacitus. He did not find the passage at once, and I found it for him.

He went on to say that soldiers on change of climate were generally unhealthy the first year, but afterwards were well enough.

Speaking of Rome, I mentioned to him the desolation of that capital, and said, "Without your Majesty's powerful protection, that country can never be resuscitated, because it is deprived of every assistance. After the fall and loss of the Popes, all the foreign ministers left there, together with forty cardinals, more than two hundred prelates, and a vast number of canons and other clergy. A great emigration has taken place—the grass is growing in the streets—and for your Majesty's glory I speak freely, and beseech you to repair the want of so much money which formerly flowed from all parts to Rome, and which is now entirely interrupted."

"This money," he replied, "was of little consequence ultimately—the cultivation of cotton would be much better."

"Very little," I replied, "had been attempted at this. Luciano only has tried the experiment. All is wanting at Rome. We only want however the protection of your Majesty."

He then smiled, and said, "We will make it the head of Italy, and unite Naples to it. What do you say to this?—are you satisfied?"

"The arts," I replied, "would again prosper by a little encouragement. Except the splendid works ordered by your Majesty, nobody now patronizes them. Besides they have become luke-warm in religion; the zeal for which is so necessary to the support of the arts." And here I cited the examples of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, where religion alone caused the arts to flourish—the immense sums expended on the Parthenon—the statue of Jove on Olympus—that of Minerva and others—the appropriate images which the conquerors at the games dedicated to their respective divinities, not even excepting courtizans, who offered their own statues as gifts to the gods. The Romans were always consistent in this—they placed the seal of their religion on every thing, to make them august and venerable—their sepulchral and honorary monuments—their statues, theatres, &c. This benign influence of religion also saved the arts themselves, and their monuments, from the barbarians. I also pointed out the chief works of modern art created by religion—the church of St. Mark at Venice—the Dome at Pisa by Orvieto—the Campo Santo at Pisa—and many other works in marble, as well as painting. "All religions," I concluded by saying, "promote the arts, and especially our Roman Catholic more than any other. The Protestants are contented with a simple chapel and cross, and therefore they foster but little the arts."

Here the Emperor looked at Maria Louisa, and said, "It is true, religion has always nourished the arts, and the Protestants have but little that is elegant and beautiful."

Another day the conversation turned on a delicate subject. It was that of the Pope and his government. I could not restrain myself from speaking freely; and I am astonished that Napoleon heard me patiently. But it always appeared to me, that he was far from being tyrannical; and had only been sometimes deceived by those who tried to hide from him the truth. The subject was of my benefactor Pope Pius VII.

I said, "Why does not your Majesty become reconciled in some way to the Pope?"

"Because," he replied, "the priests wish to rule in every

thing. They must meddle with every thing, and wish to become masters in every thing, as Gregory VII was."

"I think there is no danger of that," I replied, "as your Majesty is master of every thing."

"The Popes," he replied, "have prostrated the Italian nations, and rule Rome like the Calonnesi and the Orsini."

"Certainly," I said, "if they had the courage and abilities of your Majesty, they might make themselves masters of Italy."

"They want this," said he, putting his hand on his sword, "this is what they want."

"It is true," I said, "we have seen it in Alexander VI—the Duke Valentine—Julius II, and Leo X; but they are mostly elected when very old; and if one has spirit to undertake, his successor is inactive."

"They want the sword," he replied.

"Not only that," said I, "but the staff of authority of the Augurs. Machiavelli himself was undecided which had contributed most to the aggrandizement of Rome—the arms of Romulus or the religion of Numa—so true it is that these two must be united. If the Popes, however, have not signalized themselves in arms, they have performed other illustrious actions, which must excite the admiration of all."

"These Romans were a great people," he exclaimed. "Certainly they were a great people—even to the end of the second Punic war. Cæsar—Cæsar was a great man—not only Cæsar but many of the other Emperors, as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius—always—always the Romans were great, even to the time of Constantine. The Popes did wrong," he added, "in keeping up discord in Italy—in being the first to call in the French and Germans. They were not capable of being soldiers themselves, and had lost enough."

"Since it is so," I said, "I hope your Majesty will not suffer our misfortunes to increase. And your Majesty will permit me to say, that if your Majesty do not assist Rome, it will become what it was in the time when the Popes were transferred to Avignon. Notwithstanding the immense number of fountains and abundance of water at that period, the carriers broke them up and sold the water of the Tiber in the streets, and the city became almost a desert."

He seemed agitated at this, and said with great emphasis—"They oppose me; and why? I am master of France—of Italy—and of three-fourths of Germany. I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the Popes were as they then were, all would be compromised. You Venetians too broke off from the Popes."

"Not as your Majesty," I replied. "Your Majesty is already so great, you can afford a place to the Pope where he can feel himself independent, and where he can freely exercise his ministry."

"Why I do let him do every thing as long as he confines himself to religious concerns. The Imperial Ministers never interfere with him, except when he publishes something which does not please the French government; and then he is quickly punished. Have I not given the bishops all the power they could wish? There is no religion here perhaps? Who has raised the altars? who has protected the clergy?"

"If your Majesty," I replied, "have religious subjects, they will be more affectionate and obedient subjects."

"I wish it," he rejoined; "but the Pope is all German"—and in saying this he looked at the Empress.

"And I assure you," said she, "that when I was in Germany they there said that the Pope was altogether French."

"He would not," said the Emperor, "drive away the Russians and English from his state; and for this we broke him up."

I here wished to remind him of the published defence of the Pope; but Marshal Duroc entered. Napoleon, however, still went on.

"And he has pretended to excommunicate me! Does he not know that in the end we may become as the English and Russians?"

"I humbly beg pardon of your Majesty, but my zeal has inspired me with confidence to speak freely; and allow me to say, it does not comport with your Majesty's interest, in my opinion, to have the present state of things. God grant you many years; but in after times if a strong party should take the side of the Pope, it might occasion great troubles in France. In short, your Majesty will soon be a father. A permanent state of things is desirable. For mercy's sake, Sire, accommodate matters in some way."

"You wish matters settled, then," said Napoleon; "and I wish it too: but you see what the Romans were without Popes."

"But think, Sire, what religious devotion they had when they were great. That Cæsar, so famed, ascended the stairs of the Capitol on his knees to the temple of Jupiter. They never gave battle without auspicious religious omens, or they were so cautious about it that if it were neglected the general was punished. See what was done in the case of Marcellus for sacred things, when the Consul was condemned for carrying away only a tile from the temple of Jove in Magna Græcia. For charity, protect religion and its head—preserve the beautiful church of Italy and of Rome—it is more delightful to adore than to fear."

"We desire that," said he, and the conversation ended.

At another time he spoke of Venice, of its artists and monuments; and asked me about the architects. I named to him the principal ones with proper commendation—Soli, who directed the new works there, but who had been prevented from finishing his beautiful edifices as he had planned them. I mentioned Palladeo, and spoke of his pictures with which he had illustrated the Commentaries of Cæsar, and of his beautiful works which abound in the Venetian state: and while I was speaking of Venice, and asking for her his protection, my emotions overpowered me and I burst into tears. "I declare to your Majesty the Venetians are a good people. They are truly a good people; but they are very unfortunate: commerce is interrupted—the taxes are high—and in some districts they are even in want of the necessities of life. From Passeriana they sent an eloquent petition to your Majesty, but I know not whether it ever reached your Majesty."

"No," he replied.

"I have it here, if your Majesty would see it." I took it out of my port-folio, and presented it to him. It was as follows:

*"To His Majesty the Emperor
of the French and King of Italy."*

"SIRE,

"The inhabitants of the Department of Passereana, with all Italy, are subjects of your majesty, and worthy of the good fortune of being so. Of three hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, more than two-thirds are destitute and unemployed. The revulsion of the times has entirely destroyed the productiveness of property. Sire, his Royal Highness the Viceroy, moved at such misfortunes, has promised some relief. His word is sacred; but if aid be much longer deferred, it will be useless. The undersigned, the most respectable people of the Department, offer their lives and the little they have left in proof of what they have asserted. Who dare, and who could, deceive your majesty? Before changing from proprietors to laborers, they divided with their children their bread bathed in tears; and now raise their voices to your throne. Sire, they are perishing—they make you acquainted with it, and will receive your benediction."

Napoleon looked at it, and said, "It is short." He then

stopped eating, read it, and added—"I will speak of it to Aldini"—and placing it near him, took it away after he had done eating.

While speaking of Venice, I adverted to the form and spirit of the government; and observed, that after the publication of the works of Machiavelli, it did not appear possible for Venice to fall. That great diplomatist, when Minister from Florence to the Emperor of Germany, wrote to his friend Vettor Vettori, and said: "It appears to me that the Venetians understood things well when they painted St. Mark with the sword as well as the book, because the book is not enough." And I observed that the Venetians were afraid of a Cæsar rising up among them, and they were jealous and cautious of a General on land.

"Certainly," replied the Emperor, "the prolongation of command is a very dangerous thing. I told the Directory myself that if they were continually at war, the power would fall into the hands of one person."

On another occasion, conversing of Florence, he asked me, "where was the monument of Alfieri placed?"

"In Santa Croce," I replied, "where those of Michael Angelo and Machiavelli also were erected."

"Who paid for it?" he asked.

"The Countess of Albany," I answered—

"Who paid for that of Machiavelli?"

"I believe a society."

"And that of Galileo?"

"His relatives, if I am not mistaken."

"The church," I said, "of Santa Croce is in a bad condition: the rain comes through the roof, and it wants repairs: and for the glory of your Majesty, preserve the fine monuments and buildings. The Dome, too, at Florence begins to decay for want of attention. The church is full of beautiful works of art; and I am charged with a petition to your Majesty, not to suffer these precious things to be sold to the Jews."

"How sold? They shall be brought here," said he.

"They cannot be removed," I replied: "they are works in fresco. It would be well for the President of the Academy to make some provision for their preservation."

"I wish it," he said.

"This," said I, "will add to your Majesty's glory; the more so, as your family is originally from Florence."

At this, Maria Louisa looked round, and said, "Are you not then a Corsican?"

"Yes," said he, "but of Florentine origin."

I then added, that the President of the Academy was Senator Alexander, of one of the most illustrious families in Florence, which was connected by marriage with a branch of your Majesty's. "You are an Italian, and we Italians boast of it."

"I certainly am," he replied.

I then recommended to his protection the Academy of Florence.

On another occasion, I spoke earnestly to him of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome: of its destitute state—without a school—without conveniences and revenues; and urged that it ought to be placed on the same footing as that of Milan; and said to him, "If your Majesty would have two singers less at the opera, and give their salaries to St. Luke, it would do more good:" and I said this because I knew that the Crescettini were then paid thirty-six thousand francs a year. To this I found him well disposed.

I then wrote to Menneval, his private Secretary, that the Emperor was beneficently inclined to aid the arts at Rome: that he had promised a decree to that effect: and that I should therefore like soon to return to Rome. On the 8th November, I received through the Minister Marescalchi, a letter from Menneval, containing the generous dispositions of his Majesty for the Roman Academy.

Speaking of the Academy and Roman artists, Napoleon

said, "The Italian painters are bad—we have better in France."

I replied, that it was many years since I had seen the works of the French painters, and could not compare them with ours, but that we still had great artists in this branch in Italy—Camuccini, at Rome; Landi, at Florence; Benvenuti, at Milan; Appiani, and Bossi, and others, all great artists.

He said the French were a little deficient yet in coloring; but that in design they were superior to the Italians.

I replied, ours were skilful too in design. Not to mention Camuccini, so famed, Bossi had made some divine cartoons; and that Appiani had painted the saloon of your Majesty's palace in Milan so well that it seemed impossible to improve it.

"Yes, in fresco they do well," said he; "but not in oil."

I still defended our artists; and reminded him of the greater encouragement they received in France. He asked me about the saloons and works then in progress in France. I spoke in proper terms of the able French artists and their sublime monuments.

"Have you seen," said he, "the Column in Bronze? It appears to me grand. I don't like the eagles at the corners; but that of Trajan, of which it is an imitation, also had them. Will that arch be handsome which they are constructing at the Bois de Boulogne?"

"Beautiful indeed," I replied. "Such works are truly worthy of your Majesty or of the ancient Romans, and especially in the style, which is magnificent."

"In the coming year," said he "the road of Carnice will be completed, by which they will be able to go from Paris to Genoa without being interrupted by the snow; and I intend to make another from Parma to the Gulf of Spezzia."

"These vast projects," I replied, "are worthy of the great mind of your Majesty, together with the preservation of the renowned works of antiquity."

On the evening of the 4th Nov. 1810, I presented myself to the Empress, with the model of her bust. She showed it to the ladies who were with her, and all approved the likeness. Napoleon was not present, and the Empress said, to-morrow at breakfast she would show it to him. She then said to me, "And do you not wish to remain here?"

"I wish," said I, "to go immediately to Rome, and there receive the model, and make the statue."

Here the Empress asked me many questions about the manner of modelling and working in marble, and spoke of my statue of the Princess Leopoldina Lecteststein: "That," said she, "is indeed an ideal beauty."

The next morning the bust was placed in the cabinet of the breakfast-room, and their Majesties entered a short time after. When they were seated, I was called, and was going to uncover it, but Napoleon said, "I can't now; I must eat. I am weary—fatigued. I have been writing until this moment."

"You are right," said I: "and I do not know how your Majesty can attend to so many important affairs."

"I have," said he, "seventy millions of subjects—from eight to nine hundred thousand soldiers—A hundred thousand horses—such a power was unknown to the Romans. I have had forty battles; and at that of Wagram we discharged a hundred thousand cannon shot—and this lady," looking at the Empress, "who was at that time Arch Duchess of Austria, then wished me dead."

"That is true," said the Empress.

I added, "Now we thank God that things have turned out as they have."

Nothing more was done; and the bust remained covered.

After a few days, the Emperor had time to see it; and made the Empress sit in the same way she did when it was taken, and made her laugh—and was well satisfied with it.

I told him the cheerful expression of the physiognomy

was a little like that of Concordia, under the likeness of which I wished to represent the Empress, as it was through her that peace was restored.

The Empress at this time had taken a little cold; and I took the liberty of telling her that it appeared to me she was not careful enough. That to go hunting in an open carriage was hazardous, especially in her delicate situation, as she was then *enciente*.

"You see her," said Napoleon—"every lady wonders at it; but the ladies," he said, striking his fore finger against his forehead—"the ladies wish to have every thing their own way. Would you believe it? She wanted to go with me all the way to Cherbourg, far as it is."

I said, she ought to be careful.

"And are you married?" said Napoleon.

"No, Sire. I should have married, but a combination of circumstances, left me at liberty—and the fear of not finding a woman who would love me as I would have loved her, prevented me from changing my state. Besides, in being free, I was better able to devote myself to my art." "Ah! woman! woman!" said Napoleon, laughing, and continuing to eat.

As I had frequently mentioned the subject of my return to Rome after modelling the bust of the Empress, I again alluded to it, declaring at the same time I would rather renounce every thing than displease the Emperor—and asking his permission to return—he said, "Go when you please."

MY UNCLE'S UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

NO. I.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger:

The accompanying manuscripts were sent me some years since by an honored uncle now no more. From the time at which I first began to think for myself on literary subjects, I felt a strong desire to become acquainted with the secret history of some author. I longed to be admitted into that close companionship which would enable me to ascertain the object which he had in view in writing each of his several pieces—the manner in which he composed—the difficulties he encountered; in fine, to trace them in every step of their progress, from the moment when first conceived, to that in which, having reached maturity, they were presented to the world. From the little experience which I had gathered from my own attempts at composition, I was satisfied that there was much in the history of every finished literary production never seen by the eyes of the world. I read with avidity the so-called biographies of celebrated authors, and in return for my trouble, learned who were their parents—their grandparents and their great grandparents—where they were born—where they were educated—whom they married, and other things of equal importance; but, for what might properly be called a *literary biography*, I searched in vain. Such was my situation when I received the accompanying papers from my uncle. From a perusal of them, it will at once be evident, that it was his object to give me just the kind of information which I so much desired; and, as he wrote them without any idea that they would come before the public, he has written with all that perfect freedom with which friend speaks to friend. I have hesitated for some time to give them to the public, least in so doing, I should be betraying the confidence placed in me; but as custom allows me to conceal the name of the author—and as the pieces themselves contain no marks by which their authorship can be ascertained—I do not think that my uncle, if living, could have any serious objection to my putting them into your hands. The only liberty which I have taken with the papers, has been to place the different parts of my uncle's letters in immediate connection with those

parts of the original manuscripts to which they refer. In hopes that the perusal of these papers may afford to others some of that pleasure which it has to me, I send them to you for publication, should you deem them worthy of a place in your valuable magazine.

Your obedient servant.

My Dear Nephew:—You are now about exchanging the quiet retirement of a college-life for the busy world. Judging from the manner in which you have been in the habit of spending your leisure hours, as well as from the strong predilection for literature which you have manifested from early youth, I suppose that I shall not err in concluding that you purpose devoting no small portion of your time to pursuits purely literary. Perhaps I might add, without claiming for myself more than ordinary penetration, I know you intend becoming an author. Do not start!—there is nothing presumptuous or unworthy of you in such a pursuit. Most of those who have attained to great eminence in the literary world, have commenced their career in early life. The difficulties which beset the path of the tyro in literature, are such as nothing but the ardor of youthful aspirations, and the exuberance of youthful hope, can enable him to overcome. His mind has to be disciplined to intense and long-continued application; his fancy must be chastened till it combine the correctness of maturity with the vivacity of youth; the language in which he writes must be made so perfectly familiar, that he can at once select the very words which will best express his idea: and he who imagines that all this can be accomplished without much study, and many a wearisome hour of preparatory labor, knows but little of the real difficulty of the task. The unpractised sculptor may chip out from a block of marble a rude resemblance of the human form; but it is only by long and often painful discipline, that he can learn to wield the chisel with the skill of a Praxiteles.

For youth, the future has a charm which it does not possess for men of riper years. As Montgomery has well remarked, "the poetry of youth is all comprised in the short sentence—'when I am a man.'" Such is doubtless the case with you. Even in the quiet groves of Academus, your ears have caught the low murmurs of the distant ocean, and you long to launch your bark upon its troubled waters. Hope's whispers are of a fair land beyond the sea—a land of fruit and flowers, of hill and dale—a land blessed with refreshing showers and glorious sunshine; and, heeding her whispers, you long to spread your sails, and flee away. Far be it from me to say one word which may dissuade you from your purpose. I would not have even a passing shadow cast upon the fairy-land, which looms up before you in the far-distant future. Rather would I cheer you onward; and, as you push out from the shore, I at least will give you the parting blessing, "Sailor, God speed thee." Whilst you are as yet necessarily detained, the story of the wanderings of an old voyager may be neither uninteresting, nor entirely devoid of interest. I do not mean to weary you with a detail of that which experience has taught me; nor will I, if I can avoid it, indulge in the admonitory proings of "garrulous old age." This I know would be useless. There are certain things which we cannot learn from the lips of any teacher save experience, and to his teaching do I commit you in these matters.

Like all other authors I have projected many works which I have never accomplished. More especially was this the case in the early part of my career, when I had not as yet learned rightly to estimate the labor necessary to finish any thing in such a manner as to be worthy of notice. Some of these undertakings I abandoned, from a conviction that there was an essential deficiency in the plan; others, because I did not possess the information necessary for their completion, and had neither the means nor the time for ac-

quiring it; others, again, because I found, on examination, that the work which I had planned had been already executed by other and abler hands. But more of this hereafter.

On looking over a box of old manuscripts some time since, I found many of these fragmentary remains of the labor of by-gone days: some more, some less complete. With respect to many of them, the circumstances in which they originated—the plans which I had formed—the difficulties which I experienced in attempting to write them—and the reasons for which they were at length abandoned—returned to mind as vividly as if they had been the work of but yesterday. Accompanying this letter, I send you one of these papers, together with some of my reminiscences of it; and should this be well received, I purpose from time to time sending you others in the same way. I do this, in hopes that if you do not learn wisdom from my experience, you may at least have your attention directed to certain subjects well worthy of your careful consideration, if you purpose becoming an author.

The accompanying manuscript, marked No. 1, is the earliest literary effort of which I have any distinct recollection, and I send it to you, because I think that its faults are those to which a young author is most exposed, rather than on account of any merit in the piece itself. You will doubtless be surprised, that a person of my grave character, should ever have planned such a work. I can assure you that I have not always been the same grave person which I have since you were old enough to recollect me. If there was any thing, for which, in youth, I had a keener relish than for all others, it was for the ludicrous. You will recollect that I am but two removes from good old Ireland; and, if I mistake not, a relish for the ludicrous is inseparable from an Irishman's nature. Possessing such a nature, I early stored my memory with Irish bulls and blunders of every kind. These it was my purpose to have connected together in such a way as to form of them a continuous narrative, instead of presenting them, as has generally been done, in a disconnected manner. I did not aim at originality in the materials of my work, but only in the plan. This is indeed an humbler kind of authorship than that in which the work is entirely original; yet it is the only kind of authorship of which such a subject admits.

The introductory paragraph, you will see, is written on a separate piece of paper, and with different ink, from the remainder of the chapter. This is owing to its having been written some time after the other part—as nearly as I can recollect, during a few idle moments of my junior year in college—when, if I had been attending to my conic sections, instead of frittering away my time in such employments, I might have graduated with greater credit than the old college records will bear testimony that I did. What induced me to write this paragraph, after I had abandoned the original work, is more than I can tell; though, by the way, it is not at all an uncommon thing for an author, after he has given up a work, and suffered it to lie untouched for many years, again to take it up and finish it.

MANUSCRIPT I.

BIOGRAPHY OF PATRICK O'KELLEY:

OR A PORTRAITURE OF TRUE IRISH CHARACTER.

CHAPTER I.

His Life, from the age of one, to that of twenty-one.

It is in "the short and simple annals of the poor," that we find the features of national character most strongly marked. The man who has risen to great eminence in the world, will generally be found to have lost most of those peculiarities which properly belong to him as a native-born citizen of a particular country. By familiar converse with "the writings of the mighty dead," and by continual intercourse with

the living of different countries and different climes, he acquires the character of a citizen of the world, and loses that of a native of "the land which gave him birth." Is he "a son of Erin"? he becomes less an *Irishman*, and more a *man*. In the following volume it has been my object—by writing the biography of one "who never rose above the humbler walks of life"—to give to the world a portraiture of Irish character. If there is any people in the wide world who possess a national character it is the Irish; and if there ever was an Irishman who possessed this character in perfection, it was Patrick O'Kelley, the subject of the following memoir.

Patrick O'Kelley and Jemmy his brother, were two sons of old Phelim O'Kelley; an honest bog-trotter of the west of Ireland. As far back as they could trace their ancestry it was purely Irish: never had there been a cross of English or Scotch blood to taint the purity of their descent. Or to use the patriotic language of Pat himself, "his father and his mother before him were Irishmen, and of good Irish distraction; and so with the blessing of the Holy Virgin and Judy Lemullen, should all his ancestors after him be."

From his earliest years, Pat was looked upon as a youth of uncommon promise. Whilst yet a child, he was noted for having the hardest head, and most generous heart, of the flock of little urchins which Father O'Leary gathered around him in his bog school-house. Many are the anecdotes which Father O'Leary has told me (for he was a favorite scholar of the good Father's, and nothing delighted him more than to tell over the incidents of Pat's early life,) illustrating his generous disposition and love of his kinfolks. One or two of these I will relate.

On one occasion Pat was saying his letters. "When he came to the letter *tay*," says Father O'Leary, "he stopped; and when I asked him why he stopped, he answered that he thought he knew the countenance of the chap, but rääly he couldnt call his name. To help his memory, says I, well Pat, what does your mother keep in the *tay*-pot at home? Whiskey, sir, says he. An't you ashamed Pat, says I, to expose the shame of the mother that bore you, and make her out publicly a drunkard. No sooner had I said this, than he seemed to comprehend the mischief that he'd done, and the poor child cried as if his young heart would break."

"On another occasion, he with some others had been engaged in a scrape, which I found it necessary to inquire into. Calling Pat up, I asked him how many were engaged in the scrape? Five, sir, said he. Who were they? said I—for, do you see, according to the old Irish rule, I was to divide the flogging aqually among them—Pat answered; there's me and Jemmy, that's one; then there's Phelim O'Connel, that's two; Dan Flanagan, that's three; and Jonny M'Murty, that's four. O, but there was five, sir! I'll count again. There was Dan Flanagan, that's one; then there was Phelim O'Connel, that's two; then there was Jonny M'Murty, that's three; then there was me and Jemmy, that's four. Well, I thought there was five, but there wasnt only four. He loved his brother Jemmy as his own flesh; and I could not hope for the blessings of St. Patrick if I whipped such a boy. So I sent him back to his seat, and divided his part of the flogging aqually among the other four."

Pat's mind was very fertile in expedients, though it must be confessed that his expedients did not always answer the purpose very well. He had the true Irish singleness of purpose in perfection. When about twelve years of age, his mother sent him to the store to purchase some molasses for her. When he reached the place and the molasses was poured out, he found that he had left the jug behind. "And where will you put the molasses, my little man?" said the store-keeper. "And where should I put it," says Pat, "but in my hat," at the same time taking his hat from his head, and holding it out in both his hands. "Well, you are an

ingenious chap," said the store-keeper; and he poured the molasses in until the hat was full: still there was some left in the measure. "And where will you put the rest?" says the store-keeper. "Put it in here," says Pat, turning his hat over and denting it in with his fist. The store-keeper emptied his measure as directed, when, happening to cast his eye upon the floor, he discovered that which Pat had already spilled, and at once exclaimed, "Ah, Pat! you have lost your molasses." "Faith, and its none of mine," says Pat, "as you may see," at the same time turning his hat over a second time. The consequences of these various turnings of the hat may be imagined; but who can describe Pat's utter astonishment, when turning his hat on its edge, and looking first on one side and then on the other, he found that there was no molasses on either side of it.

Another illustration of this same peculiarity of mind, is afforded in the following incident:

"One cold morning," says Father O'Leary, "I met Pat, walking very deliberately through the mud, with several holes cut in his shoes. I stopped, and says I, why in the name of all that's good have your mangled your shoes in that manner?" "Faith, an't please your Riverence," says he, "I cannot stand wet feet; and as I found that the water would get in, I jist thought I would make a way for it to get out again:" at the same time he poked his foot into a puddle, and holding it up in triumph, told me to see how asily the water could run out.

"On another occasion," says the same good Father, "I took Pat out a hunting with me. Pat had never fired a gun, and to try his spunk, I put in an uncommon large load. We had'n't gone far before we got sight of a bird. I told Pat to snake up as close as he could, and then to take sure aim and fire. The bird happened to be in such a place that she couldn't well see Pat, so he snaked up until he got within ten feet of her, and then raising the gun up to his shoulder and shutting both eyes, he blazed away. As I expected, the gun kicked him over, whilst the bird flew away unhurt. Pat was not a little astonished, but comforted himself with exclaiming, "Arrah, me birdy! if I had but had you at the other end of my gun, where I was my own blessed self, by St. Patrick she'd ha' sprawled you."

On a blank page of the piece of an old writing book, in which the above was written, I find the two following remarks, which I intended to have introduced at the end of the chapter, as philosophical reflections.

1st. A genuine Irish bull may be distinguished from all counterfeits, by the fact, that no matter how great the mistake, you can tell at once what the speaker means.

2d. Most genuine Irish blunders arise from looking at but one side of a question at once. The Irish see a thing in a stronger light than other people, but unfortunately for them they see but one thing at a time.

You will see that this chapter of Patrick O'Kelley's life is written on the blank pages at the end of an old writing-book. In reading the biographical sketch of Henry Kirk White, prefixed to a volume of his poems, which has lately fallen in my way, I noticed a somewhat similar fact, stated with respect to some of his earlier poems, viz: that they were written upon the back and margins of his mathematical class-papers. Could we learn the history of other authors, we should probably find that many of them have commenced their literary career with no better materials to scribble on; and if I mistake not the character of information afforded by such facts, in odd moments which they have stolen from their graver studies. The truth is, that men of a literary turn of mind are apt to create for themselves an ideal world, bright with the gorgeous coloring of fancy, and thither to betake themselves, when they should be busied with the stern realities of actual life. Where the imagination is so indulged as to gain the ascendancy over reason, the mind has neither the strength nor the determination

necessary to grapple with and overcome the difficulties which every where beset our path in this every-day world of ours. The vexations inseparable from human life, fray it away from present scenes, and send it afar off to revel amid the glories of a fairy-land of its own creation; and never is the tendency to such wanderings so strong, as after the mind has been forced for a time to some business which requires the undivided attention. Or, to use the language of old friend Nehemiah, "the man becomes an inveterate castle-builder; and the more you attempt to bring him down to plain matter of fact, the more he won't come."

In the accompanying manuscript, you may remark many of the faults which an author is most apt to commit in his first essays. There is an essential deficiency in the plan of the tale, if tale it may be called. It does not allow of the introduction of a sufficient variety of materials to make it readable. We can enjoy three or four, or perhaps even a dozen good jokes, and laugh heartily over them; but beyond that the most inveterate laughter cannot go. The dulllest work in the world is to be condemned to read a volume of jests through. The faculties of the mind, concerned in apprehending and enjoying a jest, soon weary with exercise; and when this is once the case, to laugh becomes a pain instead of a pleasure. And hence it is, that after perusing a page or two of a jest-book, the reader's gravity will be no more disturbed by the best jest than by one of the moral sayings of Confucius. If you have ever attempted to read such a volume, you must have been convinced of the truth of this opinion by experience. Horace has spoken of wit, under the figurative appellation of salt. A meal eaten without salt would be insipid: but a meal of salt alone would be intolerable. Jokes, considered with reference to what logicians call the "final cause," are like cannon-balls, made to be used one at a time; and when so used, and then only, will they produce their full effect.

Another objection to the plan is, that the incidents cannot be made to fit together so as to form a continuous narrative. To return to my figure again; jokes, like cannon-balls, will touch each other only at a few points—you can no more form a continuous narrative of the one, than you can build a tight wall of the other. Then too, the story is too improbable. We can believe, that several ludicrous blunders may have been made by a person in the course of his life, but that the whole life of any one should have been but a series of such blunders is altogether incredible. These objections did not occur to me when I commenced the work, but I saw them plainly enough before I had proceeded far, and wisely abandoned my undertaking. The fragment which I send you, contains as much as it was desirable ever should have been written.

The language in which this fragment is written, may seem to you better than that which most boys would have used at my age, when I composed it. But this I can easily explain. When I was a child, my father had an Irishman employed upon his farm, who had once served in the navy, under Nelson, and of course had seen much of the world. It was always my belief that he was of a better family than would appear from his situation in my father's household, though he kept the history of his youth a profound secret even from me, and I was his greatest favorite. At any rate, the language which he used was correct, beyond that which is common in persons in his situation. He had the genuine Irish love of fun, and a perfect command of the Irish brogue. It was my custom whenever I heard an Irish blunder or Irish bull, at once to tell it to him in the best manner I could, and then get him to tell it over to me, with the brogue and all the idiomatic expressions which properly belonged to it as an Irish story. In this way I acquired, pretty early in life, some knowledge of what he used to call the "Irish lingo," and indeed became somewhat of a connoisseur in it.

I have remarked that this Irishman, (and by the way, his name was the same with that which I have given to the hero of my tale,) spoke the English language very correctly; and I am persuaded that I owe my own correct use of language, more to my intercourse in early life with such as spoke correctly, than I do to Murray's Grammar, or to all the grammars which I have ever studied. I do believe, that if there is one practice which is more foolish than another, it is that of keeping children, for years together, at the study of English grammar, under the impression that it will teach them to speak correctly. The child will always speak, as he hears those with whom he associates speak; and this he will do, whether he studies English grammar or not. My objection to the study is, that it is of such a character that the child cannot understand it; and being kept for a long time at it, is apt to give him a distaste for study altogether. It is true, that you may learn a child to repeat Murray's grammar from beginning to end; but after all this is done, he will understand no more of the structure of our language than he did before. I have more than once had my sympathies excited, by the sight of a poor little innocent, compelled to swallow a rule of Murray, by the application of a rule of hickory to his back. Perhaps you may think that I "speak feelingly" on this subject. It may be so;—at any rate, if it do not now awaken feeling, it once did.

One other point, and I will close this letter, already too long. You may notice, that, in the title of my tale, I have used the term, *portraiture*, and not the more common word *portrait*. It is from the occurrence of such words as this, that we can often form a pretty correct opinion respecting the time at which a piece was written. There are certain words which spring for a season into unwonted popularity, and then sink again into entire disuse. About five and forty years ago, the word *portraiture* was at its zenith; since then its course has been retrograde; until now it is hardly heard at all. At the time of which I speak, we had *portraits* of almost every kind; among the last which I recollect, was Leigh Richmond's "*domestic portraiture*;" a book published about fifteen years ago. I mention this fact, because a knowledge of it may be of service to you in your literary researches:—and let me add one piece of advice,—should you publish any of your own productions, never let one of these fashionable words appear in your title page; but leave them to those literary fops whose highest ambition is to gain the applause of the present hour. In the course of a few days, I shall write you again.

Your affectionate Uncle.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Boy's Reading-Book; and The Girl's Reading-Book.
By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

These two volumes are worthy the talents and high name of Mrs. Sigourney. Genius by no means exercises its loftiest function, when it breaks forth in gleams of light that have no power save that of dazzling us by their brilliancy and beauty. Neither has it achieved its greatest work, when it adds to the living streams of mere *intellectual* knowledge—when it strengthens the nerves and develops the faculties of the mere *intellectual* man. But when to its brilliancy and beauty it adds *intellectual* knowledge, and to *intellectual* knowledge *moral* instruction; when it touches the chords of the heart, as with angel-fingers, until they vibrate to pure and holy influences; when it enlarges the vision, by directing the dim and earth-entranced eye to the true treasures of humanity and the immortal soul—then, do we hail it as one of the richest gifts ever committed to the keeping of man. And there is no sphere where genius may exert this influence more effectually than in that of education. In training the young mind to discharge its high duties relative to this and to another world, a master-spirit has a noble

scope for the exercise of its ability. Philosophy and Poetry are employed in a glorious work, when they quit the exalted seats from which they have taught and spell-bound the world, and walk with their shining garments and their calm brows, hand in hand with childhood and youth, along green lanes and upon mossy slopes, and by cool shady waters, and amid sunshine and flowers. It is no letting down of dignity for them to do this, and the truly great mind feels that it is not. These lisping tongues that repeat the wisdom which the learned and the skilful have gathered from the star-written scroll of heaven, or from the lessons of the legible and eloquent earth, or from "the Holy of Holies"—Revelation; these lisping tongues may one day be as trumpets among men, thrilling souls with moral power, and startling them, until they arise to join in the great battle with error and sin, drawing their mighty reasonings from principles which their *teachers* gave them. But whether this be so or not—if their pupils are never ranked among the *illustrious* of this world—they may be guided into paths which lead them among its *happy*—paths that end in radiant gates and open upward into heaven. And in the most minute existences, the teacher will find truths which may be imparted with benefit and with power. In every rustling leaf there will be uttered a maxim of morality, in every dew-drop that mirrors the morning-sun there will be found inspiration for a pious song, and from every pebble and every plant there may be gathered precepts of Religion, which will infuse a principle of action into the young soul that shall brighten the gems in its crown when it stands among the angels.

Mrs. Sigourney has aimed, we think, in her works, to blend useful instruction with the accomplishment of reading. She tells us truly, that "knowledge, without a due culture of the motives of action, may lead but to moral mischief. It puts into the hands a weapon of power, but gives no assurance, whether it shall be wielded for good or for evil." "The volume now presented as an assistant in the art of reading, has a higher aim than simply to aid in elocution, or declamation." So far as we can judge from a partial perusal of these books, well has she achieved her object. There are lessons strewn along their pages, that not only "boys" and "girls," but *men* and *women*, might read with essential profit to themselves. She has woven, among others, some of the sweetest well-known flowers in her garland of poesy, with the viny leaves and clustering fruit of nutritious prose, and breathed over the whole a spirit of instruction and of piety, that imparts to them an undying fragrance and freshness. Mrs. S., we believe, in these little works, has nobly discharged that high function of genius of which we have spoken; and has not only done as a lover of the race should do, but has stepped forward as an *American*, and a *mother*, and bestowed a rich offering upon the rising generation of our country.

JAMES' LAST WORK.

Henry of Guise; or the States of Blois. By G. P. R. James:
2 vols.—New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1839.

Since the wand of "The Magician" was broken, we know of no writer who depicts the scenes and characters of the great events of history with more effect than Mr. James. He displays to us in vivid colors the deeds of the court, the camp and the cabinet. The strife of chivalrous encounter, the robed monarch, the armed knight and the haughty baron, are the subjects of his pencil.

He writes rapidly, *too* rapidly, and by doing so, must, almost of course, write much that adds nothing to his laurels. But he has attained a high and brilliant reputation, and has doubtless earned it. We wish he would write less and devote more time to every book that he produces. We believe that the result would be better for himself, and better for that branch of romance in which he specially excels.

The time which is occupied by the action of the work

now under notice, is that in which the fair realm of France was convulsed by internal commotions, and divided by factions. On the one hand was the gallant Henry of Navarre, on the other the bold Henry of Guise, and on the throne the effeminate Henry III, who had in his course so falsified the promise of his earlier years. The stirring events upon which the novel is based, are well adapted to the pen of Mr. James. We are here presented with a picture of the popular tumult in Paris, when the hand of Guise was upon the crown itself, and with the assassination of that great head of the League. The hero of the work we take to be Charles of Montsoreau, the count of Logeres. The heroine is Marié Clairvaut, a relative of the Duke of Guise. There are other characters who play prominent parts—Gaspar of Montsoreau—René Villequier—Ignati, an Italian boy—the Abbe Boisguerin, and the queen-mother, Catherine de Medici.

We have read a great portion of the work, and have been much pleased with it. The story is interesting, and the plot well conducted. You find also, as an excellent trait in its character, no vague and skeptical aphorisms, no secret undermining of religion and virtue; nothing, as far as we recollect, but what is calculated to aid in forming those just notions of things, which it will be the aim of a good work of fiction always to produce. We think that Henry of Guise will meet with a favorable reception from the public.

E. A. POE'S NEW WORK.

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. By Edgar A. Poe: 2 vols.—Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

To say that we admire Mr. Poe's style, abstractly considered, is more than we can say and speak truly; neither can we perceive any particular beneficial tendency that is likely to flow from his writings. This, of course, is a mere matter of opinion, and we may differ, in saying so, from many. At the same time, the possession of high powers of invention and imagination—of genius—is undoubtedly his. His productions are, many of them, in Literature, somewhat like Martin's in the Fine Arts. His serious sketches all bear the marks of bold, fertile genius. There is the dark cloud hanging over all—there are the dim, misty, undefined shapes in the back-ground. But amid all these arise huge and magnificent columns, flashing lamps, rich banquetting vessels, gleaming tiaras, and sweet, expressive faces. But the writings of Mr. P. are well known to the readers of the *Messenger*.

The volumes before us, with a rather singular title, are composed of tales and sketches, which have appeared at different times before the public: many of them, in this journal. We have read but a portion of them. Of these, we like, as a specimen of the author's powers of humor, "The Man that was used Up," and "Why the Little Frenchman wears his hand in a Sling." "Siope," and "The MS. found in a Bottle," afford good specimens of the author's stronger and more graphic powers.

We recommend Hans Phaal to every one who has not already read it—although our remembrance of it remains from a perusal some time since. The "opinions" prefixed to the second volume, are in bad taste. We do not intend to write a critique, but merely to bring to the notice of the public, the productions of a talented and powerful writer.

COUNT DUMAS' NEW WORK.

Memoirs of his own time; including the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration. By Lieut. Gen. Count Matthew Dumas: 2 vols.—Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1839.

We have read but a few pages of this work, but have not neglected to proceed from any unfavorable opinion of it. We were pleased and interested with the portion that came under our eye, which was not much more than from the commencement of the first volume to the capitulation at

Yorktown. We have the books in hand, and shall treasure them up in our library for future reading. The topics upon which it must necessarily treat, cannot be trite or unimportant. The adventures of that gallant band which came to our rescue in the day of peril and of war—the thoughts, the feelings, the deeds of any one of their number, during the time in which they sojourned with us—must interest every American reader;—and the transactions of that stormy period when "France got drunk on blood and vomited crime," are enwrapped in a terrible grandeur, and filled with tongues that utter solemn teachings for humanity, and as they glide by us, we cannot be inattentive or unmoved. The memoirs of Count Dumas, contain the relation of an eye-witness to, and a sharer in, many at least of these mighty events, and will, from that fact, we presume, carry a freshness with them, which cannot fail to make them interesting. But, except of the small portion which we have read, of course, we cannot judge. We direct attention however to the work, and recommend it to the public, as the testimony borne by the contemporary and witness of the most wonderful deeds, that within the compass of a century have thrilled the hearts of the human race, or changed the aspect of Empires.

MR. CALHOUN'S LECTURE.

A Lecture on the study of the Mathematics, delivered in Washington College, Sep. 5th 1839, by Philo Calhoun, A. M. Cincinnati Professor of Mathematics in Washington College.

Teaching by lecture, is one of the novelties in our system of collegiate education, which has been introduced into this country within a few years past. As recently as during our own college days, (and we are not yet gray) a lecture, even an introductory one, on such a study as the Mathematics, was an unheard-of innovation. Without intending anything to the disparagement of the method pursued by our fathers, we may be permitted to express the opinion, that the plan of giving instruction by lecture, if it be properly pursued, and at the same time kept within reasonable bounds, (for we are not one of those who would banish text-books from our institutions of learning) is a decided improvement on the method by which we were taught. The student, who, on commencing any new study, has the nature of that study clearly explained to him; has an outline sketch of that portion of the domain of human science on which he is about to enter, put into his hands; possesses a very decided advantage over the one who is compelled to commence the study of, he knows not what; to proceed, he knows not whither. If, at the same time, he be treated as a rational creature, and have the reasons why he is directed to pursue the course prescribed set before him, we may expect the most happy results. Not only will he be able to locate (if I may use such an expression) his knowledge as he obtains it, but he will labor in a more intelligent manner, and with greater assiduity. Such appear to have been the views of Prof. Calhoun, in preparing the lecture, the title of which is placed at the head of this article; and it is to the nature and importance of mathematical studies that his remarks are directed.

The lecture commences with a few remarks on the nature of science in general. Prof. Calhoun then gives the following definition of what are called the Mathematics.

Mathematics, from a Greek word signifying "to learn," is usually defined "the science of quantity,"—the science which treats of magnitude and number, or of whatever can be measured or numbered: e. g. a line, a surface, a solid, time, distance, &c. This science is divided into *pure* or *speculative mathematics*, which considers quantities independently of any substances actually existing; and *mixed mathematics*, which investigates the relations of quantities in connection with some of the properties of matter, or with reference to the common transactions of business. The former embraces arithmetic, algebra, geometry, conic sections, the calculus, &c.; the latter, survey-

ing, navigation, levelling, engineering, optics, astronomy, &c. All these are called sciences, or branches of science, indifferently.

After some remarks upon that portion of a course of mathematics which is generally gone through with before entering college, and some very just strictures upon the manner in which it is gone through with in many parts of our country; the lecturer thus points out the difference between mathematical truths, and such truths as are presented in the study of Geography, History, &c.

And here it will be proper to allude to a striking difference which you will soon perceive, between the nature of mathematical studies and those studies to which you have hitherto been accustomed. You have been conversant with such facts and truths as are presented in geography, history, languages and similar studies; but now you are introduced to a class of facts and a mode of reasoning of a very different kind. You have assented to the truth of facts of the former class, not because you believed them necessarily true, or that there would be any absurdity in supposing the truth of propositions directly contrary, but because they were supported by an amount of evidence which you could not set aside. There is even a possibility of their falsehood. They were not always true, and there is no absurdity in supposing that they might never have been true. The time was when it was not true that Washington had achieved our national independence; and you can easily conceive that it might have still remained untrue. So with numberless similar facts. There is nothing in their nature which would require your assent to their truth, were they not sustained by such a train of concurring circumstances, as will not allow you to doubt it. But, in mathematics you are called to consider and investigate a class of facts of a nature entirely different, and supported by a kind of evidence that leaves a full conviction of their necessary and unchangeable truth.

In the mathematics we are furnished with a few plain principles and facts, which constitute the basis of all subsequent reasoning. These principles and facts are so obvious to the mind, so supported by the evidence of sight and other senses, and carry such a conviction of their necessary truth, that we cannot doubt it, or for a moment conceive that they either are, or by any possibility might be, different from what they are. Their truth is self-evident, and no process of reasoning can refute it, or make it more evident. By the aid of these simple principles differently embodied and applied, we advance to higher and less obvious truths. These last are made subsidiary to the investigation of still higher truths; and these again to others, equally necessary and incontrovertible; until at length we reach those sublime discoveries which have crowned the labors of such men as *Newton* and *La Place*. All the steps which lead to such results, are of such a nature that the mind which follows and comprehends them yields to their truth, with a conviction which remains unshaken, even after the process by which it was established is forgotten.

Then follow some remarks upon the nature of mathematical language, and a brief exposition of the nature of mathematical analysis.

There is also something peculiar in the *language* of the mathematics which is here worthy of notice. This must always consist of two parts—the one denoting quantities simply, the other, the manner in which these quantities are combined, or the operations understood to be performed on them. Geometry expresses the first of these by *real magnitudes*, or by what may be called *natural signs*; e. g. a line by a line, an area by an area, &c.; while it describes their relations and the operations performed on them, simply by words. Algebra, however, denotes the quantities, their relations, and the operations to be performed on them, by the “same system of conventional symbols.” The mere magnitudes themselves might be represented by figures in algebra, as in geometry; but the operations to which they are subjected, if described in words, must be set before the mind slowly, and in succession, so that the impression is weakened and the clear apprehension thereby rendered difficult. Hence the necessity and importance of those symbols and abbreviations, which are now so universally employed in algebraic notation, by means of which so much meaning is concentrated into a narrow space; and the impression made by all the parts is so nearly simultaneous, that nothing can be more favorable to the exer-

cise of the reasoning powers, to the continuance of their action, and their security against error.

On the use of these symbols and general expressions, is founded a most interesting branch of mathematics called *Analysis*:—a method of reasoning by which a multitude of truths is investigated, and a variety of problems solved, which had otherwise defied and mocked the utmost stretch of human intellect. “Analysis is a process by which, commencing with what is *sought* as if it were *given*, a chain of relations is pursued which terminates in that which is *given* (or may be obtained) as if it were *sought*.” It is the very reverse of the synthetic or common mode of reasoning, by which the series of relations exhibited, commences with that which is *given*, and terminates with that which is *sought*. The former method may therefore be employed as an instrument of invention or discovery, the latter of instruction. “Strictly speaking, they are not two distinct methods of doing the same thing, but different parts of one full and perfect method.” The use of each is essential to a complete solution, the one always taking up the subject where the other leaves it; “the *analysis* first descending by geometrical reasoning from the thing proposed to the minutest particulars of the solution, and the *synthesis* ascending backwards through the same steps from the minutest particulars to the thing proposed.”

The analysis of the ancients differs from that of the moderns, being conducted without the use of any other principles than those of geometry; and is necessarily more limited in the field of its operations, and in the extent and variety of its applications. As an instrument of discovery, therefore, it loses its value when compared with that of the moderns. Many imagine, however, “that its inferiority in this respect, is in a great measure balanced by its extreme purity and rigor.” For the same reason, also, it is preferred to the modern analysis as a means of mental discipline; unless the latter be pursued to an extent which is not usual in a course of liberal education.

The analysis of the moderns presents greater difficulties to the learner than that of the ancients, inasmuch as the use of symbols and general expressions always requires an effort of mind which the undisciplined scholar cannot easily make. The mind must to learn, classify and generalize—must become familiar with these processes—before the modern analysis can become a pleasant study. At first, the student almost always dislikes, and endeavors to avoid, abstractions and generalizations. The synthetic, or common method of reasoning and demonstration, is much more satisfactory. Its results are much more obvious, and more easily comprehended. As far as moral certainty is concerned, the beginner in analytical studies is compelled to content himself with a less rigorous species of truth than he has been accustomed to, though equally conclusive. He often finds it necessary to observe and examine a number of particular simple instances, before he can clearly see the truth of a general theorem. Hence, he will much more easily learn, and much more readily comprehend, the truth of the Binomial Theorem, from an actual development of the different powers of a binomial, than from the most rigorous general demonstration. He always finds it easier to solve a difficult problem, than to demonstrate an abstract theorem. “To the mass of students, it is believed, general demonstrations afford no conviction whatever.” Often they imagine they can faintly see the truth of a particular result, when the mind sees no sufficient reason why a result altogether different, or even directly opposite, is not equally true. They can follow the steps of a competent leader or guide, but are entirely unable to go alone. For this reason, the beginner often rejects the study as dry, tedious and unsatisfactory. He cannot perceive to what ultimate end—to what practical result, or interesting application, the abstract principles which first engage his attention and perplex his mind, can possibly lead. And he is compelled to work his way patiently through the most laborious part of the system, before he can gain any clear idea of the drift or intention of it. A rich reward, however, crowns his most laborious efforts; and when others are arrested in their investigations and researches, an open path invites him onward. To the system of analysis you can scarce obtain an introduction in the course of study usually pursued. But we would gladly present inducements to prosecute your studies, in a field whose boundaries only appear more boundless, after the most successful labors of the longest life.

We could have wished that Prof. Calhoun had spoken a little more at length on this latter subject. The Analytic

method of pursuing mathematical investigations, has strongly marked characteristics, which we would have been glad to have seen more distinctly brought out; and at the same time, the substitution of this method for that formerly pursued, in almost every department of mathematical inquiry, is the true cause of our great advancement in mathematical knowledge in modern times. But perhaps such an exposition of this method as we would have desired, would have been beyond the comprehension of those who were but just entering upon the study of the mathematics, and it was for the instruction of such that the present lecture was written.

The latter portion of the lecture, is taken up with a statement of some of the reasons why the mathematics have been introduced as a part of a course of liberal education, and of the benefits which will accrue from the careful study of them. Whilst speaking on this subject, the author considers one objection, which we ourselves have often heard urged against mathematical studies. As his remarks are much to the point, we will let him speak for himself.

The objection is frequently made to the study of the mathematics, that the discipline to which they subject the mind, is of a kind unfavorable to the investigation of subjects which do not admit of the most rigid demonstration, and that the mind accustomed to mathematical exactness, becomes disqualified for perceiving and presenting in its strongest light, a course of reasoning of which the proofs employed are only of a probable character and which lead only to probable results. But this objection can have no application to cases in which other studies are pursued in the same connection, and the mind is frequently exercised with reasoning upon other subjects. And when we learn that "acute reasoners in every branch of learning have acknowledged the importance," we might almost say the necessity of mathematics, as a part of every thorough course of education, the objection should be allowed to fall.

A few striking examples will tend to confirm some of the foregoing remarks. *Lord Brougham*, so long at the head of influence in Great Britain, is distinguished for his minute and familiar acquaintance with the mathematical and physical sciences. To these he is much indebted for those powers of "severe and rigid deduction," and of "cautious yet comprehensive generalization," which give such pre-eminence to his talents, and which place him, though destitute of all the external graces of oratory, at the head of the British Parliament, and we might perhaps say of the British nation. *Pascal*, who has been called "the most brilliant intellect that ever lighted on this lower world," was a mathematician of the highest order. At the age of fourteen, he had, by the native vigor of his own mind, without the aid of books, invented a system of geometry, and during the whole of his life he was much devoted to these studies. Yet this did not prevent him from excelling in other departments of learning. In fact he was a proficient in almost every branch of human knowledge; and his works will remain an "enduring monument of genius and piety," of logical acuteness and strength of reasoning, equalled by few works in the whole range of literature. *Adam Smith*, whose name is so high on every subject connected with political philosophy, is said to have devoted much time to the study of mathematics and natural philosophy. *Sir Christopher Wren*, the great architect, is declared to have been the greatest mathematician of his time. *Henry Martyn*, whose name stands so high on the list of great and good men, and who might in almost everything be held up as a model to young men, was always distinguished for his mathematical and scientific attainments. Before he had attained the age of twenty years, the highest academical honor was adjudged him for decided superiority in mathematics. He afterwards became eminently distinguished in the study of the oriental languages, and has been pronounced "the most successful missionary that ever visited India." *Robert Hall* was so fond of mathematics, that after he had entered the ministry, he carefully revised them; and yet for clear and vehement reasoning, power of language, and splendid and resistless eloquence, he was in his day almost without a rival. If necessary, it would be easy to multiply witnesses, whose testimony would abundantly show the value and importance of mathematical studies, both to the professional man and to the man of business of almost every kind. Any one disposed to pursue this subject will

have no difficulty in finding numerous examples like the above.

Such are some of the subjects treated of in the lecture before us. The style of Prof. Calhoun is simple, and but little encumbered with ornament; as we would expect from a mathematician;—the subjects embraced in the lecture are subjects of importance, and are treated of in a plain and sensible manner;—the lecture, as a whole, does credit to its author and to the institution with which he is connected.

THE NEW WORLD.

We hold in our hand a weekly journal bearing the above title, upon which we can bestow our most hearty praise. It is printed on a mammoth sheet, and not only printed, but *well* and *tastefully* printed. It is richly stored with choice reading-matter, the character of which may be judged from the following enumeration of a portion of its contents. Eight Sonnets, by Sergeant Talfourd; The Valley of Thebes, by D'Israeli; A Strange Story, by H. L. Bulwer; A Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences; A Sketch of Oliver Cromwell; A whole Comic Burletta, by Dickens, entitled "The Strange Gentleman;" Hymn to the Night, by Professor Longfellow; The Two Highlanders, by James Hogg; The Daughter's Request, a poem, by Mrs. Abdy; &c. &c. So much for the outside pages of this paper. Within, we find the topics of news placed under various heads—but examine one of the numbers yourself, reader, and we believe that if you want a choice, interesting family newspaper, you will find strong arguments moving you to subscribe for "The New-World." Its editor, is a gentleman well known to the readers of the Messenger, and to the literary public—Park Benjamin, Esq. The weekly form which takes the name of "The New-World," is made up from the matter of a daily sheet entitled "The Evening Signal." We earnestly commend this huge, well-filled and entertaining journal to the patronage of the public. Price \$3 per annum.

THE NEW-YORKER.

We must direct the attention of the public to the journal of our talented friend Greely. It has already a wide-spread and excellent reputation; but, although we have not taken time recently to peruse its contents, we believe that it is worthy of a yet wider circulation. A good family newspaper, stored with interesting and instructive matter, is a visiter which should be found weekly at every fire-side. Those who do not wish to live by *borrowing*, and yet would supply a desideratum of the kind, will do well, we think, to patronize the New-Yorker. It is issued both in a folio and a quarto form, at the rate of \$4 per annum. Subscriptions for the New-Yorker, and the New-World, will be received by us, or by Mr. Lucke at the Richmond Post-Office.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

This is the title of a work from the pen of Rev. Mr. Bethune of Philadelphia. We *should* have noticed it before. We *will* notice it further in our next number. It is an elegantly printed work, and its theme is one well calculated to inspire a strain of practical religious sentiment.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

We have received the 8th and 9th Nos. of this periodical, under one cover. The contents are varied and interesting, and the work should be extensively patronized by the members of the Order to the interest of which it is especially devoted. It is the only periodical, we believe, except "The Covenant," published in the fraternity. We trust that its worthy proprietor will be favored with a wide-spread and profitable subscription. Terms \$2 per annum. Published monthly, by J. C. Walker: Richmond, Va.

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